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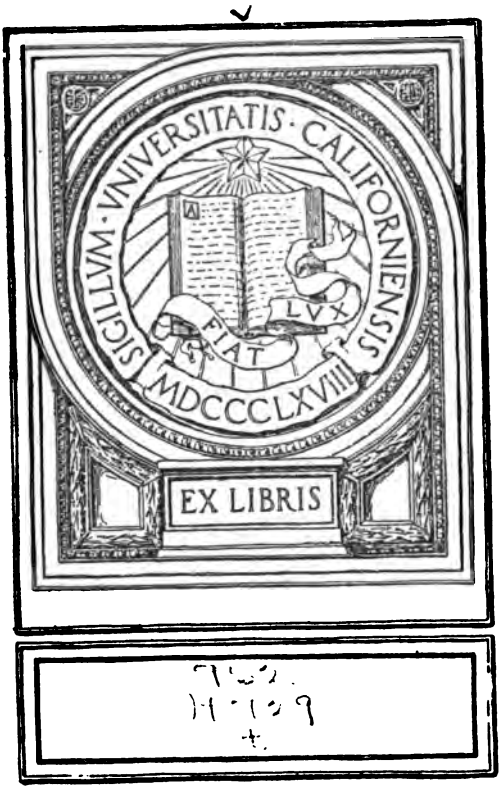

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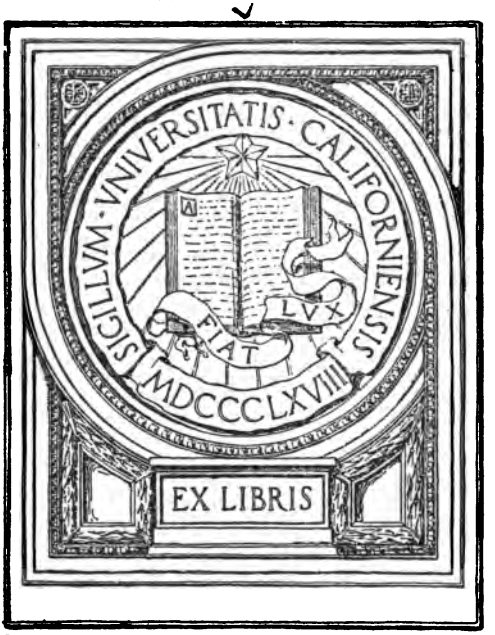

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THEN AND NOW

By DEAN HOLE . .

Author of "A Book About Roses," "A Little Tour in Ireland," "The Memories of Dean Hole," "Our Gardens," etc.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH,
YIELDING PLACE TO NEW"

EIGHTH AND POPULAR EDITION

London
HUTCHINSON & CO.
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PREFACE

It was suggested to me that, having lived a long life, as a squire and a parson, a churchman and a sportsman, in country and city, with high and low, I should have something to say, which would interest others, about the changes which I have seen; and with the hope which is given to every man who has done his best, the result of that suggestion is presented by the writer to those who have so long and so kindly encouraged him to write. I make no apology for sudden transitions from solemn to humorous discourse. Thoughts grave and mirthful bring shadow or sunshine to our hearts, like the uncertain glories of an April day, and I have sketched them as they came.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

The Deanery,
Rochester,
November, 1901.

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THEN AND NOW

CHAPTER I

Babies and Children

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
LONGFELLOW.

I DO not observe any distinctive features in the babies of Then and Now. I notice the same proportion of infants plump and placid, smiling or sleeping, and of others mewling and puking, or with countenances of a carmine tint howling their miseries from enormous mouths, and fiercely fighting the air.

The babes are identical, but in the middle and upper classes there is an extension of an evil habit as to their alimentary treatment. The natural process has been largely discarded as tedious, disfiguring, and interfering with social enjoyments, and has been relegated to other mothers, or to the cow.* Our infants, instead of being

* There is an admirable essay on this subject in Knox's *Winter Evenings*, vol. i. p. 363.

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privately regaled at home, hold a symposium of topers in our streets, and the heart's desire among mothers seems now to be "May we ne'er want a babe, or a bottle to give him." They are under the impression that they have greatly improved upon the time when Shakespeare's daughter inscribed on her mother's grave: "Ubera tu, mater, tu lac, vitamque dedisti."

It is not an edifying sight, and it is associated with a much more severe affliction. These babes are mounted infantry, or, rather, they are "carriage company," and Master Redhead's phaeton, and Miss Merry's victoria, with a procession of diminutive vehicles of all denominations, stop the way "where men most do congregate."

For many years of my earlier existence we were mercifully spared this plague of perambulators, which now, in consequence of some national degradation, Little Englandism, barbed wire, pigeon-shooting, or croquet, has spread like locusts through the land.

I shall never forget the ordeal when, in attempting to avoid one of these machines, I lost my balance and stumbled on another, upsetting it, and ejecting the occupant. I fell clear of it; but the nurse, although the baby was screaming loudly, immediately announced, "He has killed the child!" and it was evidently the verdict of the spectators that I had out-Heroded Herod, and ought to die.

The nursemaid loves the perambulator. In the first place, we have long been convinced that it ill becomes us, as the most civilised nation on the face

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of the earth, to carry anything, even for ourselves, much less to bear one another's burdens; that, being supreme on the face of the waters also, no Briton, male or female, shall ever be a slave; and that only as helps, colleagues, auxiliaries, employés, but never as servants, will we co-operate with our fellow-men; and this upon one immutable condition, that the maximum of wage shall accompany the minimum of work.

There are associations more tender and sweet. The perambulator may be taken far from the madding crowd to the quiet suburb and the peaceful park; and when it is located awhile in the scorching sunshine, the chilly shade, or in "all the airts the wind can blow," with the head of the inmate dangling over the side, pretty Jane can enjoy delightful converse with Mr. Atkins, of his Majesty's army, or Mr. Peeler, of his Majesty's police.

Should the babe be preserved from sunstroke, catarrh, and strangulation, a new peril awaits his early childhood from this same custodian and culprit so soon as he is able to understand it, and an arrow that flieth by night is far more hurtful than any pestilence which walketh by noonday. Miss Jenny has heard from her friend the policeman of deeds of violence, of burglars, murderers, and executions, and has read in her favourite publications of spectres, and of giants, dwarfs, and other deformities. With a cruel ignorance she repeats these records in the nursery, and the result in many cases inflicts so much suffering, such an agony of

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terror, that, in all seriousness, I would earnestly entreat those persons that are married, or intend to take that estate upon them, to remember and to avert this miserable distress, not only by a thoughtful caution as to the words which they speak in the hearing of their children, but by forbidding their servants to tell them these idle tales.

Keble has said that "the heart of childhood is all mirth," but this mirth may be overwhelmed by that horrible dread, by that awful, appalling consciousness of the presence of evil, and that terrible apprehension of its power, which convince us that there are angels of darkness as well as angels of light, and which can only be dispelled by the prayerful faith that greater are they which are with us than those that are against us. It is wicked to tell children of those things only which are vile and hateful, and not of those which are beautiful and true, and it is this omission which aggravates the terrors and sorrows of childhood, and causes the tender, sensitive spirit to feel them more acutely than at any other period of life. I write of my own experience. I have been in positions of great peril, nigh unto death, on the sea, on the precipice, on the rail, and on the hunting-field, but I have never realised so helplessly, so hopelessly, the torment of fear as when a little child alone in the night I have expected to feel the touch or to hear the voice of some monster described to me in the preceding day with threats of a visitation. I can distinctly remember visions which I had in my dreams more than

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seventy years ago of Burke and Hare, two villains in Edinburgh who suddenly sprang upon their victims and suffocated them with pitch-plasters. I saw them as they had been introduced to me by Jenny—two short, stout men, with fur caps and ferocious faces, standing at the bottom of my bed. I was also terrified by recollections of giants who were constrained by moral obligations to punish naughty children, and at the same time to replenish their larder, by carrying them away in the night.

Or, remembering our sorrows, have we ever felt so acutely the misery of grief, the anguish of a great despair, since, after some foolish disobedience, some imaginary neglect or slight, we shed those bitter tears, and sobbed our heart away, as we thought that we had lost for ever the love of those whom we loved the most, and the burden laid upon us seemed greater than we could bear?

Ghosts are no longer that which they have been: they are not Now as Then; there seems to be neither time nor place for them; their favourite occupations of banging doors, audibly though invisibly walking up and down stairs, rolling heavy weights over the floors of distant apartments, gliding along passages in gowns which rustle as though they were barristers who had recently "taken silk," excite no sympathy. They are denounced, on the contrary, as altogether beneath the dignity of a spirit, bodied or disembodied, and as a frivolous waste of energy and time. The surroundings are not congenial, as when there were gloomy corridors,

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clattering windows, and creaking furniture. The solemn four-poster, with its dismal draperies, is superseded by the open couch, with its bright coverlet and shining brass. The dingy old bedroom, which depressed like a dungeon, enlivens with a gay delight. The fire-grate, about the size of a soup-tureen, with an occasional brick included to prevent the lavish consumption of coal, so constructed as to send its heat up the chimney and its smoke into the room, has been removed for a more ample accommodation of fuel, and, bordered with its pretty encaustic tiles, warms the chamber with its cheerful glow. The electric light may be turned on in a second, and in its brilliant splendour the faint halo of the astonished spectre must pale its ineffectual fire.

Ghosts have deteriorated in character and declined in popularity from their association with spiritualists and spooks. The spirits have so frequently presented themselves as pre-eminently ignorant of grammar, erratic in spelling, silly in their conversation, and mendacious in their announcements, that they cannot be regarded as worthy companions of the ghosts who, whatever their debilities may have been, have generally, as members of ancient families, behaved like gentlemen, and have not given themselves away as third-class dunces or as unsuccessful knaves.

Literature, in its connection with spooks, failing to impress the reading public, has been hurtful rather than helpful to the reputation of ghosts, and psychological studies and inquiries as to phenomena claiming

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to be supernatural have not tended to reinstate them.

There was a time when everybody knew somebody who had a friend who had seen a ghost, but one never could get at the friend, much less at his mysterious mate. I have been in places most favourable for an interview, which, in the language of the sanguine sportsman, were "almost a certain find," but there was neither sight nor sniff. I have slept in "Byron's Tower," in his own rooms, when the winds roared, and sighed, and soughed, and the ivy tapped and scraped at the windows, but there were no Don Juans, no corsairs, no Giaours, no visitors, until "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain top" and a footman brought me hot water. I have been where

> O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said as plain as whisper in the ear
> This place is haunted;

but it wasn't.

There seems to have been a general exodus to those warmer climes which do not freeze the imagination or nip romance in the bud; to communities which are not so bigoted as our own by a rigid preference for facts, but which give a more kindly welcome to the sentimental balloonist, the aerial architect, and the voyager in unknown seas.

I remember a remarkable exit. At a tenants' ball given at a great country house to celebrate the coming of age of the heir, a small lady of middle age and

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respectable appearance, very simply and neatly attired in mourning dress, appeared among the guests. No one knew her, and she gradually attracted more inquiry and attention, until after supper she suddenly vanished from the crowd and was seen by two or three persons in the hall to pass through the great door with a strange and solemn expression on her face, and pointing with one hand heavenward as though in a trance. Then the suggestion was made by some superstitious individual, and was told in whispers, and by many gravely accepted, that the visitor was no less than the "Dark Lady" who was traditionally reported to have rambled and rustled for generations in this ancient house; and with this impression the company retired to rest, and rose early to spread the report far and wide through the county. It was suddenly suppressed by the announcement that my lady's maid had missed some valuable jewels from my lady's dressing-table, that the housemaids were unable to find a large number of miniatures, and that the butler missed a gold snuff-box from his sideboard and ten of his apostle spoons. On collecting such evidence as was available with regard to the movements and behaviour of the ghost, they came to the conclusion that their lost treasures had gone away in her pocket; and a detective, who came quickly from town, not only endorsed their decision, but expressed his confident belief that the Dark Lady was an adroit burglar, fair and slim, and well known to the metropolitan police for his successful annexation of property

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when disguised in female attire. As time went on there arose a strong suspicion that this accomplished artist was identical with a footman who was known to have dressed himself as the Dark Lady, and to have nearly frightened some inmates of the house into fits. He was never trusted; money went mysteriously; the house from which he came had been robbed, and he was finally dismissed.

There is an immeasurable difference between ghosts and other apparitions—between that which witnesses declare they saw with their own eyes when they were wide awake, as Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and Macbeth saw Banquo, and that which presents itself to us when we are asleep, or in that condition between waking and sleeping which makes the vision so like reality. I do not believe in the former, and I am fully persuaded in my own mind that the wonderful stories which we hear are to be accounted for either as exaggerations or as the result of natural causes which have been misstated or suppressed; but many of us have had experience of the latter—of those visions of the night which have seemed so real, and which in some instances have brought us information as to occurrences before unknown to us, but subsequently proved to be true. I must not repeat the records of my own experience, which I have written elsewhere,* but I may add another example suggested by its association with the children now in our thoughts.

* In *The Memories of Dean Hole.*

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George Benfield, a driver on the Midland Railway living at Derby, was standing on the footplate oiling his engine, the train being stationary, when he slipped and fell on the space between the lines. He heard the express coming on, and had only just time to lie full length on the "six-foot" when it rushed by, and he escaped unhurt. He returned to his home in the middle of the night, and as he was going up the stairs, he heard one of his children, a girl about eight years old, crying and sobbing. "Oh, father," she said, "I thought somebody came and told me that you were going to be killed, and I got out of bed and prayed that God would not let you die." Was it only a dream, a coincidence? George Benfield and some others believed that he owed his life to that prayer.

I recall another instance in which the intercession of a little child, its effectual, fervent prayer, prevailed to prolong a life. A friend informed me that he was in his garden with a daughter of seven years when a visitor came and told him that a near neighbour was at the point of death, that he had just seen the doctor, and that there was no hope of recovery. The little girl hurried away, and when her father called to her and asked where she was going, she said, "Oh, father, I'm going to my room to ask God that Mr. —— may not die." The sick man was restored to health.

The Turks in this matter are no "infidels." When the plague was raging in Constantinople,

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thousands of children were assembled on a hill outside the city, and there, standing between the dead and the living, prayed that the plague might cease.

Reverting to the perils of childhood, when it emerges from the perambulator and passes to the closer intimacy and supervision of parents, it may have to encounter the most disastrous danger of all. They who should be its best friends may be its most cruel enemies; its foes may be those of its own house.

It is sad indeed to see anything that was once pure and beautiful, and full of power and promise, defiled, deformed, perverted, and abused; and such a sight is the most miserable when it is seen in the beginning of a life, when the stream is polluted at the spring, when the blight is on the blossom and the worm is in the bud. What is there more lovable, more joyous, on earth than a child in its innocence, gently but firmly taught and trained, obedient, reverent, affectionate, tender-hearted? What is there more deplorable, more prophetic of evil, than a spoiled child, sullen, defiant, greedy, revengeful?

The best of them are not angels, but in their purity and their happiness they most resemble them; and it is the duty of parents, pastors, and teachers to maintain, not to mar, the likeness. They are not angels; they have the taint of the Fall; and it should be the first object of those who are nearest, and should be dearest, to them to lead and to help them how to overcome evil with good. They inherit

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the spirit of "man's first disobedience," and they themselves seem to be conscious that the instinct is sinful, though parents neither explain nor denounce it. There is a power which teaches our hands to war and our fingers to fight, that we may resist the oppressor and defend the right, and there is a power which teaches our hands to strike and our fingers to scratch from mere anger, cruelty, and spite.

It is told of the child of a famous painter that, from want of due repression and discipline, he gave way from time to time to paroxysms of violent and vindictive rage, and that in one of these furious moods he kicked and spat at his father. Soon afterwards, downcast and remorseful, he drew near and made his humble confession, "*Father, the devil told me to kick you; the spitting was my own idea.*"

The apology is quaint in its expression, but it is in perfect conformity with the Christian faith as to two of the three sources of temptation.

Socially, what a nuisance these spoilt children are to us! No one loves them in their integrity more than I, but I must confess that when I see childhood in its degradation, see it misrepresented by conceited little prigs in their ostentatious finery, and hear their querulous "Shan't, can't, and won't," I am visited by a truculent suggestion that just one discriminating ogre in a county might be a blessing in disguise; although in strict justice the parents, who have done the wrong, and not the child, should be punished, selfishly permitting the weaker human instincts of

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fondness, indolence, or indifference to prevail over the higher dictates of duty and discipline. The Wise Man spake no words wiser than these: "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." I have never forgotten the corporal castigation (the only one, I regret to say) which my father gave me, when I persisted in making experiments with my new knife upon the more prominent shoots of some valuable trees and shrubs recently planted in his garden.

> Keen was the shaft, but keener far to feel
> I winged the pinion which impelled the steel.

I was at that period so rapidly developing my proportions that the tightness of my costume gave additional smartness to the switch, but I bore it as bravely, as I could. I had been forewarned, and conscience assured me that

> the gods are just,
> And of our pleasant vices make whips to scourge us.

My neighbour, Smith, has two children—Master Zachary Macaulay, aged seven, and Miss Felicia Hemans, aged six. They despise government; they revel in mischief. Their appearance, although they are gaudily attired, is disappointing. Being coddled and kept as much as possible from fresh air and outdoor exercise, they have chronic catarrhs of a most effusive character, and when nurse makes for them with a pocket-handkerchief they fly howling into the wilderness, or they stand and cuff. They

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wear an expression of green and yellow melancholy, which indicates surfeit and indigestion. I missed Zachary Macaulay from a garden-party for children which we gave in the summer, and having sought him with anxious presentiments, I found him lying on the floor of our morning-room, contemplating my largest gold-fish, which he had removed for closer inspection from its bowl to the hearthrug. When I addressed him with some asperity, he requested me to "Shut up!" I generally miss something after he has paid us a visit, and always a dislocation of goods and chattels. He delights in saying words that may do hurt, affecting a sweet simplicity, though with malice prepense. Smith invited his neighbours to shoot, and when they were assembled in his hall, Zachary went up to one of them and said, "Oh, Mr. Brown, are you going to shoot? I heard daddy tell Uncle Jack you couldn't hit a haystack." He told some guests who had just arrived for a visit that he knew they were coming, and when asked whence his knowledge came, he replied, "Oh, I heard mammy say some days ago that she had invited the Goods, and daddy said, 'Oh, blow those Goods!'" He has an observant eye as well as an attentive ear, and he informed a large party at Christmas time that he had seen Captain Wilson kissing Isabel where there wasn't a bit of mistletoe, he was quite sure.

Ordinarily the questions, commentaries, and speculations of the *ingenuus puer* delight, though they defy explanation. It was told to me by his near relation

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that a bright little fellow, very fond of horses and poultry, came home from a walk in a state of great perplexity to inform his mother that "The mare in the paddock has got a foal, *and we never saw her sitting*"! And my grandson John observed, during a conversation having reference to his father's wedding, "We"—turning to his sister—"were not alive then, *I suppose we were in the incubator.*"

It is interesting to evoke the impressions and wishes of children, so very different from our own. When we restored the western front of our Cathedral here in Rochester at a cost of many thousand pounds, we had a great function and congress of dignitaries—the Archbishop and Bishops, the Lord Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, our Member of Parliament, the Mayor, the Admiral of the Dockyard, the General of the District—and we proceeded in state. A little boy who watched from the window was asked what he thought of the spectacle, and he frankly replied that he did not think much of it. He remarked that there was not a single elephant, and *he "did think they might have had a kangaroo.*"

I invited another little fellow to say what he would most like for a present on his birthday. At first he expressed a preference for Buckingham Palace, of which there was an engraving in his nursery, but he ultimately decided on "a white mouse in a box, with a sliding lid, and plenty of cotton wool."

Another, when he was promised a tea-party in the arbour, and inquiry was made as to his choice of

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guests, whether, supposing they would accept his invitations, he would desire the company of the Queen, the Lord Mayor of London, and a noble duke who was the Marquis of Carabbas in his neighbourhood, promptly declared that he should much prefer the presence of the old man at the toll-bar (there were toll-bars in abundance at that period), of Mr. Cooper, the coachman, and Susan from the laundry.

Some of the anachronisms and combinations suggested by children are remarkable; as when a small nephew of mine, roseate, with golden curls, came to inform me that Mitter (Mr.) Noah, whom he had taken out of the ark for a ride in his railway train, had fallen into the chimney of the engine head downwards, and could I get him out with a corkscrew?

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CHAPTER II

Education

God to thy teaching delegates the art
To form the future man. The care be thine;
No shape unworthy from the marble start,
Reptile or monster, but with just design
Copy the heavenly model, and impart,
As best thou canst, similitude Divine.

MANT.

PASSING from Then to Now, we must regard with a great respect and thankfulness the efforts which are being made to protect, to rescue, to teach, and generally to promote the welfare of the children of the poor. We cannot read the records of such societies as that for the prevention of cruelty to children, for the finding homes for our waifs and strays, for orphanage and reformatories, without sympathy and sorrow of heart for the miseries of poverty and the tyrannies of sin, for the hunger and the thirst and the nakedness in the foul air and filth of overcrowded homes, for the brutal treatment of those who cannot defend themselves.

No wonder that we have Hooliganism in our streets, no wonder that the reformatory ship is set on fire! They become utterly reprobate, these children of the drunken father and the cruel mother, "the seed of the

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adulterer and the whore." They are more like wild animals than Christian boys.

Mr. Rudolf, the Secretary of the Society for Providing Homes for the Waifs and Strays, told me that a country clergyman came to their office in London with a request that one of the lads under their care might be transferred to him, that he might take him to his own home, instruct and improve him. He also expressed his special desire to have the most villainous and reprobate of the baser sort committed to his charge. In vain he was informed that if his request was granted he would be associated with a young barbarian who realised more nearly than any other barbarian of their acquaintance St. James's description of the tongue as that which no man can tame. Expostulation only increased his eagerness, and he bore his miscreant away He returned in a fortnight, a sadder and a wiser man. "I am convinced," he said, "that the miscreant is a fiend in disguise, and that the disguise is thin and transparent. From the time of his arrival he performed a succession of diabolical acts, which for originality, malignity, and destructiveness could only have been arranged by Satan. The parishioners were white with terror, the village policeman declined to interfere, two young farmers proposed to shoot him.

"His misdemeanours would fill a Newgate Calendar. His first enterprise on meeting with a girl on her way home from the village shop was the distribution of her purchases on the road and the adjoining fields, and the final adorning of her person with a complete

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covering of Reckitt's Blue, transforming her into a striking companion picture to Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' and causing much painful astonishment to her mother, who failed at first to recognise her child. Finally, he got on the roof of the Rectory, and pelted me with the tiles. I returned the article, with thanks."

Such a case is, of course, exceptional, and, as a rule, these societies have successful power, which well deserves the pecuniary help of those who are hindered from rendering personal service, remembering always that prevention is better than cure, and that it is better and easier to keep the young from wickedness than to get them out of it, better to keep them from falling than to raise them when they are down. Every earnest endeavour, every kindly help to promote self-respect, a sense of duty, and of the "nobility of labour," a love of those things which are really beautiful, of truth, and honour, and mercy; a contempt of those things which, behind the mask and the paint and the glitter, are so false and foul; any organisation which tends to convince the young that life is happier, hopes are brighter, health is stronger, for those who work than for those who are idle, for those who are obedient than for those who rebel—all such aids which are given to our lads that they may keep innocence and do the thing that is right must bring a blessing to him that gives and to him that takes them.

We want more public playgrounds for cricket and football, more gymnasiums and baths, more gardens and allotments, more bands of music for boys, more

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Church Lads' Brigades, more inducements to study science and natural history.

In the higher grades of society the treatment of children, in some particulars, differs Now from Then. We were accustomed seventy years ago to a more simple diet, and to a discipline somewhat more severe. I have never overcome the satiety which ensued from the frequent repetitions of rice and batter puddings. Apple dumplings and roley-poleys were reserved for festive occasions, and like all things which

> When they seldom come, they wished for come,

I have loved them ever since.

We went to our beds and left them on the strike of the clock, and Christmas was "that only night of all the year" when we sat up to hear the singers.

There were compensations. We were sometimes taken down to dessert (the dinner hour was earlier then), having been washed and brushed with a violence which was altogether superfluous; and there were occasions when, "company" (as Jenny designated guests) being invited to dine, we descended silently and in white attire, like young ghosts, into regions where the dishes rested awhile in their passage to and fro, and bore away in triumph our surreptitious spoil. We had, moreover, at our nursery tea an abundance of preserves —gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry—"no *satis* to our *jams*"; but on the whole our fare was more frugal than that of our descendants, and when I made a remark to this effect to one of them, helping himself

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with a free hand, as an autocrat of the breakfast table, and told him that in my boyhood no such licence was allowed, he promptly answered: "Oh, but, uncle, you must know that things have greatly improved since then." I doubt the improvement in this case, and I dispute the argument of a parent who said to me, "Let them have what they like, and they will cease to crave"—they will only cease to crave until the doctor has restored the power of craving.

Education—religious, moral, and rational—has made all classes whom it has reached more thoughtful and intelligent, more considerate of others, less deceived by silly superstitions, and this enlightenment being manifest in our domestic servants, including those who have the care of children, the special tyranny—the reign of terror—to which I have referred is past. It is cruel ignorance which seeks to prevail through fear, which makes many hypocrites, but no converts; it is the true wisdom which wins through love. This principle is acknowledged far more practically than in the days of old by our teachers—that while punishment must follow wilful, persistent disobedience, persuasion will conquer where force has failed. There may be perilous abuse, weak concessions, which Mr. Gladstone denounced as "depraved accommodations"; ignoble minds may take advantage of this benevolence, and may attribute it only to cowardice; but it is evidently achieving good results, and has exercised a successful influence ever since Dr. Arnold told his boys that he should confide in their integrity and believe their word.

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Children in the days of my childhood regarded with abhorrence the period when they would be sent to school, with doleful anticipations of suffering, as though they were going to the dentist, who at that time vied with the inquisitors of old in the infliction of exquisite torture. Pupils went to their lessons in a dismal despair, as the children of Israel to the making of bricks without straw.

The village schoolmaster in his fusty little school (John Leech declared that his hall was ever fragrant with reminiscences of a boy in corduroys, who had been sent for "copy" from the *Punch* office) taught his boys to spell, to read, to write, to add, to multiply, to subtract, to work by rule-of-three, but beyond this he was incapable, and until the National Society for the Education of the Poor introduced a new *régime*, he was either a Squeers or σχολαστιχὸς (in the worst sense of the word), he was either a tyrant or a butt. The governess at the hall was politely snubbed and suppressed. She lived like Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, high in her chamber up a tower to the east, in alternations of heat and cold which would have warmed claret or iced champagne. She had her meals where and when it pleased the housekeeper, and consequently when she emerged from her refrigerator in December, or from her oven in August, she did not always bring with her that vigour of mind or that sweetness of temper which are so helpful to those who teach.

Why should the communication of knowledge be made

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as repugnant to pupils as that of castor-oil and black dose to patients. Why should they be dosed all round with brimstone and treacle, whether they be strong or weak? Why should children with different abilities, tempers, and inclinations be treated as though there were no diversities of gifts? Who has not sad remembrance of schoolfellows who were made miserable by lessons which they could not learn, having all the while a natural aptness and eager desire for certain pursuits and occupations in which they might have attained excellence, had they been encouraged and trained. The Spartans, we are told, would not permit the parents themselves to bring up their children in accordance with their own intentions. They were divided into companies at an early age and after every effort was made to ascertain their various capabilities, they were disciplined accordingly for the public service. There is a method of education "made in Germany" which is helpful in this matter, and if the Latin and French proverbs be true, that "He who makes a good beginning is half way on his journey," this commencement of a child's education should be the cornerstone of a goodly edifice.

Some seventy years ago Friedrich Fröbel designed and showed to the world the more excellent way of attracting the mind, in the first development of its power, to the acquisition of knowledge by congenial inducements, pleasant surroundings, kind words of affectionate sympathy and of joyful hope. He called his new school, which was open to the youngest

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whom mothers could send, four, five and six years old, the kindergarten (the "garden of children"), and his design was to pull out the weeds in their earliest growth, when the soil was soft and the roots were small, and to give to the flowers the dews and the showers, the sunshine and pure air from heaven. More than this, he sought to discover the peculiar properties of that virgin soil, its adaptation to various growths of beauty, and then the method of culture, the training, and the pruning by which they were brought to perfection.

All around was to be bright and cheerful, gay colours, sweet music, merry games; but the watchful eye and the listening ear were to be ever observant, so that the gentle voice might speak the word in season to encourage or repress. The hand waits to sow the good seed on the good ground that it may blossom abundantly, to drop the acorn which shall grow into an oak.

All who have tried the experiment, or only seen it in operation, will testify to its influence in making the first approaches to learning ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, and in transforming the schoolboy with his satchel, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school, into the brave lad who despises dunces and duffers, and who has found in the beginning of his life that which so many learn only from a long and bitter experience—that to be really happy we must be really good.

There is no punching, no pinching, no breathing

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out slaughter, no sneers, no sarcasm, in the kindergarten. If the colt or the filly begins to rear or to jib, to kick, to shy, or to bolt, the patient breaker sits immovably, handles delicately, speaks soothingly, pats affectionately, until the steed goes on, from very shame and weariness in wrong-doing, learns to love and obey his rider, and to run his course.

The children of to-day have another great advantage, although it is accompanied by a great peril, inasmuch as Christianity is no longer misrepresented by their teachers, with sad countenance and tragic tone, as the burden of a slave, and that day which should be associated by Christians with their most joyful hopes, as a day of darkness and gloom. There was a time in which it was said

> All the theology we knew,
> Was that we might not play on Sundays,

when all picture-books, toys, posies, music, must be put aside, and when grim silence held her solitary reign, except when we were anything but glad to hear that we must go to church, or when we sat at a table in the library to listen to sermons, handsomely bound in tree-calf, but, like apples of Sodom, dry and distasteful within, of which the criticism might be repeated, as of Blair's, that they did not contain sufficient Gospel to save a tomtit, or that they were composed under the impression that the chief duty of a Christian was to excommunicate the Pope and consign his disciples to perdition. Our instruction in the

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Scriptures referred chiefly to the history and geography, dates and names, of the Old Testament, and rarely to the lessons and the Great Example of the New; and because the former evoked no interest, and were either forgotten at once or retained in hazy confusion, the results of subsequent examination were frequently mixed and vague, and were accompanied by the audacious attempts of the respondent to substitute for facts of which he was ignorant conjectures and conclusions of his own. This is a specimen: "What do you know about Edom?" "Edom was the man at whom somebody cast a shoe, and this was most probably the commencement of the religious ceremony which takes place at weddings of throwing slippers at the bride and bridegroom."

Now, in place of those dreary discourses, children have books, which they delight to read, by devout writers—Miss Yonge was the Miriam who led the procession of praise—and illustrated by accomplished artists. Their little heads are no longer oppressed by chronological lists, genealogies, and maps, but they are taught, as the Great Teacher taught, by parables—that is, by stories—and by that which they see around, object-lessons, examples of real life—the beautiful Gospel truth. Now they have in most of the churches a service of their own. I do not mean that which is called the "Children's Mass," for that is a fond thing vainly invented, and has no authority in the Church of England or in the Word of God; but I mean a simple service of prayer and praise

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which all can pray and sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, as they sang their hosannas in the Temple nineteen hundred years ago, and with plain instruction, which gives wisdom unto the simple. It is the best substitute we can have for the good old custom of catechising in church, which is still enjoined in the Prayer Book, until that discipline be restored, which is much to be wished.

Technical education should be a powerful help in their after-life to our boys and girls. Christians have become convinced of that which the Jews practised many hundred years ago, when every youth learned a trade, that it is desirable to teach more that is necessary and less that is superfluous, more that is real and less that is fanciful, to their children; that early lessons on agriculture might be useful to those who are to get their living from the soil, on machinery to future mechanics; and that all would derive benefit from a more practical knowledge of common necessities, the use of tools (the needle inclusive), the lighting of a fire, the cooking of food, the shoeing of a horse. Many of our county councils are doing admirable work in establishing school gardens, cottage gardens, and allotments, under the supervision of experts, for boys and men, and in sending out teachers of cookery and dressmaking for girls and women. All should join an ambulance class as soon as they are capable, and learn how to revive those who are brought insensible from the water, how to stop hemorrhage, and bind a broken limb.

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CHAPTER III

Gentle and other Men

But Nature with a matchless hand
  Sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes
  Of wealth and rank to scorn.
She moulds with care a spirit rare,
  Half human, half divine,
And cries exultant, "Who can make
  A gentleman like mine?"

THE weathercock of public opinion, ever kept in motion by the *popularis aura*, has veered from north to south as to the meaning and application of the words *gentleman* and *esquire*; it has turned from the frigidity of a disdainful exclusion to a maudlin embrace of all sorts and conditions of men. I remember the time when no man engaged in buying and selling, much less in manual labour, was regarded as a gentleman, and when they only assumed the title of "esquire," whose coats of arms were to be found in the Heralds' Office. No amount of virtue, intellect, or money, no achievements, no accomplishments, could obtain admission within the sacred enclosure. A yeoman who had inherited his lands from many generations of honest ancestors might rise to the designation of "a gentleman farmer"; and

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even shopkeepers might be privileged now and then to hear themselves addressed as "gentlemen of the jury." The man who had a pleasant home, a good cook, and a good cellar might be visited (provisionally speaking) by gentlemen, and even be received as their guests; and he who had influence at an election, rode well to hounds, or was reliable at whist, was occasionally invited to emerge from his obscurity and to pass from darkness to light. But the real *bonâ fide* gentleman was the possessor of an entailed estate with an ample income, whose family had been privileged for generations to engrave lions and eagles and badgers and crows upon their spoons, who had nothing whatever to do, and, with some admirable exceptions, did it.

At school we resented with indignant asperity and brilliant sarcasm the intrusion of boys whose fathers had disgraced themselves by earning their own bread and by connecting themselves with vulgar employments, instead of inheriting houses and taking their place in genteel society. The lawyer's son was "Six and Eightpence," and the doctor's son was "Young Bolus," and the brewer's two boys were "Swipes" and "Mashtub," and those of the farmer "Beans" and "Bacon."

At Oxford the qualifications were rigidly maintained. In my own college it was a law as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians that every member of the Phœnix, the oldest social club in the University, should be *bene natus*, *bene vestitus*, *moderate doctus*—"well born, well dressed, and moderately, not oppressively, learned." I still believe in the *bene*

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vestitus, for the apparel "oft proclaims the man," and "youth no less becomes the light and graceful livery it wears than age its furs and sables"; but who is to be the *arbiter elegantiarum*? In my day an undergraduate who did not wear straps to his trousers was a *smug*; and it was sung in the parody of a popular song, "She wore a wreath of roses":—

He wore grey worsted stockings,
That term when first we met,
His trousers had no straps,
His highlows lackéd jet.

If a youth omitted the letter *h* in his conversation or construing, he was placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*; if he wore a false front or cuffs to his shirt, "down among the dead men let him lie." There was a tradition that in All Souls' College, before an election was made to a vacant fellowship, the selected persons were invited to dine with the electors; a cherry pie formed part of the meal, and he who ate it most like a gentleman was the favoured guest.

What a difference between Then and Now! There is no need in these days for the anxiety of the Lancashire mechanic who had a son baptized "Gentleman," so that there might be one in the family. Genealogy, manners, habiliment, armorial bearings, pronunciation, grammar, are ignored, and every householder is "that gentleman," and is addressed on his letters as "esquire."*

* History repeats itself, and this is no modern innovation. Nigh upon two hundred years ago there was a complaint in the *Tatler* that the nation was becoming *populus armigerorum* —"a nation of esquires."

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These titles are sometimes almost as inappropriate as when the usher of the court at an Irish assize addressed the jury with, "Gentlemen, you will go to your usual places," and most of them went to the prisoner's dock, or when the victim of some gamblers in the Far West ran for his life, having been robbed and almost denuded, and when at the trial of his pursuers he was asked, "Was there no one to help you?" "No," he replied, "there were many in the streets, but only one gentleman;" and when the further questions were put, "How did you know he was a gentleman, and what did he do?" he said, "He took his pipe out of his mouth and shouted, 'Go it, Shirt-tails, bowie knives is a gaining on yer.'" *

How, then, are we to distinguish the reality from the sham, the true coin from the counterfeit, the solid wood from the veneer, the diamond from the paste? Where shall we find "that gentleness which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man," Aristotle's τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου, the man who stands four square to every wind that blows, Horace's *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, the French knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, the English gentleman, having those qualities which Isaac Barrow commends as the "two chief properties of a gentleman, courage and courtesy"?

> As meek as the man Moses, and withal
> As bold as in Agrippa's presence Paul.

* I know that these two anecdotes are as venerable as an archdeacon, but the critic will pardon them as things one would not willingly let die.

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What is the difference between *homo* and *vir*? Of whom can we speak Cicero's praise of Metellus, *homo nobilissimus, optimus vir*?

Descent may be helpful, and "notes of fatherhood," good as well as evil, are commonly seen in the child. *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and the sculptor who has to carve a statue, chip by chip, is to be congratulated when his marble comes from a famous quarry. The Romans (I seem to have wandered into the Latin Quarter) recognised this advantage—*Abi, patrissas, virum te judico*—and it may be accepted almost as rule, verified by the biographies of our most illustrious authors and artists, that their genius was the early and marvellous development of some peculiar quality inherited from one of their parents. In a less prominent degree we find certain impressions both of mind and body transmitted from father to son—excellence as musicians, as draughtsmen, as linguists, as horsemen, as athletes. It is a common observation, "He comes from a good old stock; he's a chip of the old block." There have been eleven Lytteltons, Walkers, Studds, Garnetts, who played cricket against a county, and won the match.

These natural gifts of mind and body are good material, but that is all. They may be auxiliary in making a gentleman, but that depends upon the use or the abuse which the heir makes of his heritage. Some who have been "born great" have become exceedingly small, and some who have had "greatness thrust upon them" have sunk under the burden of an

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honour unto which they were not born; but they who have achieved greatness have, as a rule, maintained it in their own persons, and, though they could not entail it, have been the founders of noble and wealthy families. Some would lead us to suppose that the sudden enrichment and exaltation of which we have seen in our generation so many examples, and which have been achieved by ability and industry, are of a recent date in our history, whereas an immense majority of those who hold high positions and great estates are indebted to the famous ancestor with grand ambitions in his head and courage in his heart, who, in the sweat of his face, according to the immutable law, earned wealth, won battles, built cities, made great discoveries, and was a king of men. He worked in his shirt-sleeves before he had a coat of arms. He prevailed, not from blood, but from brains. When there is a pugilistic competition at Eton or Harrow between my lord and the grandson of some contractor of works or purveyor of food, and the combatants tap each the other's nose, we look in vain for the "blue blood" which is supposed to flow in the veins of our ancient nobility; and when they found Diogenes closely inspecting the bones in a charnel-house, and asked the object of his search, he informed them that he was endeavouring to distinguish between the limbs of the masters and the slaves, but had met with no success.

I remember incidents in illustration. The younger son of a nobleman and a son of his bailiff went out

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together as emigrants. When they returned, twenty years after departure, their positions were reversed: the master's son was the servant, the agent, of his companion, and the latter was his superior, not only in wealth, but in appearance, manner, and refinement. A footman in a family closely connected with my own had begun life as a doctor's boy, was devoted to the study of medicine, and spent his leisure time in reading medical books. He went to the United States, worked hard as a student and M.D. for many years, until he attained a large practice and returned to England. Seated at luncheon with those whom he had formerly served, and looking in every respect a gentleman, he suddenly astonished the company, among whom were several strangers, by holding up a mustard-pot and addressing it with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy," subsequently explaining that the only reproof which he had incurred from the lady at the head of the table during his service was evoked by the neglected condition of the vessel before him. Wherefore, dismissing as silly conceits the claims of a clique or of a crowd, we will go in search of better information as to the qualifications of a gentleman,

> Who claims no honour from descent of blood
> But that which makes him noble, makes him good.

The pursuit may invigorate, like a gallop on a fast horse over the downs to the sea, like a sail upon the sea itself to some *Isola Bella*, when the air becomes more fragrant to the mariners drawing nigh to

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Araby the Blest; or, in a more apt analogy, we shall be as Alpine tourists, who leave the noises and the dust of their hotel in the valley, and gradually ascend, where the pure white snow glitters in the sunshine, to the magnificent landscape of the mountain top.

Before we adjudicate we must hear the definitions and weigh the arguments of those who claim the title of "gentleman." They may be divided into three companies: the social, the moral, and the religious.

Society has largely extended its boundaries and relaxed its rules. They who in severer times would have been repelled as having vulgar parents have been freely forgiven. Brewers, coal-merchants, bakers, and shopkeepers have been affectionately embraced. They have been to *levées* and dined with dukes, elected to Parliament, and raised to the peerage.

Society has discovered that pedigrees are not accepted by bankers as securities, nor regarded by solicitors as available for marriage settlements. It has learned from bitter experience that, if *delicta majorum immeritus lues* and inherit an exhausted mine, you are not to be envied, however large and picturesque your estate may be, when you discover it is mortgaged for more than it is worth. An old country squire was asked to give his views on bimetallism, and he replied that for many years he had seen so little of the precious metals that he had quite *lost touch* with the subject.

Moreover, it has occurred to certain persons after

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thoughtful observation that there is much to be said in support of Lord Tennyson's suggestion that

> From yon blue heaven above us bent,
> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claim of long descent,

and that it is not worth while to demand particulars about a man's grandfather, or to be inquisitive and microscopic as to his habits and surroundings, if, having a large income, he knocks at the door of the sacred precincts, asks admission, and is prepared to pay for it.

They may have been impressed by the declaration that "Of all the vanities under the sun, that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest." They may have been struck by the absurdity of a man taking credit for that with which he had nothing to do; and of supposing that his own delinquencies were condoned by the merits of an individual whom he resembles only in name; of trying to believe that any ancestor of whom he possesses a picture in a wig, a long waistcoat, and no legs to speak of was a saint or a hero; and even when he condescends to confess that "he is afraid Sir Guy was a spendthrift," or "Lady Betty was no better than she should be," there is a tone in his communication which would have us to understand that these venial eccentricities are not to be criticised by their inferiors, and that the foibles which spring from mere gaiety of heart and are presented to us in their most graceful form are not to be classed and confused with the uproarious vices and indecent gambols of the common people.

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Whatever may be the causes and motives—financial, political, or the convictions of common sense—it is manifest that liberal concessions have been made, that the dictum, "It takes three generations to make a gentleman," is no longer in quotation, and that in an elaborate discussion of this subject published by one of our most popular weekly papers, only one correspondent ventured to suggest that "a gentleman must not be tainted by trade."

Even supposing that the conventional gentleman has all the attributes which society once required—ancestry, income, appearance, manners—he may not be an article which, in the language of the cheap Jack, will bear the closest inspection. He may be idle, stupid, inheriting the dulness which

> In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease
> Sprang a fat weed, and throve with large increase.

He may eat and drink with the drunken, be grossly immoral, false to his marriage vows; he may cheat at cards, and be utterly selfish and sensual.

A gentleman must be *generous*. He will not starve his guests because the price of coals has risen a shilling per ton; he will not mount his friend, knowing him to be a clumsy rider, upon a runaway horse.

A gentleman is not obviously greedy. At breakfast in a country house an elderly lady was asked in my hearing what she thought of the gentleman who had taken her in to dinner on the night preceding. She replied that according to her estimates he was not

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a gentleman at all; and when an expostulation was made, "Oh, grandma, why did you think so?" it was added, "Because I saw him scooping all the oysters he could find out of the fish sauce, and appropriating half of the forced strawberries at the dessert." On this the brother from Brasenose failed to comprehend how Granny could speak with such severity of one *who left so little to be wished.*

The contemptible superstition still survived in my boyhood that if you were insulted, or thought you were insulted, by another man, it was your bounden duty not to be satisfied with horse-whipping, kicking, publicly denouncing, or appealing to the law for defamation of character, but to offer him the opportunity of murdering you or maiming you for life. He who had never pulled a trigger was constrained to present himself to some brutal bully who was a deadly expert.

This ferocious insanity was rapidly abating, but it was not extinct in my early days. It had been gradually tamed by conscience and reason, since the time when an Irishman, being forbidden as a Roman Catholic to carry a sword, changed his religion that he might fight a duel; but three men were killed in duels soon after my birth, the last of them being D'Esterre, who was shot by O'Connell; and I was ten years old when the Duke of Wellington sent a challenge to Lord Winchilsea, who had accused him of intentions to promote Popery, and they met in Battersea Fields.

He who refused to fight was branded as a coward, and few had the moral courage which dares to defy public

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opinion even when it opposes Divine decree. The duel was not only an outrage on religion, but it was an insult to reason, a concession to fools; and no amount of sarcastic obloquy could ever diminish my respectful admiration of a certain Mr. Vernon, of whom Horace Walpole records in one of his letters that being offered satisfaction by a man who had knocked him down, he expressed himself as more than satisfied already.

This incident reminds me of another example of prudent submission which came within my personal experience. I had a vigorous groom who had taken lessons in the noble art of self defence, and was anxious to communicate his knowledge in an aggressive capacity to others. I had heard of his combative spirit and pugilistic exploits, and had warned him that if he wished to remain in my service, he must restrict his powerful manipulations to the horses under his care. We were returning one evening from an excursion, and I had left him for some hours in charge of my dogcart and horse at a village public-house. Driving homeward, I saw from his nervous, fidgety condition that there was something in his mind which must find utterance, and presently he said, touching his hat: "I beg your pardon, sir, but there was a bit of unpleasantness while you was away. A man came into the Red Lion and began to insult me, and I never took no notice until he began to talk against, you, sir, and I couldn't stand that; and so, I beg your pardon, sir, we went into the yard and had a bit of a scrimmage." I expressed my disgust at such disreputable conduct,

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told him that if it occurred again he must leave my service, and I added in conclusion, "I hope that you were separated." "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, touching his hat, but with an impenitent twinkle in his eye; "he didn't want no separating." Here was another wise example how in adversity to keep the equal mind. The prostrate pugilist, like Mr. Vernon, was already more than satisfied, and he declined to leave the recumbent position in which he was exempt from danger, preferring rather to endure the ills he had than fly to others which he knew not of.

Prize-fighting at that time was a popular institution, and was patronised, like Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, by the nobility and gentry. Once a year in my Oxford days there was a great crowd at the Union to vote for *Bell's Life*, the chronicle of pugilism, and Mr. (afterwards Professor and now Canon) Rawlinson had great difficulty in keeping order. On one of these occasions he announced that "Mr. Cazenose of Brasenose will address the meeting," whereupon a remonstrance was made. "My name, sir, is Cazenove, not Cazenose." "I beg pardon," said the president, "Mr. Cazenove of Brasenose will be the next speaker."

Boxing is a fine exercise, and a most potent auxiliary, without the perils which environ the man who meddles with cold iron, in resisting the fury of the oppressor and in punishing a snob. A school-fight has been to most of us a wholesome discipline, which has taught us to transfer to others an overplus of conceit which we had appropriated to ourselves. When we read

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Thackeray's tribute to Tom Sayers, or Conan Doyle's thrilling description of the prize fight in *Rodney Stone*, we are inclined to think that there is much to be said for "the Ring," but when they who have seen, recall the reality—the appearance of the combatants towards the end of the battle, the beaten man staggering on to be knocked down until he can rise no more, the brutal execrations of the spectators—I cannot believe that he who desired the repetition of such a scene could be enrolled as a true gentleman.

Sixty years ago the conventional gentleman was as profuse in his anathemas as an Œcumenical Council or a Commination Service, but his maledictions were not pronounced against evil and unbelief, but against political opponents, inclement weather, forgetful servants, refractory horses, disagreeable duties, and tradesmen who wished to be paid. Those were days in which a Primate said to a Premier, "It may save time, my lord, if we assume before we commence our discussion that everybody and everything is damned."

Cock-fighting, although Roger Ascham regarded it as "a pastime fitted for a gentleman," although it was once a royal amusement, and there was a cockpit attached to the old Palace at Whitehall, and the remark, "It beats cock-fighting," which denoted a supreme excellence, is still in use, no longer commends itself to the true sportsman, who rejoices in the Act of 1849 by which a penalty of £5 may be inflicted on persons in any way connected with the fighting of cocks. The cruelty is no longer possible which was once such a

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strong fascination that the story is told of a country rector paying a visit to the squire of his parish, who was seriously ill, and being asked by his patient kindly to postpone their conversation for a few minutes, as he was much interested in a little business on the other side of the bed, where two cocks were fighting for their lives!

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CHAPTER IV

Betting and Gambling

What is your duty towards your neighbour?—Not to covet nor desire other men's good.—*Church Catechism.*

I REGARD the racing of horses, whether over the flat or the fields, as an enjoyable, harmless, holiday pastime, and I heartily regret that it is so inseparably, though not necessarily, connected with betting, and that so many should go to races, not for the sport, but for the spoliation of their brethren; but the instinct, which is one of the ills which flesh is heir to, to gain some advantage over our fellow-creatures, with as little effort as may be, becomes irresistible to minds which have lost their weapons of defence, the principles of morality and religion when they meet the temptations of the course. Surely it is not only beneath the dignity of a gentleman, but also a neglect of his responsibility, either to receive from others that for which he makes no recompense or to pay to others that which he might employ to his own profit or to the relief of poverty. Why, instead of coveting and desiring other men's goods, should he not have the independence and courage to say with one to whom *Noblesse oblige*

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was a law of conduct, "I don't want your money, and I'll take care you don't have mine"?

I am only acquainted with one elaborate work on gambling, the *Traité de Jeu*, written by M. Jean Barbeyrac, a Frenchman who was compelled to leave his country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and became a professor of law at Lausanne, in which the author maintains that gambling is not in itself immoral or illegal, and that it is nowhere directly or indirectly forbidden in the Holy Scriptures. He begins by asserting that work is inevitable, which none dispute who believe in the Divine command that in the sweat of his face man must eat bread (he who is idle may be gentle, but he is no man), that rest is necessary, and that a moderate amount of recreation and amusement are salutary to good work, a fact which is patent to all, and is expressed by the familar adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He appeals with a quaint sarcasm to those persons who suppose that use and abuse cannot be separated, who form to themselves strange mystical notions of virtue and piety, and would persuade us that every kind of diversion and amusement, being neither more nor less than the consequences of man's fallen nature, are unworthy of a rational creature; and he asks them to look down from their "thrones of purple sublimity," from height unattainable to the great mass of mankind, and to permit their inferiors to walk in lowliness and humility in their native vales, to enjoy such rays of sunshine as may penetrate their cypress-trees, such

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harmless amusements as present themselves for their relaxation. He might have added, "Thinkest thou, because thou art virtuous, that there shall be no more cakes and ale?" but his argument suffices, and even when he proceeds to state that if a person takes pleasure in cards or dice, there is no reason why he may not amuse himself in that manner quite as innocently as in painting, dancing, music, hunting, or any other similar diversion, however we may deplore the substitution of childish trifles for the healthful exercise of manly sports and the charming accomplishments of art, we cannot deny the right of weak-minded people in their own way to enjoy their debilities. "Folly is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom."

It is when he proceeds to answer the question. "Should games be played for nothing or for valuable stakes?" that he leaves *terra firma* for the bog. He affirms that if he is at liberty to promise and give his property absolutely and unconditionally to whomsoever he pleases, he is equally at liberty to promise and give a certain sum in the event of a person proving more skilful or fortunate than himself with respect to the result of certain contingencies, movements, or combinations on which they had previously agreed. And why, he asks, may not this person honestly avail himself of the result either of his skill or of a favourable concurrence of fortuitous circumstances, on the issue of which he had voluntarily contracted an obligation? And though but one of the parties gains an advantage, there is nothing contrary to strict equity in the transaction,

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the terms having been previously agreed on by both. Every person being at liberty to determine the conditions on which he will concede a right to another, may make it dependent on the most chance circumstances. *A fortiori*, then, a person may fairly and honestly avail himself of these winnings, when he has risked on the event as much as he was likely to gain. "In fact," he concludes, "gambling is a contract, and in every contract the mutual consent of the parties is the supreme law; and this is an incontestable maxim of natural equity."

The Swiss are a simple, thrifty, and honest people, and the temptations to gamble, the perils, degradations, and miseries of gambling must have been very small at Lausanne. If M. Barbeyrac had come to England, he might have ascertained that his scheme of permitting all men to follow their own imaginations, and do that which was right in their own eyes, of trusting to games of chance and "favourable concurrence of fortuitous circumstances" for their enrichment rather than to honourable employments, was generally regarded with abhorrence by reason of the evil which it wrought. He would have been told that although gambling was not illegal, the law intimated its disdain of such transactions by declaring them to be void—that is to say, neither party can bring an action to enforce payment. He would have seen in every county a score of estates which had been sold to strangers, or had been encumbered, because they who had inherited them from their forefathers and should

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have transmitted them to their children as they received them wasted the income and mortgaged the land. Would he have revered the memory of those men who have impoverished others to gratify their own covetous greed? Is this the law of "natural equity," which takes the children's bread and casts it to the dogs? What would he have thought of those who regarded the sums which they had lost at cards, at dice, or at races as debts of honour which must be discharged at once, while the tradesman was paid in driblets and told that he must wait. Fox, the statesman, told a tradesman who presented a promissory note, "I owe all the money I have to Sheridan. It is a debt of honour." "So *now* is mine," said the applicant, as he tore up the note. And it was paid. No law can prevent a man from making himself a fool and a pauper, but he should be prevented so far as it is possible from inflicting injury on others, and punished when prevention pleads in vain.

I read in the evening papers of Saturday, December 29th, 1900, that twenty-nine members of the Stock Exchange, representing thirteen firms, were declared to be defaulters. These failures were caused to a large extent by reckless speculations with money entrusted to the speculators for rational investment, and therefore brought not only disaster, but disgrace. So long as the "bulls" and the "bears" toss and hug and rend and tear each other in the arena, and only shed their own blood—that is, risk their own money—the spectators can look on with complacent

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pity, while the severer critic repeats the parody of Watts:

Let dogs delight to bark and fight,
If so be that they're game;
Let bears and lions growl and fight;
To me it's all the same;

but when they leap over the barriers and bleed the outsiders with their horns and teeth, the time for the revolvers has come.

M. Barbeyrac (the name is suggestive of the French game of baccarat) would never have written his encouragements to gamblers could he have foreknown a time when in every large gaol in England—and I even include the largest, which I visited, in the United States—some prisoners would be found among the thieves who trace their downfall to small peculations which they made from their employers, intending to replace them, but never recovering the means, that they might pay the debts which they had incurred through betting or games of chance.

These things being so, and seeing that the conventional gentleman may be subject to one or all of those infirmities which have been under our consideration, that he may be a dunce or a duffer, a fool among judges, although he be a judge among fools, a toady and a sycophant, a glutton and a wine-bibber, a libertine, a profane person, in debt, and a gambler, that he may spend half of his life on the racecourse, and that cards may be the first thought of his awaking, as with him who, when his wife aroused him with

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the point of her parasol at the end of a sermon, murmured, "Honours easy"; and that he may, notwithstanding, be retained on society's list, and be received as a welcome guest if he has a fair income, dresses in the fashion, rides in the Park, and gives good dinners; we must dismiss this candidate as ineligible, and continue our search for examples more refined and reliable. We shall find them described in our literature, and represented occasionally by living men.

Here, *apropos* of portraits and persons, the thought presents itself—what a splendid possession it would be to have a picture-gallery of those heroes and heroines whom we admire the most, or if we could realise that of which we can only dream—the exquisite felicity, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," of reviving and inviting them to a matinée or a soirée at which Homer, Anacreon, Sappho, and Theocritus "would sing us something"; when Æschylus would recite the lighting of the beacons, as the warder saw them from the tower at Argos, that night when Troy was burned; and Sophocles and Euripides and Aristophanes and Terence would discuss with Irving and Beerbohm Tree the relative merits of the ancient and modern stage; and Demosthenes and Cicero would kindly say a few words; and Horace would express in graceful Alcaics his admiration of Madame Cliquot (Veuve); and Virgil would make in bucolic verse his observations on the gardens at Kew, the show at Smithfield, and the model farm.

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And how proud we should be of our own celebrities—of our royal personages, from Alfred to Victoria; of our great poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson; our great warriors, from Marlborough and Wellington to Gordon and Roberts; our sailors, from Nelson to Charley Beresford; our artists, from Reynolds to Millais, from Hogarth to John Leech.

We must return from our excursion to improve our knowledge and appreciation of an English gentleman. I remember that when I was a boy at school it was the custom in most of our provincial towns, before the introduction of the corn exchange, for the buyers and sellers of agricultural produce to assemble once a week, at midday, in front of the town hall—maltsters, brewers, millers, horsekeepers, with a few casual visitors, two or three squires, who had been sitting on the magisterial bench, and some of the principal inhabitants, professional and independent, who came to meet their friends from the country and to discuss the topics of the times. On one of these occasions a silly young clerk from a lawyer's office suddenly appeared in a state of great excitement, and, rushing through the crowd until he reached a physician, old enough to be his father, and infinitely his superior in mind, body, and estate, shouted, so that all around might hear, "Doctor, you are no gentleman." "Mr. Jones," said the doctor, with such a sweet, compassionate smile, as a tender-hearted father might bestow upon his imbecile child, "you are no judge." Goaded by the derisive grins and "Brayvo, doctor!" of the agricultural

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interest, it seemed for the moment as though Jones would resort to personal violence; but the physician was a man of strong physique, and the approximation of his broad shoulders and biceps muscles seemed to suggest discretion, and Jones escaped to his home—let us hope to enlighten his judgment by that study of the character of a Christian gentleman which is beneficial always and to all.

Steele gives us instructions which at once command our admiration and our keen desire to obey them. Before he begins to build, he demolishes some lath-and-plaster erections, set up for show, without foundations, made from soft, crumbling bricks, green wood, untempered mortar. He ridicules the fallacy of supposing that the virtues of a true gentleman are transmitted from father to son. "It is certain," he writes, "and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not severely chaste, and men who are not severely honest in all families," and he calls upon those who are so proud of their breeding either to prove that it makes them better than other folk or to abstain from claiming superiority over others because they were born, by the dispensation of Providence, in a lower grade of life than their own.

Under the assumed name of Bickerstaff, he illustrates his argument from the humorous history of the great Staff family, from whom Staffordshire took its name. He tells us that "the Bicker- or Bigger-Staffs, the heads of the family, were learned and successful, just as in our own day they are men of high position and piety;

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that the White-Staffs were distinguished courtiers, and the Distaffs men of business, manufacturers of linen and wool, but the Longstaffs were erratic, and the Quarterstaffs were prize-fighters and stole deer, and so many were hanged that they are almost extinct; and the Falstaffs were given to wine—and worse. The family tree, in short, brought forth good figs and some very naughty figs, which were so bad they could not be eaten."

He exposes another delusion which prevails in some feeble minds, and demonstrates that fine clothes no more make fine gentlemen than fine feathers make fine birds. Not all the gorgeous plumage of the parrot or the peacock can qualify those birds to sing. Nigh upon two hundred years ago, he tells us that London swarmed with these fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather—any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man and raises him above the vulgar in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots on his escutcheon.

Having convicted these impostors, he leaves them to our contempt and indignation—"A twister of ringlets passing by, 'Oh, my soul,' said a stick, 'if I could only get at him!'"—and sets before us his ideal of a perfect gentleman. Like the statue which

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the Greek sculptor carved, so exact in its proportions, so fraught with grace and beauty, that it was accepted as *the* model, the "rule of Polycletus," to be copied by all, being a combination of all that was most admirable in the human form, though not to be found in any individual man, so Steele prefaces his definition with the statement that he is about to describe, not so much what is, as what may or ought to be, assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete, while it is possible for all of us, in our several degrees, to profit from his description. We may not have the natural endowments, the opportunities of culture, travel, and intercourse with others which he regards as necessary for those who would attain the highest stature, who are to be qualified for the service and good, as well as for the ornament and delight, of society, but we can all possess *the heart of a gentleman*, firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. We can be modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. We can be principled in religion and instructed in all the moral virtues.

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CHAPTER V

The True Gentleman

Loke he that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apart, and most entendeth aye
To doe the gentil deedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.
CHAUCER.

So that in all the essential qualifications, every man may be a gentleman, because we do not rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, but according to his behaviour, thoughts, and sentiments in that condition, according to that which he hath and not according to that which he hath not. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life hath thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer, is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus writes that it is not to be considered among the actors who is prince or who is beggar, but who acts prince or

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beggar best. The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world, for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors or the subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect on our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, and no man below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

There are noblemen and gentlemen, and there are duffers and drones, in huts and in mansions, in pumps and in wooden shoes; and I know not which I admire the most—the men who in the high places of the world are resisting the temptations to luxury and self-indulgence which allure them always, who are doing work and discharging duties which they might relegate to others, or those who conscientiously endeavour to earn their wages, bear their hardships bravely; who, having little, do their diligence gladly to give of that little, and have learned in whatever state they are therewith to be content.

It may be noticed, moreover, that having in so many instances the elements of a gentleman within themselves, we find among the poorer a prompt and reliable discrimination between the genuine and the spurious in others who claim to be gentlemen. An old man living

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in a tiny cottage and receiving relief from the parish, told me that two of his wealthy neighbours came to visit him now and then. One of them opened his door without knocking, sat down with his hat on, smoking his cigar, without being offered a chair, spoke of poverty as though it was in all cases the result of idleness or intemperance, hoped that he was grateful for all the blessings which he enjoyed —"including, no doubt," the old man added quaintly, "the rats which run and the rain which drips on my bed; and then he gives me sixpence and a tract against intoxicating liquors. I am afraid, sir, that on a recent occasion I behaved disgracefully"—there was a twinkle in his eye, which did not indicate remorse—"I spent half of his munificent donation in a pint of ale for my supper, and forgot to drink his health. There's another neighbour," he continued, "who knocks and waits, takes off his hat when he enters, and stands until he is asked to take a seat; and talks to me pleasantly as though we were equals, fellow-servants of One Who is no respecter of persons. He gives me half a crown and a bit o'baccy, and if I can go up to the hall he thinks he can find me some clothes which will keep me warm in the winter."

Addison conferred upon me, as upon thousands of others, a perpetual delight when he introduced us to Sir Roger de Coverley. The name has a musical sound to us all; perhaps a little too musical for those elderly ladies who remember the time when it was associated with the final dance at a ball, when it

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seemed as though the fiddlers would never cease, and daughters were blind to weary mothers, yawning behind their fans, and deaf to impatient fathers who came behind them to state that the carriage had been waiting for hours, and that the horses were being frozen to death. They forgot, these parents, that history repeats itself, and that retribution follows on the track of crime.

Sir Roger de Coverley—it is refreshing, helpful, to think of him. It is good to be with goodness, with those that excel in virtue. They invoke our higher ambitions, they invigorate our weakness, they reprove our mistakes, they put our selfishness and indolence to shame. I rejoice to be, though it is only in imagination, with this noble, benevolent, and beneficent knight; to see him surrounded by his tenants, many of whom he has placed in comfortable cottages with small holdings of land, in reward of faithful service; or in the midst of domestics, who have been with him for many years, honoured and beloved by them all.

It is no mean testimony to the kindly rule which has prevailed from generation to generation in our aristocratic and ancient families that so many of those whom they have employed have grown grey in their service, and have been so content and happy in their several occupations that it has been one of their chief desires to be succeeded by their children in the discharge of duties which they could no longer fulfil. When I hear the railing accusations which are brought against servants; when I hear Mrs. Money in her crimson velvet and diamonds bewailing the artificial

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flowers in her kitchenmaids' Sunday bonnet; when I see my neighbour Skinflint suspiciously eyeing the whiskey in his decanter, believing, as I do, that he drinks every drop of it himself, and knowing, as I do, that he dare not lock it up in his sideboard because when he tried that experiment his butler declined to stay where he was not trusted, where he was regarded, not only as a thief, but as a fool who risked his livelihood for a mouthful of whiskey; when they who go continually to all kinds of entertainments and places of amusement never think of giving an opportunity to their servants of receiving or visiting their friends, of enjoying a drama, listening to a concert, or attending a lecture which has some points of interest more exciting than a man with a glass of water and a wand, with diagrams and maps; I am convinced that the character and disposition of the person employed depend mainly upon the treatment which he receives from the employer, and that it is now as when the words were written between two and three thousand years ago, "As with the servant so with the master, as with the maid so with her mistress." Bad masters make bad servants. What can they expect who never speak to those who wait upon them and do so much for their gratification, except to command or admonish?* In

* "I would not tell my footmen, if I kept any, that their whole fraternity were a pack of scoundrels; that lying and stealing were inseparable qualities from their cloth; that I should think myself very happy in them, if they confessed themselves to innocent lies and would only steal candle ends. On the contrary, I would say

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vain they give higher wages—and wages were never so high. Something is wanted which cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof—*sympathy*—that most excellent gift, which alone can make us dwell together in unity in the surest, purest happiness which we can know on earth—the happiness of home.

The good knight, having found it there, went not abroad in quest; and it would assuredly have been for England's welfare, and might have prevented a deplorable exodus, of compulsion and not of choice, if they to whom the lot had fallen in a fair ground and who had a goodly heritage had spent more of their time and money upon their estates, had given a more thoughtful and generous consideration to those who had a prior claim, and who would have rewarded them with an affection far more sincere and faithful than that which is to be found among strangers. I have known some pathetic instances of the devoted affection of servants towards their masters and mistresses, when riches took to themselves wings and flew away—the savings of the past, and the offer of gratuitous service in the future, freely offered with that simple tenderness which is beyond the actor's art. Sir Roger lived within his income, he was one of those who can "look the whole

in their presence that birth and money were accidents of fortune; that no man was to be despised for wanting them; that an honest, faithful servant was a character of more value than an insolent corrupt lord; and that the real distinction between man and man lay in his integrity."—*Essay by Lady M. W. Montagu.*

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world in the face, and owe not any man," who know that "frugality is the best support of generosity," and have always, in cases of sudden necessity, something to give to him that needeth.

He was not ashamed of his religion. He had the village church kept decently and in order, and the choir well taught. When in want of a chaplain to whom he might also give the parsonage of the parish, he wrote to a particular friend at the University to find him a clergyman rather of plain sense than of much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. He got the man he wanted. "He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know that I have taken notice of it, he has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something for one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me."

To this congenial pastor he presented copies of all the good sermons printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. He obeyed the injunction, but it is to be hoped that he adapted the language of Tillotson, Sanderson, and Barrow, who were on his list, to the apprehension of his hearers; otherwise, however much

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he might please his patron, and Addison, his patron's friend, he would preach in a tongue not understanded of the people.

Sir Roger boldly asserted the rights of the laity to share in the government of the Established Church. He gave to each of them a hassock and a prayer-book, expressing, in anticipation, the pleasure which he should have when he saw them meekly kneeling upon their knees. He kept a strict watch over the congregation, suffering none to slumber except himself; and if by chance he was surprised into a short nap at sermon, on recovering out of it he stood up and looked about him, and if he saw any one else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends one of his servants to them. In the middle of the service he calls out to John Matthews to behave himself and not disturb the congregation. On catechising days he will order a Bible to be sent to the boy who has answered well, and sometimes adds to this gift a flitch of bacon for his mother. He has added £5 a year to the clerk's salary, and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church service, he has promised to bestow the office, when it is vacant, on the candidate who can most appreciately discharge its duties.

Exercising his powerful influence for the good of others, he disclaimed any tribute of admiration for himself. To do honour to his old master the tenant of a small inn in the neighbourhood had set up a likeness of Sir Roger as a signpost. The knight, most

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politely thanking him for the compliment, insisted, nevertheless, upon its removal, suggesting that it might be altered by a few touches, and that he would gladly defray the expense. The face was accordingly transformed by the addition of enormous whiskers, protruding eyeballs, and other embellishments, into an expression of grim ferocity, and was known henceforth as the Saracen's Head unto all wayfaring men.

He was a thorough sportsman, not regarding sport as the end and aim of his existence, but as the holiday which made a man stronger for his work, and as one who believed it

> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

There were trophies in his hall to show that he had stalked the deer and killed big game. With birds on the wing, although he shot with the old flint and steel, he had the same success. He who in those days had mastered the art of shooting animals in motion was indeed a man of mark, and Sir Roger, in commending one of his neighbours, speaks of him as "a very sensible man, *shoots flying*, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury."

He was a master of hounds—first of foxhounds, then in his less vigorous age of beagles, and finally of "stop-hounds"—hounds which hunted slowly and stopped at a signal from their master. What these wanted in speed he endeavours to make amends for by the depth and variety of their notes, which are suited in

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such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert :—

> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd by horn.

He was so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility, and desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *bass*, but that at present he only wanted a *counter-tenor*.

We shall be told, of course, that Sir Roger and his adherents were representatives of the iniquitous and tyrannical feudal system ; of the fat spider, comfortably seated at the top of his web, and feasting at the expense of his neighbours ; of the darkness, which would be quickly dispersed by the rising sun of progressive reform. Some years ago a rustic told me that he had been listening to one of those demagogues who have kindly undertaken to beatify the world, and he "couldn't make out what he was up to. He said as all parsons and squires was mermaids" (myrmidons ?), "and all we labourers was scurfs" (serfs ?)

How about Now and Then ? Without consideration whether the great changes which have taken place—the depopulation of our villages and the depletion of the squires—were inevitable ; whether pollution in our atmospheres, the poisoning of our streams, the stunted

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growth, not only of our vegetation, but of our men, women, and children, have been fraught with inestimable blessings; I venture to suggest a doubt whether the villagers of England are happier under the administration of the parish council than they were under the feudal system.

Thackeray has given us in Colonel Newcome the bright presentment, and in his *Book of Snobs* and his *History of the Georges* definitions terse and truthful, of a gentleman. "What is it," he asks, "to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. He should be a loyal son and a true husband; his life should be decent, his bills should be paid, his tastes should be elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble. He should have the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the love of his fireside; he should bear good fortune, suffer evil with constancy, and through good or evil always maintain truth."

The last is the supreme ordeal and test. No man can be accepted as a true gentleman who has not learned what a noble thing it is to suffer and be strong. Not on the yacht, but in the lifeboat; not on parade, but marching in weariness and waste through an enemy's land; not in prosperity, but in adversity, can there be a sure discernment between the coward and the hero, the deceitful and the honest, the carnal and the spiritual man.

Charles Dickens, in *Barnaby Rudge*, one of his

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greatest achievements (where shall we find a more splendid example of descriptive power than in his narration of the Gordon riots and the burning of Newgate?), has set before us in admirable contrast a gentleman in sorrow and persecution and a cad in sensuality and sloth; between Haredale—who maintained and lived up to his rule that no man should deviate from the path of honour, that all good ends can be worked out by good means, and that all others should be left alone—and Chester, who never compromised himself by doing an "ungentlemanly" action, according to his own definitions, and never did a manly one in his life. Haredale, severe in his self-restraint, was tender in his compassion for others and always ready to help them; Chester, never denying himself an indulgence, was pitiless and vindictive. On the same level as to social position, no two men could be more unlike. Haredale was a Christian, in the world but not of it; Chester had nothing but the world to worship, although to him it was nothing more than a despised and broken idol. Only religion can teach the self-denial and the integrity which make a gentleman. There is only one perfect example—

> The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
> A sweet, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

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CHAPTER VI

Gentle and other Women

I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, and hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and I have no doubt in every educated Englishman's circle of society—whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and Mayfair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient, comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop.—THACKERAY.

I ENTER fearlessly upon a survey which may seem to some to be rash and dangerous, because there is, comparatively, so little to censure and so much to praise, and because I know that a large majority of my male readers, believing themselves to be associated with the most admirable of mothers, wives and daughters, will appropriate to them all the commendations, and will transfer to others any criticisms which may suggest reproof. They will find no more difficulty in distributing these admonitions, and in connecting them with their rightful owners, than an old woman in my village, who, after a recent sermon, expressed her profound astonishment "'ow Sammy Potts could sit there, as unconsarned as a hinnocent babe, and 'ear

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hissel' called a child of the devil, when every man and woman in that church know'd full well as parson meant it for Sam." Many years ago, when the telegraph was first set up by the railways, a navvy working on a Northamptonshire line, hearing overhead the vibration of the wires, turned to his mate and said, "They're getting it hot at Thrapston!" Let the galled jade wince: our withers are unwrung.

We are, of course, delighted to hear Brown's panegyric of his saintly mother; to note the pride and affection which sparkle in Jones's eye when he gazes on his diminutive bride; to hear Robinson whispering that he may tell us confidentially that Edith, his daughter, was the belle of the hospital ball. We do not for a moment doubt their sincerity, but really, you know, when we think of a certain portrait with silver hair in our dining-room at home; when we recall Mrs. Brown as we saw her when we left that same room to join the ladies with a few friends who had partaken of our hospitality, with her mouth open, fast asleep; and when we cannot forget how Miss Robinson tried to drown our sweet little Gwendolen's voice in the duet, and blew out one of the candles on the piano—well, not wishing to hurt anybody's feelings, we will only add how grateful we ought to be for these satisfactory contrasts, and how willing we are, as will appear hereafter, cheerfully to join in that "general chorus of mankind" which sings the praise of the gentler sex.

We must not, however, be diverted from our

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intention, nor prevented by our own privileges in particular, or by our admiration of feminine excellence in general, from protesting against errors and eccentricities which derogate from the dignity and grace of womanhood. There are fascinations which dazzle into blindness, and which have compelled even the jilted critic and the frigid misogamist to ignore the faults,

> If to her share some venial errors fall,
> Look in her face and you'll forget them all.

How can we resist, they plead, the enchantress, who captivates both by her conversation and her personal charms, makes every man believe that he takes precedence in her sympathy, like Penelope—

> Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
> With well-taught look and a deceitful heart—

and sends him away saying to himself, "They tell me thou art the favoured guest"? She assures the admiral that a life on the ocean wave has always been her dream of felicity, and that a blue jacket is her ideal of beauty. She informs the general, with a pathetic depression, that the one great sorrow of her existence has been the sad misfortune that she was not born a boy, so that she might have joined the most glorious of all professions. She entreats the bishop not to kill himsel with his overwhelming work, and his lordship, having a keen sense of humour, replies gravely that her request shall have his best consideration; and she tells the dean that a cathedral service is "quite too heavenly."

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She talks to elderly men about politics, and to young men about polo. She is somewhat contradictory in her statements and superlative in her enthusiasm, but she persuades herself and others that she is temporarily sincere, and is monarch of all she surveys.

She rejoices in the exercise of her power, her subjects rejoice in her service, and so far all is well. Wise men and wise women know the boundaries, and do not go beyond. They discern between good and evil; and as with the former

> 'Tis excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it as a giant,

so with the latter 'tis excellent to have a syren's song, but it is tyrannous to use it as a syren. To suggest hope only to crush it, to pretend that which is not felt, to induce an offer of the lowliest homage, the most devoted affection, which one human being can offer to another, only to reject and deride—what cruelty can be more contemptible than this? Who can pity when retribution comes to her who refuses to

> Pray Heaven for a human heart,
> And let the foolish yeoman go,

or to her who, "playing with edged tools," and accepting offers from two lovers, is found out by both of them, and left "lovely and lonely, on the winter cast."

There are some women in our own, as in former, days who imperil their claim to the title of "gentle" by

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adopting the costumes and the customs of men. We are no longer under the law, but under grace; but on what plea shall we regard as obsolete and refuse to obey the Divine commandment the "woman shall not wear that which appertaineth unto the man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment." It has been well said that God has made the sexes distinct, let not the tailor confound them; but that modern institution, the man-milliner, with jacket, waistcoat, knickerbockers, gaiters, with the supplement of a pot-hat, stick-up collars, tie and pin, has laughed law and precept to scorn. Add a dog-whip and whistle, a bulldog, a case for cigarettes, and a book for bets, and behold an hermaphrodite, neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," the demolition of a woman, the caricature of a man, ridiculed as "our friend from Middle Sex," toasted as "the ladies, once our examples, now our imitators; once our superiors, now our equals."

I have a distinct recollection of an attempt to introduce into this country the "Bloomer costume" for women. It was invented by Mrs. Ann Bloomer, of the United States, and was an attempt to substitute the lighter and more convenient dress for the present heavy and inelegant attire. It was neither immodest nor ungraceful. The skirt, less ample than before, reached down half-way between the knee and the ankle, over trousers of a Turkish fashion, which were fastened round the ankle by a band and clasp. It met with no encouragement on either side of the Atlantic. The originator was not popular, holding strong views

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about woman's rights (with very weak notions, as usual, about woman's duties), and had no intellectual attractions or social influence. The novelty of this dress and the effrontery of those who wore it were the main causes of condemnation. With regard to modesty, the Bloomer costume must now be considered as severe, Quakerish, and prim, when compared with the abbreviated draperies of the cycle and of the ball. I am speaking of exceptional cases, in which certain indiscreet persons do, despite the truer spirit of their sex, seem to vie with each other who shall go first and fastest upon ice which is known to be "dangerous." Two brothers went to the same school. They were absent for a fortnight, and then only one returned. "Where is your brother, Thomas?" "Oh, if you please, sir, there isn't any Tommy now. We played at a game, which should lean the farthest out of the top attic window, *and Tommy won.*"

Not many months ago, several benevolent members of the dramatic vocation (and there is no profession more generous in its charitable sympathies) arranged a very interesting series of performances and recitations at the Globe Theatre for the benefit of the Sailors' Home at Chatham. I went to see, and was greatly delighted with the comedietta of *A Pair of Knickerbockers.* A bridegroom not many days after marriage discovers, on inviting his bride to a walking tour, that to his infinite disgust and distress he has inseparably attached himself to a disciple of the new school of women. She presents herself prepared for the promenade in a suit

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which is not in any part to be distinguished from that in which he is clad—the same hat, collar, tie, coat, waistcoat (brilliant scarlet), breeches, stockings, and boots. "A moment o'er his face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced," and then in an agony of indignant sorrow and shame he made his protest, a most powerful, pathetic appeal to argument and to affection. He was fearless in denouncing that which he believed to be wrong, tender and persuasive in his love; but the wife had evidently anticipated the crisis, made herself ready for the battle, and was determined not to yield. At last, after a contest long and painful, he left the room in despair. And then after an interval—a lucid interval, a thoughtful magnificent interval—he returns to his bride, attired in a spacious bonnet, a gay shawl, some underclothing ignorantly arranged, and only covering in part his nether garments. When he announces in a cheerful tone that he is quite ready for their promenade, she turns, and the victory is won. Supposing at first that it is only done in jest, her horror on finding that he most certainly intends to accompany her in his disfigurement, unless she abandons her own, asserting the right, which she cannot dispute, of the man to wear the woman's costume if she wears the man's, seems to overpower her, and after an expostulation as vain as his own she too, disappears. She also has her lucid interval, and when on her return her husband looks and sees her sitting and clothed and in her right mind—I need not add the rest.

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Apropos of the drama, there was a time, we know, when women were not allowed to appear on the stage, and the heroines were represented by young men, who were like David, ruddy and of a fair countenance; and when, after the Restoration, King Charles the Second protested against a long delay which took place before the commencement of a tragedy, the manager came with profuse apologies to explain that *the Queen was in the act of shaving*. I have twice seen men successfully attired as women—Bedford, Wright, and Oxberry as the Three Graces. Bedford must have weighed nearly twenty stone, and, dressed as a danseuse, with a wreath of roses, he performed a pirouette during which you might have boiled an egg; and Sam Brandram, attired as a Scotch fisherwoman, delighted every one who heard his "Caller Herring"; but it is best to have no confusion of the sexes, and except in such cases as that in which Shakespeare sends Portia to plead, no actress outside the music halls will disguise herself as a man.

Let every woman take Angelo's advice to heart:

> Be that you are,
> That is, a woman: if you are more, you're none.

Some, notwithstanding, are dissatisfied with their personal appearance, and forgetting that *rien n'est pas beau que le vrai*, waste time and money in their attempts to correct mistakes and to supply omissions; but there is no foliage so becoming to a flower as that which nature provides for it, and no alteration or

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addition of feathers would improve the beauty, agility, and utility of a bird. Wherefore Hamlet warns: "God hath given you one face and you give yourself another. Now get you to my lady and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come;" and the Puritan, Philip Stubbs, makes a righteous accusation against those who, disapproving their natural appearance, must adulterate the Lord's handiwork with far-fetched, dear-bought liquors, unguents, and cosmetics—all of them, he might have added, uncertain in their results, detested, ridiculed, and despised; some of them containing rank poison, and producing cutaneous disease.

Nor can I believe in a gentlewoman adorning herself with hair

> often known
> To be the dowry of a second head—
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre,

or shorn from the head of some peasant girl in Brittany.

The ideal lady, whom I honour and revere, is never overdressed. She wears at high festivals robes of richest material and of brilliant hue, but there is never gaudiness or incongruity. As a rule, her dress is like herself—unassuming, graceful, in perfect harmony with her surroundings. Every one says, "How well she dresses!" yet no one can remember what she wore. I do not assume for a moment that she is indifferent in this matter. She would be the first to affirm that every woman, for her own satisfaction as well as for

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the satisfaction of others, should make the best of her appearance, but she possesses, together with the taste and refinement which suggest the less obtrusive costume, and the modesty which shrinks from display, the knowledge that good looks and good qualities will assert themselves, sooner or later; and that it is the picture which pleases and not the frame. Who has not noticed the perversity of stubborn mankind in making for a pretty or a clever head, without reference to rank or raiment, the reckless youth devoting himself exclusively to a little governess with a pleasing intellectual face who had come into the drawing-room to sing and play after a banquet, instead of surrendering to the daughter of the house in accordance with his bounden duty, leaving velvets and satins for plain black silk, for one

> Vested in a simple robe, the best attire,
> Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament.

The gentlewoman has, of course, a voice *gentle* and low, an excellent thing in *woman*, and in her laughter there is mirth and music, although it is never loud. She despises slang, and does not tell you that whatever she may approve is "awfully jolly," whether it be a strawberry ice or a hymn. I heard a gay young person of the feminine gender make a declaration that golf was "stunning" and hockey was "ripping," and that she did not know which she "loved" the most; and when I inquired why, if the

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one induced stupefaction and the other rent and tore, she was attached to either exercise, she favoured me with a smile such as we usually bestow upon infants and upon those of whom we have been told in confidence "that they are not quite all there, you know."

She is earnest, enthusiastic, sentimental; but she abstains from exaggeration, display, and gush. She is not one of those of whom the critic said that "mendacity was bad, but womendacity was worse." Even in the time of love's young dream she will not depress you with doleful ditties about "We two," "He and I," "He came," "One more," "He left," "No more," "Oh, do not ask me not to die," etc., etc.

She believes that charity begins at home, and does not look beyond the duties which surround her for occupations which seem more attractive, like the daughter who complained that her father was getting so blind and her mother so deaf that she was strongly inclined to join a sisterhood, or take to hospital work.

She avoids extremes. She does not tell you with a jaunty air in the middle of dinner that she rather thinks of going over to Rome, or ask you whether you are saved. She does not provoke her father to speak, as a country squire spoke to his daughter: "I am told, Augusta, that you have adopted another 'father,' a clerical gentleman about your own age, and that he is so kind as to call you his child. Oblige me by informing him that I have not resigned the paternal office, and do not require a

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coadjutor. I have also heard that finding your parents, your clergyman, your Bible, and your conscience incapable as guides, and mistaken in their instructions, you have engaged a 'director.' Let me, therefore, suggest a further intimation, that if I meet the 'director' on any part of my property, I shall direct him off with a stick."

I am told that it is a "selfish and silly prejudice which would debar women from the harmless enjoyment of a cigarette." Having consumed and distributed (occasionally to poor old women) a large amount of tobacco, I am not in a position to deny the assertion, and am quite content to leave the limitations to the ladies themselves. At the same time, I am in full sympathy with the country squire who placed a notice outside the door of his smoke-room, "For men only," and I felt much more inclined to tip than to rebuke the Eton boy who, thinking that it was bad form in his sister to smoke, disguised his feelings, and presented her with a cigarette of his own manufacture, into which he introduced with startling results a small pinch of gunpowder. Neither could I condemn the undergraduate, who, deploring his sister's desire to bet on races, also pretended sympathy, and sent her "a moral" (by which is meant, in the morality of the turf, a horse certain to win), whereby she was induced to ask a racing friend whether he would put a couple of sovereigns for her on Cornelius Nepos for the Oaks. The friend replied that, without disputing the "moral" qualifications of Nepos, he had positive information that he would not

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be present on the occasion to which she referred, as the meeting was for ladies only. The brother scored a grand success, for the story was passed from smoke-room to smoke-room, from course to course, and the young girl was so cruelly chaffed that her betting book was thrown into the fire. She is now a matron in middle age, but is still reminded from time to time by her brother the colonel of "that famous year when Cornelius Nepos did not win the Oaks."

One more disagreeable specimen—the arrogant dame who, being herself a *parvenu* of humble extraction, but associated by marriage with a family of much higher grade, ignores her antecedents, toadies those above and snubs those below her. Her grandfather having achieved a great financial success, in calico or in corn, she has been heard to say contemptuously of other prosperous merchants, "They sell something, don't they, dear?—beer, or blacking, or pills; I can't remember." As though every one did not sell something—landlords the produce of their lands to tenants or others, professional men their brains, working men their bodies, and as though no praise had ever been bestowed on those who gain by trading.

To hear her talk of the lower classes, the *profanum vulgus*, you might suppose that she was alluding to some strange barbarians, nude, ferocious, jabbering in an unknown tongue, roosting in trees, and eating one another on festivals.

She has a house in London as well as in the country, and in a momentary mood of condescension she invited

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a young yeoman living in her neighbourhood, whose family had farmed their own land for centuries, and who was one of the best riders in the county, to call upon her when he came to the Smithfield Show; but her tiny, timid heart failed her when he presented himself in a costume which was more appropriate to the sports of the field than to a *salon* in Belgravia, and she received him with one finger and a sickly smile. The yeoman flushed with a righteous indignation; the conversation was beginning to flag, and the hostess was magnanimously suggesting refreshment in the housekeeper's room, when the butler opened the door of the drawing-room and announced "Lord Melton," her most sacred idol. How was she to explain to the peer the presence of this rural phenomenon? Her agony was brief—the nobleman went straight for the farmer and shook him heartily by the hand with "Frank, old man" (*æt. su.* xxx.), "I *am* glad to see you. Why, we haven't met since that grand gallop with the Belvoir, when we ran into the Quorn country. Come to see the Show, I suppose? I'll go with you to-morrow, and we'll have a trot in the Park, and then you'll dine with me, and we'll go over that run again, every inch of it, together."

She is too silly to be dealt with seriously, and a little cheerful banter is much more potent to impress and improve than sermon, satire, or scorn. She has a hilarious nephew who, although he is often absurd, has considerable success in rebuking her pride. He invents stories for this purpose, and you may hear him at a large dinner party at which many strangers are present

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begin one of his narratives, "My dear aunt and I have been on a visit this morning to a near relation, who was originally a pork-butcher at Wapping," or he will enter upon a series of arguments for the abolition of titles, the redistribution of property, the destruction of foxes, the advantages of polygamy, conscription, and confiscation.

The pride of ignorance, defying all around, like a bantam cock on a midden, is always ridiculous, but in these days of universal brotherhood, fusion of ranks, familiarity with lords, absolute equality, and profound humility, it is especially and irresistibly comic.

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CHAPTER VII

The Wife

All other gifts by Fortune's hand are given;
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.

POPE.

Video meliora, proboque. We have tried and condemned the women who make fools of men, and the women who make fools of themselves, who deceive, imitate, and bore; and "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer": the weeds are gone, which at distant intervals disfigured the parterre, and we have only before us a beautiful garden of flowers—flowers which grow everywhere, for all; which bring joy, peace, and contentment to those hearts and homes in which the love of them is pure and true. They cannot root where is no depth of soil, they cannot bloom where the atmosphere is impure, but wherever, in a fair ground, they are tended by affection, they cheer the ungenial day and make the desert smile. The cynic may sneer with his *varium et mutabile semper* and his *belli deterrima causa*; it may gratify the cowardly instinct which we inherit from our father Adam to lay the blame upon the woman, but he cannot deny that wherever she has

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not hindered the Divine intention by the abuse of her power, she has been the help most meet for her husband's happiness and the brightest blessing of the world.

Erasmus tells us that no man ever had a bad wife but from his own fault, that a good wife may be spoilt by a bad husband, but that a bad wife is usually reformed by a good one. I should be inclined to reverse this statement so far as to respectfully suggest the alteration that the husband is the one more frequently converted by the chaste conversation of the wife. Who has not seen the spendthrift reformed to economy, the "screw" to liberality, the sceptic to faith, by his wife?

It is in the power of either to bring misery and dishonour upon both; and when the motives for marriage have been mercenary or suggested by passion only or by pique, where constraint has been applied or the means for maintenance misstated, the results may be disastrous when the discovery is made that money cannot buy happiness, or that love which has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits; but when there is the mutual love and respect in "hearts of each other sure," there is also the mutual help and comfort which the one has of the other both in prosperity and adversity.

Matrimony has often an admirable influence somewhat similar to that which is exercised by the *régime* of a public school upon a new pupil who has been an autocrat in his home, or by the House of Commons

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upon a new member from the country having a local reputation as a brilliant orator, and being

> One whom the music of his own sweet voice
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

The husband may find himself in the continual presence of powers superior to his own—good taste, refinement, accomplishments, sweet temper, and self-control. Luther's message may be whispered to his remembrance, "Tell Philip Melancthon to leave off thinking that he is going to rule the world." He will be gently reminded that he is not an Œcumenical Council, that some of his edicts admit of discussion, and that some of his habits might be improved. He will clearly comprehend the meaning of the remark imputed to the late Lord Shaftesbury, that "it was a subject of much regret that the Pope of Rome could not be married, because he would have quickly discovered in that honourable estate whether he was infallible or not.*

He will find himself more and more restrained from action upon sudden impulse; warned from exuberance of mirth since "joy's full chords oft prelude woes," cheered in defeat and depression to wait till the clouds roll by.

> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are.

* A schoolboy, being asked why the Pope, who claimed to be the successor of St. Peter, did not follow his example by taking a wife, made answer that he "supposed the Pope did not like the idea of having, as St. Peter had, an invalid mother-in-law."

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The wife is more calm, considerate, tender, and patient. If the man is opposed or offended, his counsel is for open war and vengeance; the woman will hear explanations, will offer or accept apologies. If a servant forgets to post a letter, the master promptly informs him that he takes precedence over all the asses in Europe; the mistress "knows that he is sorry to have forgotten the letter, and must ask him to walk with a telegram to the station, two miles from the house." She does not ridicule or vehemently condemn the first proposal of some thoughtless scheme; she does not retaliate the bitter words which have been uttered in an angry mood. She will only speak affectionately the argument which seems to her the simple truth, and leave it, as she trusts, to germinate. For she learns to know her husband better than he knows himself, to discern the weakness and the strength; and so to lead him gently to the higher levels of his life.

She knows, when he makes a solemn proclamation, that "no power on earth can alter his intention, that he means to have his own way for once, though, of course, he is always in the wrong," she knows, believing that she has right on her side, that she can make this huge snorting, rushing engine "slow down" at her will, even as the huge ship is directed by the small rudder, because the helmsman steers by the compass.

When it is first revealed to him that the cook says she must have a new grate, he assumes such

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a lugubrious expression and heaves such a plaintive sigh as might lead you to suppose that he was about to order his wagonette for the conveyance of himself and family to the nearest workhouse. He has recently paid £300 for a hunter, but this £25 for a grate quite breaks him down. "It seems to me only the other day that I paid no end of money for the beastly thing now in use;" and when it is positively stated that "the other day" occurred eighteen years ago, and that the man who has been to examine the grate has said, as the man who comes to examine the grate always does say, that "it is completely done for, and that it's a marcy as the boiler hadn't bust and blown up the whole consarn," why, then the proprietor can only say that he believes the whole affair to be a job, a conspiracy between the elements, the fire and the water, and the lime in the water, with the cook, the ironmonger, and the bricklayer, to corrode, crack, and wear out the metal, to impose upon his ignorance and to impoverish his estate. When he is left to his reflections, it begins to dawn upon him that there is a limit to the endurance of all earthly things; he braces himself to face the inevitable, and is finally taken from home for a fortnight in a state of cheerful resignation to an expensive London hotel until half a dozen men, leisurely working for four hours a day, have adjusted the new kitchen grate.

Alas! soon after his return, and when he thinks, good, easy man, full sure that all his domestic arrangements are in perfect order, his attention is

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called to the gross misbehaviour of the dining-room carpet, which, at the early age of nineteen summers, has quite lost its complexion, and displays other unsightly symptoms of premature decay. Again melancholy marks him for her own. "None but millionaires can stand these incessant outlays. I hardly dare open my banker's books." Again he is "left to cool," and when he recovers his serenity and is seen to be in a cheery, genial mood, he is told that the old carpet will make the boys' bedroom a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and he not only assents to replace it, but treats himself to a feeble pun about something always being on *the tapis*, and thoroughly enjoys it.

It may be said that these adaptations are mere matters of tact to secure personal comfort and other concessions, but if they are to be maintained against perpetual irritations and other ordeals, which will try them severely, there must be something stronger than this shrewd device. There must be always the loving heart, even as

> All places where the eye of Heaven visits
> Are to a wise man ports and happy havens;

and as the true gentleman never fails to make the best of his companions and of his surroundings, and when temptation, dangers, or disappointment comes to himself or to his friends, keeps the child's heart in the brave man's breast; so the true gentlewoman, in all the alternations of life—elated by success or depressed by

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failure—will not be dazzled by the sunshine or dismayed by the storm. Who has not seen (as I in my long life have seen so often), to honour and to admire, the modest, grateful joy with which she has succeeded to honour and abundance, for which she never hoped. When weaker heads grow giddy, and when weaker hearts grow proud, she keeps the even tenor of her way, is not puffed up, does not behave herself unseemly. So with an equal grace and composure, whether by constraint or free will, she can take a lower place. There are women working in the slums of London, and in the courts and alleys of our cities and towns who were born and lived to womanhood in spacious homes, in the pure air of the country, with gardens, carriages, and servants, and all the comforts which money can buy—now wives of clergymen, deaconesses, sisters of mercy, district visitors. There is the tender, delicate woman, the emigrant's wife, doing the hardest and coarsest household work; and everywhere, here in England and six thousand miles away in South Africa, in homes, in hospitals, in tents, and on the battlefield, she is tending the wounded and the sick. She has disdained to live

> A sort of birdcage life, born in a cage,
> Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
> Was act and joy enough for any bird;

and so in the school and in the orphanage, the refuge and the reformatory, she has gone forth, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She cannot fight and wrestle (the Amazon was only a myth), scale

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mountains, ride, or march; she cannot stoke the fiery furnace or toil in dark mines, nor save lives from fire and water—why should she?—like men; she cannot compete in science, in the appliance of steam and electric power. In astronomy, Mrs. Somerville's *Mechanism of the Heavens* is her only *magnum opus*. In art, she cannot paint like the great masters—Rosa Bonheur and Lady Butler are phenomenal; and though as a vocalist she is to my ear supreme, she cannot vie with the male as an instrumental performer or as a composer of music. But there are better possessions than muscular strength, than discoveries in science or accomplishments in art, and she can show to mankind a yet more excellent way.

Women have more self-control, more self-sacrifice, more patient perseverance, when the first excitements wane, than men. Men will give money (there are some who seem to think that a donation of one guinea is a panacea for "all the ills that flesh is heir to") sufficient to build a church, suppress a revolution, cure a pestilence, supply a famine, and end a war, but they are loath to believe that it is better to go to the house of mourning rather than to the house of feasting, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, although no man ever gave such a proof of his sympathy who did not feel thankful that he went. Women endure pain—the statement that they suffer less acutely than men being "not proven"—far more complacently than men, and do not fume, fret, and pose as martyrs, as he who is kept indoors by a cold.

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They have marvellous self-command in a great crisis. A lady whom it was my privilege to meet some years ago, being in delicate health, went for restoration to a quiet place in the Scottish highlands with her husband and children. They were in the garden together on a summer's evening when she was suddenly seized with a kind of paralysis in her eyes, and entirely lost her sight. She made no exclamation, but her first thoughts, as she related afterwards, were the remembrance that her two boys were to leave next morning on their return to school, and her determination to spare them the anguish which she knew they would feel on hearing that she was blind. She entered the house, and, remarking only that she felt unwell, retired to her bedroom. The sons came next morning, bade her good-bye, and went. Soon afterwards the daughter brought a piece of work which she was unable to continue, and asked for instruction. The mother took it, held it for a few moments in her hands, then laid it down on the bed and said, "I cannot help you, my child; I am blind." When I saw her, she had partly recovered her sight, but it was still weak, and, anticipating a total loss, she was frequently walking in and around her home with closed eyelids or during the night, that she might go about securely when the darkness came. This pathetic preparation reminded me of a record in the life of Lord Lyndhurst, that when his sight was failing his little grand-daughter continually read to him verses from the Psalms, which he committed to memory for his spiritual comfort when he could no longer read.

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It is not only in her sweet submission to her own personal sorrows, but in her tender thoughtfulness for others who suffer, and her anxious efforts to help and alleviate, that the gentlewoman wins our reverent affection; and it was never more manifest than now. For example, in all the contrasts which may present themselves between Then and Now, there will be none more conspicuous than in the character of our nurses and the condition of our hospitals sixty years ago and now; and when we recall the terrible neglect of the helpless and the imbecile in the past, and regard the treatment and accommodation in the present, our sackcloth is put off for the garment of praise.

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CHAPTER VIII

The Nurse

Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

CHARLES DICKENS informs us in his preface to *Martin Chuzzlewit* that in his early life Mrs. Sarah Gamp was a fair representative of the hired attendant of the poor in sickness; and his biographer, John Forster, tells us that he might have added that the rich were no better off, because Mrs. Gamp's original was in reality a person hired by a distinguished lady to take charge of a very dear friend of her own. Dickens goes on to state "that though many of the London hospitals were noble institutions, others were defective, and that it was not the least of the instances of their mismanagement that Mrs. Betsey Prig was a fair specimen of a hospital nurse, and that the hospitals with their means and funds should have

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left it to private humanity and enterprise to enter upon an attempt to improve that class of persons, *since greatly improved by the agency of good women.*"

Compare the delineation which accompanies the history of these ignorant, coarse, fat, flabby females, unkempt, unclean, drinking gin out of a teapot, with our modern nurses, taught and trained, comely, shapely, neat and trim, bright and cheery. Regard this counterpart presentment of two sisters—the former waddling and puffing, with their coal-scuttle bonnets and gig umbrellas, or drowsing by the fireside, the latter in their simple, becoming uniform, active, vigilant —the difference between a barge waterlogged (gin-and-water-logged) and a yacht that flies on the sea.

To whom do we owe the transformation? To Florence Nightingale. Of all the saints in our calendar not named in the scriptures, who so worthy of our veneration as Sancta Philomena? The voice of "The Swedish Nightingale" is silent now, but the music which our Nightingale composed to soothe the sufferer and to teach hymns of praise to those who were ready to perish is heard in many lands. When we think of her beneficence, and then turn to those records of miracles and exposition of relics which the credulity of ordinary minds is quite incompetent to grasp, to the nuns mured in captivity, and the monks who are not allowed to speak, what can we feel but a sad and pitiful regret for these evasions of the work and the duty which we owe to each other and to the position in which we were placed; and how can we repress some such words of

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remonstrance as those which Dr. Johnson spoke to the abbess, "Madam, you are here, not so much from your love of virtue, as from your fear of vice"? Who are the bravest soldiers of the Cross? They who shut themselves up in a fortress or they who go forth to fight? Who are the most obedient attendants upon One Who came to seek and to save and went about doing good?

It was manifest from her childhood, as almost invariably with those heroes and heroines of history who have been the lovers and leaders of mankind, that Florence Nightingale had special gifts and sympathies, and that she was inspired by a sacred ambition to use them for the alleviation of pain and sorrow. I remember a row of young palm-trees in Dr. Bennett's garden at Mentone, and one of them was thrice the height of the rest. There was a tank of water five yards below, but the tree had reached it with its roots. So Florence, rooted and grounded in love, rose above her fellows. In her girlhood she visited with her father many of the principal hospitals of Europe, and in her twenty-first year she began to train as a nurse with the Protestant deaconesses of Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, and afterwards studied the management of hospitals with the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris.

In 1854 news came to England of the gallant battle of the Alma and of great multitudes of soldiers wounded and sick. Her offer of help was gratefully accepted by the Government, and she lost no time in embarking, with thirty-four nurses, for the Crimea.

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A few months after her arrival she had ten thousand sick under her care. The work which she did, to the injury of her own health, in the hospital at Scutari and elsewhere was marvellous: the soldiers worshipped her,* the world loved her. When the war was over, £50,000 was subscribed to found an institution for the training of nurses in connection with the hospitals of St. Thomas' and King's College.

From that time to this there has been a continuation and a development of the noble work which she inaugurated, and of the special objects which she has told us were uppermost in her hearts' desire—the better construction, arrangement, and service of our hospitals; pure air, not polluted by noxious smoke and vapours, a clean, dry soil, spacious apartments, ample ventilation, no superfluous furniture, an abundant supply of water, the best of everything, without extravagance or waste, a matron of pleasant appearance, sweet temper, cheery conversation, energetic zeal, with trained nurses to match. The latter are taught to minister to all sorts and conditions of maladies and men, in public

* As they worshipped those who followed her example in the present South African war. I hear from my son, and others who were present, of their infinite devotion. A nephew, who was sixteen weeks in hospital with enteric fever, tells me that he cannot express his grateful admiration of the hard work which they did with untiring cheerfulness. There was only one nurse when he was left at Bothaville with fifty other patients. She was there all the day, and sometimes came in the night; but they were all the same, and he saw many. There was nothing they would not do.

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institutions and in private homes, hospitals in the city and the field, in town and country, general and special, military, naval, ophthalmic, for children, for convalescents, for incurables.

It may be that if the terrible need had been regarded as probable, some more elaborate preparations might have been made for the sufferers from enteric fever in South Africa; but I am assured that had there been no Florence Nightingale, the medical arrangements, the number and capability of the nurses, would have been far more deplorable. From girlhood to old age she has devoted the sympathies of her heart, the energies of her brain, the results of her experience, to this beneficent work; she has been the quickening spirit of the council of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses and of the Queen's Commemoration Fund, 1897, and now, an octogenarian, she makes an earnest appeal to the women of the United Kingdom for a further endowment.

"We feel very strongly," she writes, for herself and other members of the committee, "that there could be no more fitting memorial raised by the women of the British Empire to her late Majesty, our beloved Queen, than to collect a large sum of money to carry on the work which her Majesty herself started—*i.e.*, to provide the poor with good nurses in their own homes. . . . The sum of money which her Majesty devoted to this object was given to her as a tribute of love and respect by the women of the United Kingdom on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1887. It is, therefore, all the more

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incumbent on us as women to help to continue this noble work ; and we are confident that there are few women in the British Empire who would not willingly do all in their power to assist a memorial so worthy of perpetuating the beloved and glorious memory of the best and greatest of queens."

Again, in the Crimean war, the French, our allies, had ambulance waggons, but we had none, and it was Florence Nightingale who suggested their use to our Government, with so many other improvements.

Ten years before that war began, and for more than thirty years after it was over, I was a parish priest, constantly visiting the sick poor. For thirteen years I have been president, and a frequent visitor, of one of the largest hospitals out of London—St. Bartholomew's, at Rochester. I have the honour to be a chaplain of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and have taken much interest in their excellent ambulance work. I am, therefore, justified by personal experience in speaking with a thankful heart of the difference in this most important subject between Now and Then.

Although much remains to be done for our increasing population, great progress has been made in the last sixty years in building, enlargement, and improvement of hospitals, and in the treatment of the sick. In many of the rural districts the sick poor are not only within reach of infirmaries in the towns adjacent, but they have the inestimable boon of their own village hospitals. It was sad to witness the suffering which was endured in crowded homes, the

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want of accommodation and pure air, the extremes of heat and cold, the ignorance as to treatment, the inability to provide things needful. It was impossible for the parish doctor, with a multitude of patients and a minimum of pay, to bestow the attention which he knew was necessary and which he desired to give, and none knew so painfully as he did the harm which ensued, aggravated by the neglect and stupidity of ignorant nurses. All doctors will tell you that nothing so mars their work, so vexes and disappoints them, as disobedience, forgetfulness, and obstinacy in those who wait upon the sick.

There never was a time, notwithstanding, in which we were more bound to "honour the physician" and to admire the surgeon's skill. The aids and improvements for which we are principally indebted to Florence Nightingale have not only added so much to the special relief and recovery of the sick and wounded, but they have immensely improved the comfort and the health of the community at large. It is not only that whenever her example and instructions have been followed as to the management of hospitals, the training of nurses, and the laws of sanitation, there have been alleviation of pain, healing of sickness, abatement of disease, but there have also been new opportunities, facilities, experiences, and successes for the medical profession. Hence the admirable results of their research.

On a winter's morn some years ago I met my friend and physician, Dr. Vincent Bell, in the streets

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of Rochester, and with that insatiable desire which animates every Englishman to impart information concerning the weather to those who already possess it, I lost no time in remarking that the frost had been severe, on which he said (or, rather, I thought he said), "Yes, happily; it kills my crows." "Kills your crows!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I never heard of such an event; my crows were all right when I left the Deanery." "Oh," he replied, "I did not mention crows—I referred to microbes;" and then he gave me much interesting information about bacillæ, bacteria, and germs of disease which surprised me even more than the crows.

Think of the blessings bestowed on suffering humanity by the anæsthetic and antiseptic treatment! In all times and climes men have sought to discover some anodyne for pain in opium, mandragora, hemp, and other sedatives, but the process has been in most cases as painful as, and more perilous than, the affliction, and the invention has been reserved for our own days of applications which produce insensibility during the most severe and critical operations. Sir James Paget, who held the pride of place in his profession, and was beloved by all who knew him, wrote on this subject: "I have just witnessed with intense interest a surgical operation. If any one had told me, ten years ago, that it would be performed without profuse hemorrhage, endangering life, and without acute pain to the patient, I should have regarded him as insane; but under anæsthetic treatment all the objects of the operator were

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successfully achieved without any suffering and with the loss of two drops of blood!"

Experto crede. My dentist suggested certain eliminations which would be very tedious and distasteful under the ordinary process, but would be comparatively brief and altogether innocuous under ether. I found myself accordingly placed on a seat which was in the days of my boyhood about as comfortable as the rack of the inquisitor, but which science is gradually converting into quite an easy chair, with two M.R.C.S.'s in front of me. They presented me with a red bag and bade me inhale from it freely. I suppose I took too large a gulp, for it was accompanied by an agony of suffocation which caused me to place a hand on each of my companions, and to repel them with such force that they recessed with the rapidity of a dissolving view to the end of the surgery, where they stood like a pair of male caryatides supporting the chimney-piece on either side of the fire. Then I made request that I might inspire the ether more gradually; a pleasant exposition of sleep came upon me, the elegant extracts were completed, and after sitting for half an hour in a quiet room, I left with only the taste of the anæsthetic lingering in my mouth, and with a thankful heart.

Let the name of Dr. Morton, dentist, of Boston, in the United States of America, be held in remembrance with honour and admiration always; let it be enrolled with such names as Jenner and Lister, not among "black-lettered saints" more or less mythical, but in letters of gold, among those who were sent to be

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the real benefactors of mankind, and whose works do follow them.

In the days of my youth dentists were associated in our thoughts with fiends and the enemies of mankind. They certainly inflicted upon our race a large and unnecessary amount of cruelty, but they erred, not from intention, but from ignorance, and the same excuse might be pleaded for them as was pleaded in a church of the Far West during troublous times: "Don't shoot the organist; he is doing his best." Their tender mercies were cruel. You may have seen at some public dinner, when the guests were many and the waiters were few, the violent wrenching of wires with a powerful forceps from the bottles which hold the champagne. The performance suggests the impetuosity of the dentist and the bulk of his rude instruments seventy years ago.

It was not only that children must be coaxed and bribed to repeat a visit to the tormentor in trembling terror, but we were all afraid of him,

> For there was never yet philosopher
> Who could endure the toothache patiently,

and there came upon us a sense of shrinking if we only passed the brazen plate upon his door. I knew a man in the vigorous prime of his manhood, of strong determination, fearless in the chase, and he went to his dentist for the extraction of a tooth. He was asked to wait in a dismal apartment, scantily draped and furnished, suggestive of a mortuary chapel. Presently he heard a loud exclamation of pain, and

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then the hurried tramp of footsteps, as of some one trying to escape from it. He looked forth from his chamber. All was silent below, but distinct sounds of affliction were audible from above. His toothache was gone: why should he stay? He opened the front door; the sun shone in the street—*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*

I have cause to believe that neither the toothache nor the proprietor of the tooth returned, but it was a sad exposition of cowardice, enhanced by the fact that the culprit continually refers to the incident with far more pride than penitence.

The fear of the dentist is gone. In no department of surgical science has a more welcome progress been made, and not only in the discovery and application of anæsthetics, but in the general treatment of dental decay and disease, in manipulation, stopping, filing, extracting, substituting artificial teeth. America takes precedence, and many of our successful operators have learned their art on the other side of the Atlantic.

All the world rejoices in these and other alterations, which have been mercifully granted to patient study, careful practice, and long experience, and Christian charity can find no work more worthy of its zeal than the communication of these comforts to those who need them. Here in England, in addition to the mandates and the sympathies of our religion, we have special encouragement and examples. The interest which Queen Victoria of blessed memory always felt in the building and improvement of

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hospitals and in the training of nurses was wonderful unto all men. She was not only a founder, patron, and subscriber, but a frequent visitor, especially to those hospitals appropriated to her sick and wounded soldiers and sailors; and when, on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1887, the women of England presented an offering of £70,000, the Queen generously devoted it to a scheme for supplying and supporting trained nurses in districts throughout the land. No man has done so much for the hospitals of London as her son the Prince of Wales, now King of England. All the members of the Royal Family seem to inherit the same sacred sympathies. The beloved Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, gave every help in her power to hospitals, visiting them frequently in her own neighbourhood, or when staying with friends, going through the wards, talking kindly to the patients; and her daughter, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, has the like beneficent spirit.

When this quality of mercy is seen in high places, when

> 'Tis mightiest in the mighty and becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown,

it has a very potent influence. It often induces those who give to give more abundantly, and it stimulates the niggard and persuades the churl to be bountiful. An American lady is said to have deserted the Christian community to which she belonged, not because she differed from its tenets, but because the Episcopal

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Church was "so much more *toney*," and there are persons not a few who, though they will not give from a sense of kindness or of duty, think it more "toney" to put their confidence in princes, and seem to have a sense of association with royalty, a prevision of courts, not so much of Heaven, as of Buckingham Palace and of Windsor Castle.

We may confidently believe in the higher motives, because the magnificent work which we have witnessed could not have been done without them, and we may all rejoice in the results. Suffering has been relieved and life has been prolonged. Even we octogenarians are hale and blithe. Our companions in a walk uphill might hesitate to warrant us as perfectly sound in the wind, but we move over the flat with silent ease, and we hold our own at bowls, not forgetting that

Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in hortis,

or the last scene in this strange eventful history.

Here again we have great cause for thankfulness, as we compare the Then and Now, our funerals, churchyards, and cemeteries, as they were and as they are. Fifty years ago the arrangements for burial seemed to be suggested by a sorrow which had lost all hope. The indications were hideous. The nodding plumes of the hearse might have been birds of prey hovering over the dead. The mourners wore huge hatbands with long streamers fluttering in the wind, and their bodies were swathed from shoulder to hip with scarves, the materials being crape or silk. More and more

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demonstrative in proportion to the rank and wealth of the mourners was the pageantry of woe.

The whole house was draped with mourning in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and it was a custom among the grandees "for the widows of the deceased" to "see company" soon after the funeral was over—that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence, which every lady on her visiting list was bound also to tender in person. The ceremony, as witnessed by Lady Bute, after the death of her grandfather, and related by her to Lady Montagu, was this: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house were hung with black cloth. The duchess, closely veiled with crape, sat upright in her state-bed under a huge black canopy, and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased duke, Lady Frances Pierpoint, Miss Wortley (afterwards Lady Bute), and others. Profound silence reigned. The room had no light but from a single wax taper, and the condoling visitors, who curtseyed in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in deep mourning.

The performance, which must have been a terrible strain upon the performers, upon those especially who are afflicted by a sense of humour within the most solemn surroundings, has long been discontinued, and the magnates are content to disfigure the house of God instead of their own homes. But why these dismal demonstrations with reference to those for whom

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we always express the hope, and not seldom the confident assurance, that they are in joy and felicity? Why this waste of cloth and of silk, which would supply so much welcome clothing for our poorer brethren?

The poor consoled themselves with a lugubrious meat tea. "I've lost five," said a Yorkshire dame, "but I've buried 'em all wi' 'am." So they forgot awhile the "mighty difference" which one of them suggested, when told by a rich neighbour that we all had our troubles, "between fat sorrow and lean."

The churchyard was a desolation. It was the playground for the parish, and the churchwarden's horse, pursued by the young barbarians, stumbled over the mounds and broken headstones covered by the long rank grass.

The sextons—like unto him who had exercised that office, man and boy, thirty years, at Elsinore—had no feeling of their business, custom having made it a property of easiness, and we were shocked from time to time by profuse and painful exhibition of skulls and bones. They evidently regarded the graves and their contents as their own estate in fee simple, to be allotted and tenanted at their discretion. When two knights of Windsor ventured to suggest that the graves of their brotherhood had not a sufficient space intervening, the sexton promptly replied, "Well, yer see, gentlemen, I'm bound to get three on yer between this here grave and the wall, and there's nothing for it but to pack yer close!"

There have been happy alterations. We have

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been delivered from the hatbands and scarves, from the rookery on wheels and the mutes with alcoholic complexions. There is much less of unsightly extravagance and much more evidence of belief and hope. All Christians should be grateful to the Prince of Wales, now King of England, who declined to put London into sackclŏth and ashes when we buried our Queen of Queens. While the heart of the city mourned as never before, the gleam of the royal purple suggested the sure and certain hope. God set His bow on the cloud.

The Burial Service is treated rather as a song of victory than as a lamentation of defeat. The white-robed choir meet the funeral at the lych-gate, and sing psalms and hymns in the church and at the grave. The sign of our redemption is on the pall and goes before the procession. Flowers are on the coffin and around, emblems of the resurrection. The churchyard is itself a garden, except on the north side of the church, where the sun shines not in his strength, except in a water-colour sketch of old Southwark Church by the illustrious Turner. He must have read ere he painted it the words which Horace wrote to the Pisos:

> Pictoribus atque Poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,

and accepted the suggestion.

An anecdote suggests itself, which I related some twenty years ago at a Church Congress to three thousand working men at Derby, and which they

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received *con amore*:—It is told that a clergyman, whose graveyard was sadly overcrowded, except on the north side of his church, which, being damp and drear, was not used for sepulture, went to a woman, who was very old and ill, and having explained to her that the dislike to the shady side was a mere fancy and superstition, asked her as a favour, and for the example of others, to give directions that her interment should take place in the vacant portion of the ground. The old lady took a few moments for consideration, and then made answer, "Well, sir, as you say that one part's as good as another, and that it's of no consequence whatever where we're put, p'raps you'll *gie us a lead.*"

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CHAPTER IX

Games

T'was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
When four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in.

ASSURED of the marvellous progress which has been made in the science of the physician, the skill of the surgeon, and in the assiduous and intelligent supervision of the trained nurse, confidently anticipating new discoveries for the alleviation of pain and the cure of disease, and placing no restriction on tentative experiments, except that they be made *in corpore alieno* (even as Artemus Ward, when prevented by other engagements from taking part in the war, freely offered the service of all his relations), I would now propose to consider other helps to longevity, improvements in the preservation as well as in the restoration of health, which have become during my lifetime more and more appreciated, accessible, and practically applied.

We have been gradually convinced that prevention is better than cure, and the laws of sanitation have not

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only been proclaimed from the housetop, but they have been enforced in the cesspool and in the sewer. The councils of the nation, of the counties and the towns, are unanimous on the subject of stinks, and in their aspirations for sweetness and light; and their appointment of sanitary inspectors for the admonition of those who seem rather to relish than to repudiate bad smells has been most beneficial. There is even hope, although at present it is little more than a glow-worm in a wood, a good deed in a naughty world, that the time may come when the abomination of desolation itself, *monstrum*, *horrendum*, *informe*, *ingens*, *cui lumen ademptum*, the noxious fumes and vapours of smoke, which pollute our atmosphere and darken our light, may hurt the earth no more; when no men shall imperil or impair the health of their fellows to satisfy their greed of gain; when the children of those now dwarfed and pale shall regain the stature and the glow of health; when the fish shall swim in the pure stream, and the white sheep shall graze on the green pastures, and the thrush shall sing amid the blossoms of the orchard, and the garden shall be gay with flowers.

We want a St. George to slay this dragon. The working men are acclimatised, and must earn their bread. The tradesmen cannot afford to prosecute their wealthy customers. The proprietors of smoky chimneys are not alarmed by literary protests, however just and cleverly written, nor are they distressed or deterred by the infliction of small fines. They decline

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to believe, although it has been proved again and again (several years ago Mr. Fletcher, of Bolton, assured me that the process by which he had made eleven factories smokeless had resulted in gain rather than loss), that the smoke nuisance could be abolished without a tedious and costly outlay. If the working men were unanimous in asserting their rights and in the exercise of their powers, no representatives would go to Parliament who were not pledged to secure for their constituents the gracious gifts which were surely intended for us all—pure air, and light, and water. These soften into mercy the penal curse, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread."

At present we are in a state of transition, and it is every man's duty and interest to ring out the old and ring in the new. We resemble so many of the French, German, and Italian cities, partly ancient and partly modern.

> At Colne, a town of monks and bones,
> And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
> And rags and jags and hideous wenches,
> I counted two and seventy stenches,
> All well-defined and separate stinks.
> Ye nymphs, who reign o'er sewers and sinks,
> The river Rhine, it well is known,
> Doth wash the city of Cologne—
> But tell me, nymphs, what power Divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

And in many others the open sewers run down the streets and the narrow lanes, and the effluvium is as vigorous as that which caused John Leech to exclaim

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at a place which we visited together, "I think this stench is strong enough to sketch." The modern additions are spacious, breezy, and sweet, as in our own large cities we have the open squares and broad streets in close contiguity with the courts and alleys, but with us there is at this present time a far more general desire and endeavour to improve and purify the dwellings of the poor than in those countries to which I have referred.

It is gratifying to notice the diminution of those frowsy persons who prefer to travel in almost all weathers with the windows of their carriage closed; and conscience makes such cowards of those who remain that they only protest against the admission of air by a sour expression of countenance and a rearrangement of wraps. Generally we have become more sensible of the salutary influence of fresh air and less apprehensive that epidemic diseases and catarrhs of all denominations are waiting for admission outside our homes. In my early youth we wore warm nightcaps, silk and woollen, enclosing ourselves in four-posters surmounted by canopies and surrounded by dense curtains. Now we leave apertures in our casements through the night, except during frost and storm, and though we are more indulgent than our fathers in the matter of bedroom fires, our dormitory is much brighter, lighter, and airier than theirs. We were scrupulous, but not so enthusiastic as now, in our ablutions. We met with early discouragements. We were doused and scrubbed with

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a rude manipulation which seemed to us to be ferocious, and there was a special ceremony in our childhood performed at intervals, and known to us as "tub night," which was conducted with a recklessness in the distribution of soap-suds about our mouths and eyes and a severity of friction in the application of towels that resulted on a memorable occasion in my sudden exodus from the nursery, downstairs into the garden, and my capture, after a brief but lively chase, in a clump of rhododendrons.

There were bathrooms, which included the shower-bath, principally used for the drenching of strange children whom we beguiled to enter, but there were few companions of the bath. There was an abundance of basins and pans, but the bountiful hip-bath (which prevents the disappointment, known to some of us, of stealthily approaching, in unbecoming costume, the distant lavatory, to find it occupied), the capacious sponge, the soft Turkish towel, were sixty years ago unknown. Even then we were the cleanliest of the nations; and I recall a clever little sketch made half a century ago in which the English hostess addresses a foreign visitor, "My dear Count, I am sorry to see that you are not in your health." "Ah, no," the noble invalid makes answer, "I have done one very foolish thing—I wash my neck."

Chiefly, in contrasting Now and Then with regard to ablutions, we may congratulate ourselves on the institution of public baths and washhouses. An Act was passed in 1843 empowering municipal and parochial

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councils to establish and to support them from the rates, and an Act of 1878, amended in 1880, also authorises the construction of cheap swimming baths.

In no land which I have visited, or of which I have read, is there such a love of games and sports, or such opportunities for their enjoyment, as in our own. We are profuse, if not profane, in our vituperations of the weather, but no day passes in which it is impossible for awhile to gratify these instincts, in which we cannot ride, drive, fish, shoot, or skate. All around us the woods and coverts, the fields and fences, the firm level sward or the tract of light sandy soil, suggest the horn of the hunter, the bay of the hound, the perilous leap, the links, the wicket, and the goal.

What a contrast between the Frenchman playing handball in the Champs Elysées, the Italian rolling oranges along the drive of the public garden, and our cricket, tennis, and football! There are points of similarity. The games are played by men upon the soil, and the plaything is of globular form. It is interesting to note what a large majority of those games which refresh our life from childhood to old age is brought to us—by a ball!—marbles, ninepins, cup and ball, trap and ball, nurr and spell, rounders, fives, racquets, tennis (lawn and court), cricket (king game of all), football, golf, hockey, baseball (American), lacrosse (Canadian), skittles, billiards, croquet, bagatelle, English and American bowls, not to mention the cowslip balls of our childhood or the snowballs of our youth. In all these exercises we and our relations in our colonies

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and in America excel all nations. They are innate, and with one brilliant exception (Prince Ranjitsinhji), cannot be acquired by foreigners. Miss Mary Kingsley gave an amusing account of her endeavours to introduce cricket among the West African natives. They have a green orange, which never gets yellow, and this was used as a ball. She got some stumps and instructed the natives how to play. A distinguished chief, who was accused of murder and was compelled to retire into the bush, acted as umpire. The worst of it was that whenever there was a "lost ball," which occurred almost every four minutes, the wretches would fly up the trees and bring new balls instead of looking for the old ones, and she failed, moreover, to make them understand that it was not the game for half a dozen people to be bowling at the wicket at the same time. "I do not pretend," she added, "to know much about cricket, but I know *that*; and besides, it damages the batsman."

That England hath no rival
Well know the trembling pack
Whom Charley Brown by Calais town
Bowled out behind his back.

C. B., a Nottingham cricketer, won a match against three Frenchmen, swinging his right arm round his back, with a fast pace, and generally on the wicket. I anticipate doubt, but I have seen him do it.

Cricket has become a science, taught by professional experts in our public schools, and the number of men who can bat, bowl, and keep wicket well has been

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multiplied tenfold in the last half-century. In the field, we are no better than our fathers; and I am constrained to add, though I shall be denounced as *laudator temporis acti*, and commiserated for my senile decay, that I do not think the game, on the whole, to be so enjoyable to watch, despite this large accession of skill, as when there was less caution and uniformity, when the wicket was defended by the bat, not by the leg, and the bowler did not throw the ball. I went some time ago with another old fogey to Lord's, and we much admired the quick sight and manipulation, the play of wrist, the cutting, and the snicking and the patting, until the repetition became slightly monotonous, and when it was followed by five "maiden overs," I turned to my companion (we had been friends at Oxford fifty years ago) and I said to him, "It's very beautiful, ain't it, Billy?" and Billy said, "My sight is not so good as it used to be, and it's rather dazzling." As he spoke one of the batsmen hardened his heart and opened his shoulders, and he went out and hit, and the ball soared in the firmament, and the other old fogey cried, "That's the style!" and our eyes sparkled with joy, until, as that ball came down, we saw in the far distance, at the very boundary of the ground, the tall form, in cricket costume, of Mr. William Gunn, also gazing with a placid smile upon the same object, until it came to his bosom as a dove to its nest, and he cherished it with a fond though brief affection. Then Billy, with the expression of a man who had taken an olive at dessert in mistake for a preserved plum, remarked with a sigh that it might not

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be severe cricket, but that he would rather make a hit like that now and then at the risk of being caught than always to be playing at tip and run; and he shouted "Bravo!" as the batsman drew near with a vehemence that suggested alcohol. Another procession of "maidens" gradually dispelled his excitement, when Jessop came, and hit two balls in succession into the middle of the pavilion, and the bell rang, and we went away jubilant to dine.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona—there was splendid cricket before Grace, although there has never been such a combination of excellence in one man. I have seen the most accomplished batsmen and bowlers who have played in the great matches during the last sixty years, but there has been no abatement of my intense admiration of Fuller Pilch, his manly form, his long reach, his impregnable defence, and vigorous power to smite; of Alfred the Great and Lillywhite the Small, Saul and Zacchæus, the longest and the lowest on the field; of Redgate in white breeches and stockings accelerating and improving the art of "round bowling," which had been introduced by Lillywhite; of George Parr hitting fives to leg; of Joe Guy ("Joe Guy, sir, Joe Guy," said William Clark, the unrivalled bowler of "slows"—"all helegance, all helegance, fit to play before her Majesty in a drawing-room"); of Richard Daft, alike clever whether keeping himself *in* at the wicket, or getting others *out* in the field; of a second Alfred (Shaw), great and royal, a king of bowlers; of Felix, and fifty others, men of renown, of whom I have not time

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to tell. With regard to the nauseous subject of "draws," were I a court of final appeal my decree would be short, sharp, and decisive. If the match is not played out, let the victory be awarded to the best score of the first innings.

Tennis in a covered court is, next to cricket, the most fascinating game to the eye (excepting, of course, the unwary visitor whom the ball hits in "the Dedans"), and, as I saw it played more than fifty years ago by Barre, the French champion, and as it is played now by Peter Latham, exhibits that phenomenal power of sight, strength, and science which make the possessor to

> bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus; and we petty men
> Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves,

as with so many of us at Oxford, paying seven shillings and sixpence per hour for the court, and insulting that beautiful game with uproarious imbecility. We learned, nevertheless, from our failures to appreciate the success of those who persevered and won it, and always to regret that the expense of building and maintaining the courts makes the game impossible except to the wealthy. The number is practically increasing, but can never be large, and the out-of-door games are more healthful, and are available for all.

Of these, the most popular at the present time is football. On April 20th in this year, 1901, 114,000 persons assembled in the grounds of the Crystal

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Palace, to witness a match between the Tottenham Hotspurs and the Sheffield United. Football is more popular than cricket, and the causes of preference are plain. The game is more easily understood, the advance or retreat of the adversaries being distinguished by their colours; the players belong, as a rule, to the working classes, and evoke accordingly the sympathy of their brethren; the matches are played in the afternoon of a holiday; they are too brief and brisk to be tedious; they are finally decided, except in case of a tie, not lasting for three days, as so often in cricket, and then ending in a draw; and they gratify that "rough and tumble" instinct, that love of a scrimmage, that mysterious curiosity, which propels us into peril, which we inherit from our fathers and desire to transmit unto our sons. Now and then these proclivities become extravagant and disgraceful, suggesting the dismal prophecy that when in distant days, and in the vicinity of our large manufacturing towns, skeletons are found, of which almost every bone is broken, posterity will exclaim, "Alas, for our brave brother! He fell in the discharge of his duty—a football referee."

Seriously, the game has been disgraced by outbreaks which must be punished and repressed by the central committees. There is abuse of all things, however good and honest in themselves, and when those meet who are sudden and quick in quarrel, whose principles are weak and whose passions are strong, sparks develop into conflagrations. There are records to show that

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so far back as the reign of Edward II. the game frequently ended in a free fight; there were royal edicts for its suppression in the reigns of Edward III., Henry IV., and Henry VIII., and it was forbidden in the reign of Queen Elizabeth on pain of imprisonment. It could not be suppressed, but it was played less frequently and fiercely; it almost disappeared in the time of the Puritans, when all joy was darkened and the mirth of the land was gone; but it was never extinct. In the days of my youth the tide was at low-water mark. The game was played chiefly by school-boys and rustics, and was regarded only as a contest of strength and agility, with which science, strategy, and tactics had nothing to do. Our village football consisted of a piece of coarse, thick leather, enclosing a large bladder, which was inflated through the stem of a tobacco-pipe, and then secured by a bootlace through holes perforated at the sides. The outline was irregular, and the movements of the ball in the air were as eccentric and unexpected as those of a pig driven to market. I do not recall the presence of umpires or referees, but their place was occupied by strong language, and sometimes by pugilistic encounters. I witnessed the remarkable solution of an animated discussion. A young farmer who was the proprietor of the ball took it up and carried it to his home. He must have been an ancestor of the agriculturist delineated by *Punch* as terminating a cricket match, when he was "given out," by ordering the whole company to leave *his* field.

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Our poorer brethren ought not to be dependent upon individual bounty for their recreation grounds. Something like the old village greens should be secured for their use. The rich should be more generous, and young men of all ranks should join now and then in their games. We are fluent in our condemnations of loafers, poachers, tipplers, the abjects at the corners of our streets. What better things do we provide? When Sir Francis Crossley presented a park and gardens to the people of Halifax, he said to them, "I attribute my success to a promise which was made by my mother, when we first entered the yard of the great mill yonder: 'If the Lord prosper us in this place, the poor shall taste of it.'" Many a kind heart since then has offered the same noble deodand; and how can the rich do better with their riches than by using them for health and good-fellowship among their fellow-men?

Again, we justly deplore the fact that our famous cricket and football teams are not, with very few exceptions, such as Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire in cricket, representative of counties and towns, as nominally they profess to be, but a collection of hirelings hired by the highest bidder from all parts of the land. The interest was much more intense, and the match much more enjoyable, when the contest was a reality and not a sham, and more was thought of the honour of a county than of the money at the gate. It is sad when a great performer plays against his own townsmen, as in the

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case of Lockwood for Surrey *versus* Notts, and is the chief cause of their defeat.

It is, of course, always a delight to see cricket and football played in their most perfect form, but the *esprit* and enthusiasm of local sympathies, as still displayed in the university, college, public school, and regimental matches, added greatly to our enjoyment. Victory brings no honour to the place represented by the victors when the match has been won by paid aliens. They have got the cup, but they bought the *metal*. The name engraved on it is misplaced, and the only inscription should be

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.

What connection is there between Tottenham and Hotspur, or between Hotspur and football, except that in the latter instance we read of the gallant prince that

> Beads of sweat were seen upon his brow,
> Like bubbles on some late disturbed stream?

There is something mysterious in the disappearance and reappearance of the game of golf in England. If the "man in the street" had been asked twenty years ago to give a description of golf he would probably have said that he had never seen it, but that he supposed it to be an inferior form of hockey played on a piece of waste ground with a sort of spud or hoe, and that it consisted in propelling a ball into

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a hole prepared to receive it, and then scooping it out again with an elongated spoon and hitting it onward through a long succession of similar cavities; that it was played exclusively in Scotland, and offered no attraction to men on this side of the border. But he would tell the inquirer now that golf was a very fashionable, healthful, delightful exercise, suitable alike for young and old, male and female, and that there were golf clubs, public and private links, and professional experts in all parts of the country. He might add that although the records of a remote antiquity inform us that golf was established as a favourite game in Scotland some centuries before it was played here, it is no novelty with us. In the middle of the fifteenth century it was so popular in Scotland that it threatened to supersede the practice of archery, and in 1457 an Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament that football and golf should be discontinued, and that new butts should be set up in the vicinity of the parish kirks, and that all capable men should be taught the use of the bow as a weapon of war on every Sunday of the year.

The oldest golf club in England was founded by James I. in 1608 at Blackheath, and Mr. Scott, the Keeper of the Manuscript Department in the British Museum, has recently discovered in the muniment room of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster a document showing that golf was a recreation of the gentry of Westminster during the time of the Commonwealth. It is in the form of a petition, dated

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1658, from Thomas Harbottle to the governors of Westminster School, showing that Tothill Fields were being defaced and intrenched upon to the hindrance of the meeting of the gentry for their recreation at bowls, golf, and stowball, "and humbly soliciting redress for the present and prevention for the future." I have never played at golf, and money would not tempt me to run the risk of a "foozle"—the word is so suggestive of disgrace. Moreover, I have learned long ago never to talk didactically about that of which I have no practical knowledge, or to adjudicate before I have heard both sides. I listen to those who have achieved greatness with confidence and admiration, only venturing to offer my impressions as a looker-on for assent or correction. Wherefore, when Mr. R. H. Lyttelton, in his excellent book on cricket and golf, tells me that "golf is a very great game, a splendid game, with a charm which it is impossible to describe or exaggerate," I implicitly believe, not only because he is an "honourable" man, but because no Lyttelton can err in the matter of games. When he tell us that golf has added to the gaiety of the nations, I can only deplore the fact that, as a spectator, it never makes me gay. First-class cricket and foot-ball excite, exhilarate, but golf does not cause me to glow. The little groups wandering on the waste always seem to me "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," and Mr. Lyttelton tells us that the game is the most nervous of all, that the cases are painfully common in which the players become irritable, fussy,

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and fidgety, that the silence is at times funereal, and that golf is played by more faddists than have been returned to the House of Commons in the last ten years. He treats with courteous reticence the contrast which has been made by an illustrious statesman in favour of golf as against cricket, and which suggests the commentary made by Canning when a similar preference for Addington *versus* Pitt was expressed in his presence—

> As Pitt is to Addington
> So is London to Paddington.

Most of us who have been at one of our public schools or universities have been depressed in spirit when we had played our last game at racquets or at fives, and left the courts always to remember, but never to repeat, the many games which we had played within their walls. Consolation, joyful consolation, has come to us in recent years through the introduction of lawn tennis, a delightful, healthful game for vigorous men and graceful dames to play, and for men who have lost their agility, or women who have lost their shape, to contemplate and admire. Quietly and skilfully played, it is a pretty sight to see, but the smashers and crashers who seem to think that the glory of the game consists in effecting, after innumerable failures, an impossible *service*, should have a court of their own. The server who puts a twist on the ball is an artist, but the slogger would be

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more appropriately placed at the anvil or by the roadside heap of stones. It is said that the Greeks played a similar game, but it could hardly have been upon grass. There was nothing like an English lawn in Attica.

I approach the bowling-green in sackcloth and ashes. There was a time in my hot youth when I had arrived at years of indiscretion, in my salad days when I was green in judgment, and spoke contemptuously of bowls. I associated it with tea-gardens, with senile decay, and knew not until time, the greatest of all teachers, taught me that there was strong exercise for all the limbs of the body, nice calculation, and clever dexterity in the game. Justice would have condemned me to be "set quick i' th' earth, and bowled to death with turnips," but mercy preserved me to appreciate and to enjoy the game, as all may so long as they have their health, wherever a bit of level grass can be found. When I am somewhat wearied by my work, correspondence, composition, interviews, and other occupations, I can leave my study and with cheery companions, including admirals, generals, and ecclesiastics of high degree, can drown my sorrows in the bowls. The sailor remembers that the great Admiral Drake was playing this diversion when the announcement was made that the Spanish Armada was in sight, and that he calmly turned to his companions and said, "Gentlemen, we will finish the game." The soldier who has been in South Africa prefers, for a time, these rolling balls to those which come from the cannon of the Boers. The Churchman thinks with a sigh how

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much more edifying it would be for religion, how much more consistent with Christianity, if all rivalries and contentions were conducted in the same spirit of brotherly love as this.

Croquet was a welcome novelty and was played everywhere until it began to pale its ineffectual fire, and was well-nigh extinguished by lawn tennis. There has been a revival of late, and we are assured by those whom we esteem highly and who seem to be in full possession of their mental and physical powers that croquet is a fascinating occupation. It certainly appears to be specially beatific to young gentlemen who are teaching young ladies how to play by adjusting their hands upon the mallet, or their boots upon the ball; but I do not think that it has come to stay with us, like cricket, football, and bowls.

Archery is a great delight to those who frequently hit the target, but few have a convenient ground for practice, and without constant practice it must be a failure. To attain or maintain excellence an amount of time is required which must be deprecated as waste. It was so denounced to me by one who was a dear friend, the champion archer of his day, whose scores have never been beaten.

I have witnessed a wonderful progress in the game of billiards, remembering a match between Mr. Charles Garnett, another of my friends and one of the most successful of our English amateurs, and Roberts, the father of a far more famous son. Roberts made a hundred off the balls, and the event was regarded as so

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phenomenal by the striker that he asked permission, the game being finished, to continue the break. He made a cannon and then a miss, and we spectators went forth to astonish our neighbours with the record of this magnificent success.

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CHAPTER X

Sports

Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick.

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM games to sports. For fifty years, boy and man, I followed the fox, and I have known personally many of our most famous masters of hounds, beginning with Squire Musters, and their huntsmen. I have not mounted a horse for twenty years, but I have read and heard of the chase, and have attended now and then a meet of the hunt on wheels, although I resolved on the first occasion never again to undergo the sinking of spirit, the sense of desolation, the chill, the gloom, which oppress the excited lover of the chase when the fox is found, and he is left in his open carriage in the lane to be covered with mud by a long line of "duffers" who are afraid of the fences, and ought to be picking oakum.

I note but few alterations from Then to Now. Although there is a deplorable absence of the farmers who were sportsmen, but can no longer afford the

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diversion, the assembly seems to be larger; there are more ladies and more townspeople; there is an increase of the "pop and porter brigade," making frequent detours from the line of chase in favour of the public-house; and then there is that "unkindest cut of all," that detestable cruelty to man and beast, barbed wire in our hedgerows.

As to the first addition, the presence of ladies is always precious, but human delight is always mixed, and the charm of their society is somewhat impaired when they set their minds on a process which they are pleased to designate as "riding to hounds." Only one or two in a score, accomplished horsewomen on perfect hunters, can do it, and these are in far more peril, from their position in the saddle and from their dress, than men. I speak from painful facts, because in the last hunting season two of my nieces, good riders on good horses, were badly hurt—one rendered for some hours insensible—and both were for some time in bed under the doctor's care. In these instances the same catastrophe might have happened to any horseman, and I would not oppose their return to the sport; but what I should like to see would be this—any amount of ladies at the meet, but only the experts to whom the master has sent the collar or button of the hunt attempting to follow where the scent was strong and the country was stiff.

The programme generally is much the same: the usual cavalcade on the park side of the haha before an old Elizabethan house; the hounds arrive, and their master,

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in his cap of velvet and snow-white neckerchief, red coat, and glittering spurs, enters the hall to pay his respects to "my lady." No man is under a more severe necessity to practise a policy of politeness than the master who desires to preserve his friendships and his foxes. He may be a master of hounds, but he is too often the slave of the landed gentry, of those especially who desire more pleasure from their aviaries than from their stables, and prefer the pheasant which they can shoot and sell to the horse which they cannot ride. By these he is criticised, snubbed, disappointed, and is expected to make all his arrangements in strict subservience to theirs. Now and then he may receive encouragement. One of his brotherhood, who hunted his own hounds, and of course wore the costume and carried the horn of a huntsman, told me that after an excellent run a stranger who had seen it came and said to him, "You have given us a grand day's sport," slipped a sovereign into his hand, and rode away. "I met him," he added, "the same day at dinner in the house, and when I noticed his embarrassment, I took him by the hand and begged him not to think of an apology, or to flatter himself for a moment that I should return his sovereign. He had paid me one of the most welcome compliments which I had ever received. No schoolboy could be more pleased with a tip, and when next we met, which I hoped would be soon, it would be attached, as a trophy, to the chain of my watch."

The procession moves to the gorse on the hill, the

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hounds move in, the fox moves out, and then follows a magnificent display of reckless riding, so long as the fences do not exceed three or four feet in altitude, and the first performers make gaps for those in their rear. Then a strong "stake and bound," a broad dike, or a stile acts upon the company like a break upon a motor car. Half a dozen men do not hesitate and are over; several make an approach with a faint heart (the punster would say that the whole affair was a feint) and their benevolent steeds "refuse" in sympathy; then there is a fall, and the sight of the prostration of man and horse dispels all doubt in the wavering mind and secures a general obedience to the natural law of self-preservation. There is an immediate stampede to the gate. Finally, if the scent is good and the obstacles are difficult, the huntsmen, with three or four others, who might have been named before the chase began, are present at its close, a dozen or a score arrive at intervals, and the rest are ubiquitous—gone in the forest, lost on the mountain, or homeward bound; but all are pleased with the excitement, the country air, the social greetings—satisfied with excuses which nobody believes, and fully prepared to entertain their friends with imaginary descriptions of the run.

And now I venture, as an old soldier (has not Mr. Jorrocks described the chase as "the image of war without its cruelty, and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger"?), to offer a few suggestions to the young recruit. *He must have a horse well up to his weight*, or he may experience the most miserable

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catastrophe which can befall the sportsman, and which will be a sorrow to him for the rest of his life—he may break a horse's back. To a heavy man *a good start* is indispensable—*c'est le premier pas qui coûte; dimidium facti, qui bene cepit, habet*—but to all it is most advantageous. When hounds are in covert, you won't see the true sportsman loafing afar off, or hear him chaffing with the "loud laugh that tells the vacant mind." He seems like the jolly young waterman, to be "thinking of nothing at all," but his eye and his ear are intent upon every sight and sound, and on the very first intimation of a "find," he is off towards the place from whence it came. You take twice as much out of your horse when you are galloping in search of hounds as when you are riding in sight of them and in a run, while the skirter is always on the move to make up for lost ground. You will have those opportunities of rest and a slower pace which generally occur from checks and other stoppages, and which are beneficial, though they may be brief. Make the most of them. If the pace begins to tell on your horse, dismount awhile when you may.

Having obtained a good place, you must keep it. Yes, "It's a nasty one," but you must have it, and having made up your mind to do it, do it with your might. You must not let your horse refuse, or he will acquire the habit. There are exceptions—very few—when he knows more than you do, and evades a danger which you do not see. In a good run near my Nottinghamshire home, we came to the Caunton brook

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where it is narrow and quite negotiable from grass to grass, even for a heavy man well mounted. The huntsman gave me precedence, but my horse made a sudden stop six feet from the edge of the bank, and after a second failure I invited my companion to give me a lead, which he promptly essayed to do, with results precisely the same. Happily for us, there was a check, and we got to the hounds after a short deviation from their track. Next day I went in my "constitutional" walk to survey the scene, and I found that the bank from which the horses declined to leap was so worn underneath by the action of the stream that it could not have sustained the weight of a man on horseback.

Never press hounds when the scent is uncertain, although when it is good they will press you, and don't get in the huntsman's way; rather let him perceive—and he will perceive quickly—your appreciation of his difficult work and your anxious desire to help it. This you may do sometimes by getting forward to the end of a covert, and viewing the egress of the fox, by turning hounds when the whips are away, and in other minor matters. I have never forgotten a compliment paid to me by the huntsman of a pack with which I had not hunted before, and which was repeated to me by a friend to whom it was spoken: "I don't know who that gentleman is, but he's a sportsman." There had been nothing of special interest in our proceedings—a slow hunting run with occasional spurts—but Jack Morgan had seen enough to convince him that I loved the sport too well to spoil it.

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Spare your horse as much as you can and be always on the look-out for good galloping ground. I have seen men toiling in ploughed clay when there has been a footpath close by through the field, and sometimes by jumping a low fence or opening a gate you may pass from the same heavy arable soil to the springy pasture turf. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," but the hunting man is more than this—he loves and honours the brave, wise, patient friend who has given him so much happy, healthful enjoyment. If he halts to refresh himself, after a hard day, on his long homeward route, he does not forget that oats make meal as well as whiskey. He goes to say "Good-night" to his horse before he retires to rest. Invariably on hunting days the butler came into our dining-room at eight p.m. (we dined early in those days—about six) and announced that "Smith is in the stables," and thither we went, *père et fils*, where the light from the great lanthorns shone on the clean white straw, twisted at the end when it reached the pavement. The long thorn had been extracted, the overreach had been soothed with healing ointment, and the hunters, a little tired and not a little hungry, had been comfortably "suppered up."

To ride after a "drag" with a "scratch pack" of miscellaneous mongrels following a menial who trails a dead rabbit steeped in aniseed in lieu of the natural scent of the living fox is denounced by hunting men as a vile caricature and degradation, and I have seen an enthusiastic lover of the chase in furious

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excitement when he heard a cynical philosopher, totally bereft of all sporting instincts, and who had never mounted a horse, declare that he saw no difference in the comparative merits of two such silly amusements or two such abominable stinks. Nevertheless, there are times and places when the meets are few or far when, *faute de mieux*, the drag has strong attractions in the prospect of a fast gallop over perilous obstacles for impetuous youth.

In the United States, where there are no coverts for foxes and the noble animal is a most expensive luxury, the drag supplies to the man of business, who leaves the city for his "country club," an excitement and exercise which refreshes his mind and promotes his health.

In both these cases the drag has this advantage—that is not associated with any apprehensions of that blank day or total absence of scent which so often here in England depresses the spirits and embitters the existence of so many gallant men. The subject is not suggestive of romance, but in my time there was a legend at Oxford connected with the Christ Church drag so dramatic in its incidents and issues that I sent some record of it forty years ago to a popular periodical, accompanied by a most admirable illustration expressly drawn for me by my friend John Leech, and herewith reprinted.*

* By the kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., the proprietors of *Once a Week*.

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A country squire and retired general, shooting on his estate, came suddenly upon a pedestrian of disreputable appearance, and sent his keeper to inquire the cause of his trespass. The messenger returned to inform his master that the man was trailing a drag for "them Oxford gents," who would very soon follow with their horses and dogs. The General immediately gave orders for the line of chase to be diverted to his stable yard and that on the arrival of the hounds the lot should be locked up in the coach-house and await his arrival. This was accordingly done. The "field" on approaching the mansion suspected a trap, and, at the bidding of the master, betook themselves to the seat of learning. The huntsman stuck to his hounds and was speedily confronted by the general, who addressed him with such terms of copious vituperation as he could only have acquired during many years of military command in an irritable climate. Finally he demanded the card of the Oxonian in order that he might appeal to the authorities to have him "sent down." The undergraduate departed in pensive mood, but had not proceeded far on his way when he was overtaken by a groom on horseback, who informed him that the general wished to see him immediately, as there had been a great mistake. He was received on his return with a smiling face and a right hand of welcome. "My dear boy," exclaimed the general, "I see from the address on your card that you are the son of my dearest friend and old comrade in arms. Send that

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skunk home with the curs, put your horse in the stable, and come to the house." The *dénouements* were delightful—the Oxonian visited the general more and more frequently, lost his heart to his daughter and only child, married her, and ultimately inherited the estate, became a veritable master of hounds, but always declared that the best day's sport he ever had in his life was that day with the Christ Church drag.

There has been a remarkable transformation in gunnery since old Will Talbot, our gamekeeper—I recall him to memory with his silvery hair, his close-shaven ruddy cheeks, and his neat jacket of brown velveteen—first taught my "young idea how to shoot." I brought down my first partridge with a long single-barrelled, 20-bore gun, aiming, as boys do, at the middle of the covey and killing the old cock as he flew several yards in the rear. The process of loading and also of ignition was dilatory. The gunpowder was doled out from a flask, the wad was produced from a capacious pocket of the shooting jacket, the ramrod was drawn, used, and returned, the shot-belt made its contribution, and the second wad was sent home by another application of the ramrod. The wads were punched from thick cardboard, and are associated with a great disappointment which depressed me when I brought home my best specimen, after half a year's instruction, in drawing, and the only remark my father made was, "Splendid—for wads!"

Then came to our joyful astonishment the copper

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cap with its detonating powder, and then the breach-loader, and the cartridge, to be gradually developed into the hammerless, smokeless, faultless implement which is now in use. What a contrast! It suggests an antithesis on a much larger scale which I saw in an exhibition at Liverpool—an enormous locomotive engine, which looked as though it could have drawn half a mile of carriages at fifty miles an hour, side by side with the little Rocket, which I believe was the first engine which Stephenson made for the first railway at Darlington.

It seems impossible to improve the modern gun or its accessories, including the neat workmanlike attire of the shooter, who has long since discarded the cumbrous coat, waistcoat, and trousers for the Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and strong stockings of warm wool. But what shall we say of the sport? My verdict may evoke ridicule, but I am entitled to my opinion, having taken out fifty certificates, and having been an eye-witness of the great changes which have taken place in covert and open shooting. When thousands of Irishmen crossed the channel every year to reap our wheat with the sickle, the pursuit of the partridge in stubbles a foot in depth, with clever dogs—pointers, spaniels, and setters—hunting, finding, retrieving was infinitely more interesting, more invigorating, with some congenial friend, far more social, than the file-firing in turnips at birds which have been driven into them before the arrival of the guns. When the scythe and the mowing-machine superseded the sickle and shaved

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the ground like a lawn, then commenced the decline and fall, and our grandchildren can never know that robust enjoyment that took us to the fields between eight and nine in the morning, and kept us there until the sun was westering to its close.

Keepers, as a rule, are clever, energetic, reliable, respectful, but they have their strategies, and they make their commentaries like other men. "You needn't tell Lord John," I heard one of them say to a subaltern, "as we ain't agoing to shoot hens in his plantation. He wouldn't hit a helephant standing on his hind legs."

"We got that rocketer, my lord, which fell on the other side of the river." Delighted nobleman: "Oh, bravo, Bocock." (Another pound for Bocock.)

Sometimes a few birds which have been reared at home are retained for special purposes. "There's often a pheasant in this little spinney," says the keeper, "if you will look out, sir, while I walk through," and out flies the cock, previously placed there under a large pot, originally intended for the cultivation of rhubarb and seakale.

Neither the trolling for pike with a gudgeon, nor the trolling for perch with a minnow, nor an affectionate respect for Isaac Walton, although Byron wrote:

> The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it—

not even the fact that I had a friend who caught a salmon

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weighing fifty-three pounds in Norway, will entitle me to take rank as a fisherman. I had never the opportunity of acquiring knowledge in the *haute école* of piscatorial art, and yet some of the happiest hours of my life were spent by the side of a stream which flows through my fields in Notts, and at a mill-pool through which it passes onward to the Trent; and what can transcend the boy's ecstasy of excitement when the gaudy float goes down into the deep? or was ever salmon yet that shone so fair as that silvery roach, the first fish he ever brought to land?

I have only one abnormal incident to relate from my own experience as an angler, and that is not received with implicit confidence. I was fishing with my host in the waters at Newstead Abbey, and we had taken a good number of perch with worms, when, our baits being exhausted, I was taking out my line with a view to our return, when I saw a perch seize the bare hook, for the worm was gone, close to the surface, and he was transferred without delay to the basket. My friend tried the experiment with the same success, and we caught six or seven fish without a scrap of bait. I asked my companion some years afterwards whether he remembered this capture, and his reply was, "Only too well," I never mention it without a manifestation of unbelief protruding through a thin veneer of politeness, and evidently connecting me with the individual of whom Shakespeare wrote: "He will lie with such volubility, that you would think truth was a fool." "Let us console ourselves," I said,

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"with Serjeant Murphy's observation when an advocate who was weak in his Latin finished his oration with '*magna est veritas, et prævalebit*,' pronouncing the penultimate vowel as a short quantity: 'Yes,' exclaimed the serjeant, 'truth is great indeed, and I trust that it will not only "prevail a bit," but altogether, in order that I may win my cause.'"

I have said nothing about the "Turf" because it is spoiled by its surroundings, nor of polo, because whatever attractions it may have for young men, it has none for an ancient doctor of divinity weighing seventeen stone.

As for pigeon-shooting, it is one of those things of which it is a shame to speak, except at Monte Carlo, where there is no shame.

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CHAPTER XI

Recreations

Dulce est desipere in loco.

WITH reference to recreations, which are neither sports nor games, I would repeat Lord Bacon's famous declaration, *et decies repetita placebit*: "Gardening is the purest of human pleasures, and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man." I have written elsewhere on this subject, and I will only add now that in no science has greater progress been made during my lifetime than in horticulture, in the addition and the treatment of new material; but that a great work remains to be done—the substitution of the natural, graceful English style, with its lawns and shrubberies and walks, for the Italian system, rigidly artificial, ostentatious, monotonous, formal. There are hopeful indications of reform, but the stonemason and the geometrician are still painfully obtrusive.

In our public amusements, especially in that which is by far the most popular and important—in the drama—I have witnessed a great evolution. A schoolboy, some sixty-five years ago I saw in the little theatre at Newark

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upon the Trent, about the size of a drawing-room in Belgravia, Edmund, the father of Charles Kean, perform the part of Richard III. I saw Matthews, also father of a Charles, at the same theatre on a bed in the middle of the stage, "first lying on one side and then on the other," like a mendacious attorney, and endeavouring to discover the cause of his feverish unrest after a City dinner. "It could not have been the turtle soup, because he had only one help and one glass of milk punch; it could not have been the salmon and the lobster sauce, for both were as fresh as though they had just come from the sea." This being part of an entertainment which he gave, accompanied by Mr. Yates, the father of Edmund, the novelist and editor of the *World*. Here I saw Liston as Paul Pry, and I recall a memorable night when the theatre was crowded to see Miss Foote as Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*, and the disappointment was great when she never came, until the cause of absence—her marriage that day to Lord Harington—was revealed on the morrow. Here I also listened to the song of Miss Love and Miss Sheriff. In fact, all the great artists made annual tours in the provinces—wandering stars now fixed in London. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, highly esteemed by all who knew them, were the managers, and were, I believe, the ancestors of the talented dramatic author to whom we are indebted for *School*, *Ours*, and other charming comedies, and also of the accomplished actress who bore their name.

At the age of fifteen I lost my heart to Miss Cooper, the *prima donna* in the tragedy department, and, as in

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the case of Helen and others, love led to war—to a battle with one of my schoolfellows, who, in ignorance of my passion, confidentially revealed to me his immutable determination to make Miss Cooper his wife.

> And it was you, my Thomas, you,
> The friend in whom my soul confided,
> Who dared to gaze on her, to do,
> I may say, much the same as I did.

The fight was shorter than at Troy, but it was longer than either of us liked, and we were separated without opposition when the school bell rang. Our honour was satisfied, and some suggestions which were made as to a renewal of the combat were received by the principals with an apathy which meant peace, and ensured it.

There were clever tragedians in those days—Kean the aforesaid, Macready, and others—but my father very positively assured me that they were not to be compared with the Cookes and Kembles of his day, and I am quite sure that they did not possess the talent of our Irving, Beerbohm Tree, and Wilson Barrett. I believe that clever actors now, both in tragedy and comedy, outnumber, in the proportion of twenty to one, our actors then ; and this superiority is rapidly increasing as men and women from the higher grades, of refined taste and intellectual culture, seem to be ever more impressed by the conviction that for their future occupation "the play, the play's the thing." *

* In the Government report of the census of England and Wales for 1891 it is stated that there were 3,625 actors and 3,696 actresses in England and Wales.

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Simultaneously with the increase of theatres and of proficiency in the player's art, we have had a corresponding improvement in the scenery, the costumes, the music, and in all the accessories of the stage, with this grand result—that whereas in the days of my youth the success of those who could act was marred by those who were impotent, by pictorial daubs which bore no similitude to anything in Heaven or earth, and by instruments which were "like sweet bells, jangled, out of tune and harsh," we can now have the supreme enjoyment of seeing a play of Shakespeare thoughtfully, heartily performed and exquisitely illustrated by the painter and the musician.

There are optimists and pessimists (I feel sure that the schoolboy who told the examiner that "optimists were the doctors who managed our eyes, and pessimists were the doctors who managed our feet," will rise some day to high places on Parnassus) as to the power of the drama for good or evil, as on all other subjects. I not only believe with Addison that the stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments were it under proper regulations, but that on the whole it has exercised in times past, and exercises now, a powerful influence for good. Did you ever hear one among the great multitude of those who have seen the solemn drama at Ober Ammergau who did not speak of it with a reverent and thankful admiration?

The purpose of playing was, and is, "to hold the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the

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time his form and pressure." There is abuse as well as use in all things, and sometimes the unprincipled playwright may so disguise vice with paint and gay raiment making merry over its wine, and may so misrepresent virtue as inanimate, ungainly, ignorant, and cold, that Jezebel and the daughter of Herodias are to be more admired than Miriam or Ruth. Sometimes the fool rushes in where the angel fears to tread, there is an attempt to make religion ridiculous, and, as Jeremy Taylor describes it, to jest about deadly sin, and the sceptic and the sensualist are well pleased. It is still thought desirable by some authors to introduce a few profane oaths for the acclamations of the gallery, but the "Dammit, sir," of the irascible major is gradually becoming less frequent, and is partly condoned by his long residence in India on a diet of curry and cayenne, and finally forgiven when he is proved to be a most tender-hearted uncle, and commits his niece and heiress to the object of her affections, saying, "Take her, my boy, and be happy." And I would notice here an important fact which seems to be forgotten or ignored by those who "bring railing accusations" against the theatre, that we find almost invariably in the *dénouement* of a drama the exaltation of virtue and the discomfiture of vice. So Macklin writes of "the catastrophe of a stage play, where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded."

I have heard most of the great musicians of my time, Malibran and Grisi, and Jenny Lind, who excelled them all. I have heard Braham and Mario, but no song ever

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so stirred my heart as "Tom Bowling" sung by Sims Reeves in his prime. I have heard Nicholson on the flute, Thalberg on the piano, Lindley on the 'cello, Paganini fiddling on one string, and Koenig playing "The Post Horn" gallop after a ball at Oxford in the small room of an undergraduate.

It is a far cry from Shakespeare to Sanger, from King Lear to dancing dogs, from Jenny Lind to a brass band; but I love a circus, and no grandeur of modern Hippodromes, with their naval engagements on real water, their terrific sieges on land, their roaring lions, their pyramids of horses, their performing elephants, their gorgeous processions, will ever estrange my affection for the old canvas tent and the sawdust. What's the French clown to me? "Joey's awa'," and I crave to hear him as he stands with his hands in his pockets conversing with the master of the ring, informing him that he had just returned from the South Sea Islands, where there had been a competition between all the clowns in the world for the championship and a prize of £25,000, all in half-crowns, and everybody thought that a gentleman who was ten feet high without his stockings would win, but Joey beat him. "I'm delighted to hear it," says the master of the ring; "and how did you achieve this great victory?" "Well," Joe replies, "it was decided by the committee, which was principally composed of crowned heads, with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, that the tall gentleman and I were to go through the performance which we considered to be our best, and the judges,

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including the Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Tipton Slasher, would make their final award. My gigantic adversary comes into the arena with a pole about a hundred yards in length and fixes it into the ground, and went up that pole six times in succession and never came down once. The Emperor of China comes and whispers in my ear, 'Joey, my boy, you're done,' but I said to him, 'Wait and see.' I asked for the loan of that pole, which was kindly granted. I climbed to the top of it. By a strong muscular effort I cast it down from beneath me, and there I sat for three weeks, until my adversary caved in." "Oh, Joey, Joey," says the master of the ring, with a loud crack from his long whip. "Help the lady on to her horse."

Sometimes he favours the audience with records of his life. "I was born, Mr. Cooke" (Cooke's circus was my first enchantment), "at a very early period of my existence, and my mother, who was there, always assured me that I was the most beautiful baby in the world. My father was a man of brilliant abilities and was especially remarkable for his presence of mind and prompt action in time of great peril. It was an established fact in the neighbourhood that on one occasion he inadvertently took hold of a red-hot poker and immediately laid it down again without anybody advising him to do so. We lived happily together, Mr. Cooke, in a peaceful village two hundred miles from land, three hundred from water, and four hundred from anywhere else, until dear Billy, my brother, began to die, and has been dying ever since"

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Here Joey produces a pocket-handkerchief about two yards in length, and begins to wail and howl in a paroxysm of woe. The master of the ring attempts to console him, reminding him of the common lot of all, but loses patience when Joey insists that his brother Billy dies so much more than anybody else, and reproves him for the silly assertion. "He does, he does," cries Joey; and then, putting his hands on his hips, and with a broad grin on his face, he shouts, "He's a dyer by trade—he dyes every fortnight," and rushes out of the arena with the end of Mr. Cooke's long six-in-hand whip unpleasantly close to his rear.

Then there was the tournament—Joey and his brother clown as gallant knights on their prancing steeds (hobby-horses) charging with lance in rest. Suddenly the wily Joe looks up with the exclamation, "Bal-loon, bal-loon!" His opponent is deceived by this mean stratagem, raises his eyes to the firmament, and is promptly pierced through the heart.

There was "The Great Leicestershire Hunt," the riders being monkeys in scarlet apparel, and the horses being dogs barking in full cry; and there was "Paddy from Cork," enveloped in a variety of costumes which were discarded in rapid succession from a wardrobe as large as that of the Syrian ambassador who took with him ten changes of raiment, until the horseman concluded his performance in pure white as Winged Mercury.

There was the annual pleasure fair. In the market-place the long tent of the bazaar with whips,

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kaleidoscopes, penny trumpets, and toys of all denominations; stalls of nuts, cocoanuts, gingerbread, twist, bulls'-eyes, peppermint, oysters, and shrimps in an advanced stage of decomposition; the cheap Jack with a saw in his hand asking his audience what they thought would happen if that saw were left over-night by the side of a great oak-tree, and the answer comes, "Whoy, yer means as the tree 'ud be gone," and the auctioneer remarks with a smile and a bow, "Not so, my lord—the saw." There was Wombwell's menagerie, the waxworks, the mechanical figures, the astute rustic remarking that the giant could not be nine feet in height because the caravan itself was below that altitude, while his credulous companion reproves him, "Do yer think as this gentleman 'ud say as the giant was nine foot high if he wasn't nine foot high, Spooney?" And there was the fat lady, of whom I heard the comment of a young barbarian, "Oh my, what candles she'd make!" and the peep-shows, including a picture of our great victory over the French, with particulars, not generally known, by the showman: "That gentleman on the right with a feather in his hat is his Grace the Duke of Vellington in conversation with Mestur Blucher. Says Blucher to Vellington, 'Vellington, why don't yer charge?' Says Vellington to Blucher, 'What's that to you, Mestur Blucher? Do yer think I'm agoing to be dictated to by the likes o' you, on the plains o' Warterloo?'"

There are laudable improvements, with power to add to their number, in our village entertainments. I

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remember the morris dancers paying their annual visit on "Plough Monday"—so-called because on that day the farm labourer went back to his work after the holiday of Christmas—walking round the big kitchen with their faces raddled and a few bits of ribbon and coloured rags sewn on their smocks by their wives and sweethearts, and favouring us as they passed by with brief notes as to their personal history.

First Rustic (carrying bow and arrow, with peacock's feathers in his hat) :—

> Here come I, bold Robin Hood
> As used to shoot the deer i' th' wood.

Second Rustic (similarly adorned and armed) :—

> And here comes I. I'm Little John,
> I'm Robin Hood's compan-i-on.

Third Rustic (large labourer in woman's attire—bonnet and shawl, and hobnailed boots appearing below scanty skirt) :—

> And here comes I, a lively dame;
> Maid Marion it is my name.

Fourth Rustic (supposed, with good reason, to be a fool or clown) :—

> And here comes I, as it is fit,
> With my great head and little wit.

Then they danced, shaking a tin box, which contained

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the coins they had collected, and calling out "*Largesse, largesse!*" received additional donations, were refreshed with ale, not having tasted that beverage for a period of twenty minutes, and with cheers and a bow, and a curtsey from Maid Marion which brought down the house, they took their departure.

The club feast, to quote the local newspapers, "was a red-letter day in the picturesque village of Caunton, and all the parish was *en fête*." They might have added that after they had attended a service in church, paraded the village with a flag and band, dined, smoked, and imbibed, two-thirds of the members were tipsy and the rest were drunk. Some ten years ago I saw the members leaving the inn after the festival, and not one was intoxicated. Is drunkenness on the increase in the rural districts? On the contrary, I believe that drunkenness is decreasing, not only in the villages, but "all along the line." On this subject I have more to say.

"Harvest suppers" were given at the different farms in the parishes, and followed the "harvest homes." The last load, generally of beans or of rakings, was covered with branches of trees, and within them the farm lads sat and sang:

> Mr. Barlow has got his corn,
> Well mown and well shorn,
> Never hurled over, and never stuck fast
> He has got his harvest home at last.
> Hip, hip, hurra!

As the waggon passed, the vocalists were drenched

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with water from buckets at points of vantage on the road, until it reached the stacking yard. The supper was given, when the labourers were few, in the kitchen of the farmhouse, and when there were many, in the barn. Roast beef and plum pudding were plentiful, and it seemed as though increase of appetite did grow with that it fed on, until at last there came a time of placid plethora, and each man felt as the Earl of Chatham felt when he remarked, after the enjoyment of a good dinner, "Pitt's full." Then came the long tobacco pipes, tipped with sealing wax, and the jacks (metal jugs) of home-brewed ale. Every farmer in those days brewed his own beer. It was composed of malt and hops, and arsenic and glucose were unknown quantities.

Sometimes the tables were removed after supper, and there were games and songs, the wives and women servants being present. There was "Turn the trencher" and "Prinkum prankum," a sort of dance round, beginning with a gentleman selecting a lady, then the lady a gentleman, until most of the company was included. When the choice was with the gentleman, the words were sung:

Prinkum prankum is a fine song,
And we will dance it all along,
All along and round about,
Until we find this fair maid out.

When it was the lady's turn to choose, "fine man," was substituted for "fair maid."

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There were *tableaux vivants*. Suddenly there arose some shrieks and howls of pain, and all eyes were turned on stout old Nanny Platts, who was supposed to be suffering agonies from an aching tooth, the tooth being represented by a piece broken from one of the pipes aforesaid inserted within the upper and protruding over the lower lip. There were loud cries of "Doctor! Doctor!" quickly followed by the arrival of the dentist, a youth, bearing the kitchen tongs in his hand, mounted on the back of a stalwart labourer, who imitated to the best of his ability the action of the horse. Nanny's yells during the process of extraction rang through the parish.

There was a concert; songs pathetic and comic. One of the former impressed me much. It was sung by an old man of eighty years, beloved by all who knew him for his cheerful faith, which had taught him, though he was very poor, in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content—simple words about the sorrows of life, somewhat plaintive, but joyful through hope, each verse ending with the chorus, "For we've always been provided for, and so shall we yet."

With few exceptions, the ballads were quaint and humorous, all the more so because, however incoherent in expression and impossible as facts, they were uttered and heard with that solemn gravity which is our homage to the majesty of truth. Some were of foreign extraction and some were original. Of the former I preferred the tragic history of Colonel Kelly's son:

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I'll sing to you a doleful tale,
Which it will make you weep and wail.
'Tis of a gent both fair and young,
And he was Colonel Kelly's only son.

Now this young man, as you must know,
Went to the fields the hay to mow,
And as he mowed he did feel
A poisonous serpent bite his heel,
And he was Colonel Kelly's only son.

Then this poor lad, to his surprise,
Began to swell to such a size
That his mother failed to recognise
Her, and the Colonel's, only son.

Sad was his lot; at twenty-seven
He left this world, and went to Heaven,
And as he upwards, upwards went,
All that he said was, "O cruel serpent!"
For he was Colonel Kelly's only son.

We had a poet of our own (the individual to whom I have referred in my *Book about Roses* as my briar man), of desultory habits, everything by turn, but nothing long—gardener, harvester, rat-catcher, hair-cutter, cattle-driver, agent to the commissioners of the court of sewers, supernumerary waiter and ostler at the village public-house, member of the community commonly known as "shacks"—too idle to do regular work, but capable and clever when necessity suggested employment. He composed several ditties, and I purchased a copy of that which follows, his *magnum opus*, always demanded and applauded when we held high festival:

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Here's a health unto our gallant squire,
  He is our noble boss,
No gentleman in all the shire
  Can beat him on a hoss,
And he does boldly lead the van
  A-following of the fox;
Likewise he drives a four-in-hand,
  All seated on the box.

And we will drink his lady fair—
  Great dukes they stand around,
And bow and scrape when she does wear
  Her best new Sunday gownd;
And we'll drink to all her family—
  The young squire in the Guards
And Master John, as went to sea
  To learn to man the yards.

Here's a health to jolly farmers,
  And the lads that drive the plough,
They grows the malt as warms us
  From off the barley mow:
Master Brown, the butler, brews it—
  This good ale as bright as wine,
And we all know how to use it
  When it's yours, my boys, and mine.

And now we'll sing "God save our Queen,"
  We must not leave her out;
The likes of her has never been
  Though getting rather stout;
And she rules the world from north to south,
  Likewise from west to east,
And the man as says she doesn't
  Is a liar and a beast.

We had not in those days—for the Christian seemed to forget that which the Jew never ceased to

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remember, his service of thanksgiving to the Giver of our daily bread—the harvest festivals, which were introduced by my dear old friend Archdeacon Denison, and have now become universal. I am grieved to hear that in some cases the hospitality formerly bestowed upon the labourer has been transferred to the friends and neighbours of the master, his guests on the occasion.

"Penny readings," village concerts, cricket and football clubs, help rendered by many of the county councils to cottage gardens and allotments, are to be gratefully admired, as varying the monotony of rural life, enlightening the mind, invigorating the body, and promoting unity. They quicken at the same time a sad and shameful regret which has been in my thoughts, and has, I think, in some degree influenced my actions, that in the days that are past, and with the means which are available no more, so little sympathy was shown, so few efforts were made, that the poor might have some occasional experience of the sports and amusements which were so abundantly enjoyed by the rich, they ought to have had better homes—I have passed many hours in cottages chiefly composed of mud and straw. They ought to have had better gardens, and I will even add that an honest man who had worked long and well should have "three acres and a cow." No wonder that long before our present agricultural distress, and when so much might have been done which is now impossible, strong men went away to the mines and

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factories, and to our colonies over the sea. And what will become of the deserted village? Improved machinery, the steam plough, and the marvellous reaper, which ties the corn as it falls into sheaves, together with the large amount of land "laid down in grass," have happily diminished the need of manual labour, but there are times when, for the farmer who farms well, the supply is not equal to the demand.

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CHAPTER XII

Teetotallers, Wise and Otherwise

Little fools may drink too much,
And great ones not at all.
CHARLES MACKAY.

THE same causes which induced the exodus of the agricultural labourer from our villages—the mean home with its dreary surroundings, the low wage (sixty years ago he had ten shillings a week), the exposure to heat and cold, the prospect of lumbago and the workhouse—inclined him before his departure, and those whom he left behind, to seek such brief change and excitement as came within his reach, and to find them in the warmth and brightness, the fellowship and rude mirth, the soothing tobacco and the strong stimulants, of the public-house. There is a bird on the veldt in South Africa called "kurhalu"—"The Scolding Hen"—and sometimes the labourer found an irritable wife, tired, poor soul, beyond endurance by crying children in his crowded home.

Noblemen and gentlemen with spacious mansions, hot-water pipes and glowing fires, soft carpets, pictures, music, and flowers, Pomery, Lafitte, and choice cigars,

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bridge, billiards, and troops of friends, are distressed to hear of Hodge's discontent with his "home, sweet home," and to think of him emerging from his comfortable pigsty to discover new wallowings in the mire. It may be said that the mud cottages were exceptional, and that they have disappeared long ago, that there is no fault to be found now with the dwellings of the farm labourer, and that he might smoke his pipe and find his happiness at home. Do they who preach this doctrine practise it? Have they no clubs, no dinner-parties, theatres, excursions?

I know that "there is no place like home" for happiness; that for the man who does not find it there, the substitutes are feeble and few; and therefore the first thing to be done by statesmen, councilmen, clergymen, rich men, is to exercise the charity which begins *at home*. I know also that man is a gregarious and not a solitary snipe, that it is not good for him to be always alone—nay, more, that is wise sometimes to be merry and to sing

O quam bonum est,
O quam jucundum est,
Poculis fraternis gaudere,

even though the *pocula* contain nothing stronger than tea. It is therefore our duty, as it should be our delight, not only to improve the homes of the poor, but to provide for them places in which they can enjoy together recreation and rest.

You "don't like the public-house"! Then you

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should try all the more earnestly to keep others out of it, by increasing the attractions at home, or by placing something which you do like between it and them. "But he will go to the public-house." *Improve the public-house.* "He goes there and gets drunk." What else is there for him to do, in small rooms, in a stifling atmosphere, with nothing but intoxicants to drink? In other countries men and women, husbands with their wives, go to *cafés*, and don't get drunk. We have not their sunshine, and cannot sit and sip and smoke *al fresco*, but we might have larger rooms, verandahs, gardens, with a selection of beverages, alcoholic and otherwise. There are hopeful intimations, ever increasing, here and there, that if the owners, brewers, and occupiers will not, or cannot, make improvements, the religious spirit, the patriotic, even the commercial, spirit will bring more air, more variety, more rational enjoyment to the public-house. It is a process which will meet with fierce opposition, with many failures and disappointments; but the acorn is making roots.

Meanwhile, we shall do well to remember, and to remind others, that no good has come, or will come, from merely denouncing these public houses as morgues and upas-trees, Juggernauts and Black Holes of Calcutta, nor in announcements, made with so much confidence that they seem to emanate from the authority to which they refer, that the publicans are specially selected and commissioned as the agents of Satan. Mr. Vardon believed that the publicans coupled with sinners in Holy Writ were veritable licensed victuallers,

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but the most ignorant and rabid teetotaller could never make this mistake, because he is quite sure that no publican of the present day would ever think of going to the Temple to pray, much less of humility and repentance. Verily there are no men in all the world who do more harm than those who always make the worst of, and never the best of, their neighbours.

Two things are certain : (1) that prevention is better than cure; and (2) that no permanent cure will be made —and it must be made in the earlier stages, for there seems to be only too much truth in the sad conviction of scientific men that for habitual drunkenness there is no cure—by total prohibition, pledges, or human laws.

As to prevention, we want that Christian education which teaches the dignity and the responsibility of manhood—self-respect, the beauty of goodness, and the ugliness of vice. The Spartans made a slave drunk, and their boys, seeing the degradation which ensued when a man "put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," despised both the effect and cause. In my own village some friends of a young fellow who drank to excess found him in an out-house prostrate, in a disgusting condition. They placed a mirror near to him so that he should see himself defiled with dirt, bruises, and blood when he awoke from his sleep and from his sin.

"John," said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, "I'm pleased to see that you have got a nice young pig. I know that you have been wanting for a long

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time to buy one; how did you manage it at last?" "Well, sir," John replied, "*I guv up making a pig of myself.*"

I have the village stocks in a corner of my garden, and I regard them with a sincere respect as having exercised a powerful influence for good. In my youth I saw several drunkards fast bound in misery, hooted, cuffed, lugged, tweaked, and thoroughly ashamed—once, at a later period of life, my wife! Not from those proclivities which, the poet tells us, drew the lady of his verse to the Marquis of Granby Hotel, and made her so disgracefully reluctant to return to her sorrowing spouse, but because her son, aged seven, induced her to give him an object-lesson as to the use of this penal and pedal machine, and having discovered that she was powerless without his help to escape, he danced round her in a rapture of delight.

I built a clubroom for working men, and found it most helpful in preventing drunkenness. We had a variety of games, and the members were allowed to invest in a pint of beer or threepennyworth of gin. I heard one of them for whom the club was specially designed saying to his rival after a game of bagatelle, in a tone of apology, as though he had done himself an injustice, "I don't know how it is, but somehow when we get agate o' them games, I forget all about the drink."

We need all the means which we possess to convince those who are tempted that he who striveth for the mastery, to be the master and not the slave of evil inclinations, is temperate in all things. It is very

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meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should teach and help others as we ourselves were taught so soon as we were able to learn, to keep our bodies in temperance, but—*what is temperance?*

Human philosophy, the philosophy of Greece and Rome, has taught us τὸ μέσον ἄριστον, *medio tutissimus ibis*, but a voice from Heaven commands, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Temperance is the golden mean between two extremes; it is use, between disuse and abuse. Every creature of God is good, but it may be perverted and spoiled, nor was anything by the wit of man ever so devised and surely established which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted. Corn and wine, the wheat, the barley, the vine, are ubiquitous; the corn strengthens, the wine gladdens, as at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, man's heart; but to the glutton and the winebibber weakness and woe. The free agent has his choice: the wise man chooses temperance, the foolish man gets drunk; but he who has solemnly pledged himself to total abstinence has surrendered to a society of human and modern institution his liberty to choose. We may sit, he and I, at a table, on which there is a bottle of excellent wine. He says, "I cannot drink it, I am under a vow, and I am resolved to keep it." He has been known to say, "I will not touch the accursed thing." I venture to remark, as I fill my glass, that I am very sorry for him. He is quite right, if he has been a drunkard and is afraid of drink, not to give his enemy any more opportunities of conquest, but this

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resolution might have been made between himself and his Maker without signing a card or wearing a blue ribbon, and let him not make a virtue of his necessity, for he is no better than those children of Ephraim who, being harnessed and carrying bows, turned themselves back in the day of battle, instead of resisting their adversary and overcoming evil with good.

As for those who, without inclinations or temptations to excess, have pledged themselves to total abstinence, who have surrendered their power to be temperate in the true sense of the word, I can condole, but I cannot extol. They are to be admired for their enthusiasm, but it is a zeal not according to knowledge. They have clever writers, speakers, and preachers, but

> Some to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
> Want as much more to turn it to its use.

We are told that this vow of total abstinence has been made as an example to others. If so, there has been a dismal failure. For many years I have searched and inquired for some successful results, for one man who would prove to me that, being a drunkard, he was so much impressed by the example of his clergyman, who for his sake and imitation ceased to drink his glass of beer at luncheon, his glass of port at dinner, or his glass of whiskey and water at night, that he broke away from his vicious indulgence and became a sober man. I am waiting to receive him, but until he arrives I shall retain the sorrowful suspicion that there is a

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strong resemblance between this total abstainer and the native of Japan who disembowelled himself before an Englishman whom he hated, expecting him to follow his example, in accordance with the custom of the country, and the brutal Briton put his thumb to his nose.

The extreme teetotaller exposes himself to further disappointment and derision by his violent language, his inaccurate statements, and his want of tact in conciliating others. His desire to diminish drunkenness deserves all honour and praise, but his *modus operandi* is often rash and offensive. He does more harm than good, and the advocate of true temperance may justly say of him, "A man's foes are those of his own house."

> Though you may guess what temperance should be,
> You know not what it is.

Nye, the American humorist, brilliant as the best, whose comedy never fails to charm, and whose tragic death I shall never cease to mourn, told me that when he met Wagner, he said to him, "Your music is beyond my comprehension, but I always feel sure when I hear it that it is really *much better than it sounds.*" The analogy is only meant to intimate that excellent motives may be so expressed as to estrange sympathies, and that when we hear such silly assertions as that the moderate drinker is the best friend of the drunkard, we must give the speaker credit for righteous motives; and though we are bound to

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condemn both his words and his acts, we may not refuse to sigh, with the compassionate critics in *Dombey*, "But oh, how well poor Fanny meant!"

I have heard a cadaverous preacher say that when a man began to take alcoholic liquors he was sowing the seeds of mortal disease. My father sowed until he was ninety, and I was at eighty engaged in the same occupation; and I murmured *sotto voce*, "Rubbish!"

The proposal to make men sober by constraint, by acts of Parliament, or by the police, implies debility of brain. Fénelon writes that force can never persuade men; it can only make hypocrites. I have been in some of those States of America in which the sale of intoxicating drink is prohibited. Brandy poured from a tea-pot was in several instances preferred to "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," and I was told of an enormous importation of eggs in the State of Maine, which had been emptied and refilled with whiskey!

When novelties are introduced with despotic claims and ostentatious display, they are received with repugnance, evasion, and deceit. A kinsman of mine saw a crowd of women on the outskirts of Newark decorated with blue ribbons, and was informed that they were going to Belvoir to join a temperance fête. There was a sudden outburst of laughter, and a portly, purple dame was welcomed with derisive cheers and a cry of "Goodness gracious, here's old Sally agoing to the temperance treat!" "In course I am," exclaims Sally, jubilant, and proud of

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her decoration as a newly made K.G. "In course I'm going to Belvoir," and then, lowering her voice to a whisper, "but I've got a sup of gin in my pocket."

Sometimes the engineer is hoisted by his own petard. I am acquainted with a vendor of artificial manures, who was most severe in his denunciations of beer. With a want of caution, which he was never allowed to forget when advertising his wares in the local paper, he strongly recommended a special preparation as producing most satisfactory results in the cultivation of malting barley. A young farmer, anxious to add to his store of knowledge, wrote to ask the merchant what malt was for.

These deceptions are comparatively of small importance, and amuse us more than they annoy, but when the faddist, not satisfied with his theory that because he is virtuous there should be no more cakes and ale, and that it should be felony to drink small beer, not only vituperates those who dissent, but makes false statements in support of his opinions, he must be dealt with seriously.

We were told that England was degenerate through drunkenness, that her brutal intoxication had gradually impaired her strength, and that "Ichabod" was written against her name—"the glory is departed." Since the war commenced in South Africa this commentary has not been repeated.

We have been told that drunkenness is the cause of all the evil in our midst. I have just read in one of

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the cleverest, wisest, and most entertaining books on that same South African war, *A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife*, the passage following: "Coffee is the Boer's beer. The co-existence of a distinctive immorality and a distinctive teetotalism goes far to disprove the cant teetotal argument that alcohol is responsible for all the vices."

Wherein is our inferiority to the nations who drink no wine? It has been said, and there has been no contradiction, that "humanity owes everything worth having to those who use alcohol. The drinking races have not only conquered, but have moralised the world. The Jew drank and gave us monotheism and Christianity, the Greek drank and gave us literature and art, the Roman drank and gave us law, the Teuton drank (hard) and gave us the passion of freedom. What have the two great races which rejected alcohol, the Hindoo and the Arab, done to counterweigh the benefits conferred by their drinking rivals?" *

We have been informed that although alcoholic drinks may add to sensual enjoyment, they are never beneficial to health. When I was in my fifteenth year I outgrew my strength and was lanky and limp and lean. My anxious father took me to see a clever physician, and his instruction was this, "Give the lad a plate of cold beef at his breakfast, and *a glass of good pure ale* at his dinner, and he will make a

* The *Spectator*, June 16th, 1900.

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strong man." I took the medicine, and fulfilled the prophecy.

Acquainted as I have been all my life with the homes, the habits, and the ailments of the poorer class, I can only pity the ignorance of those who affirm that there is no power in wine, beer, or brandy to strengthen, to refresh, or to revive; that a pint of ale at the dinner of a hard-working man is injurious rather than invigorating; that port wine retarded rather than promoted the recovery of the sick; and that brandy has never been successfully applied in cases of collapse or accidents.

The question may be asked, Where do you draw the line, the boundary, between use and abuse? What is intemperance? When and where does it begin? A great and good man, Dr. South, has given us a wise reply: "I account that intemperance which, immediately after eating or drinking, unfits a man for business, whether of body or mind." Temperance warned by the Divine light, and steering by the compass of the Divine law, keeps clear of the rock.

Intemperance is not restricted to that which is commonly regarded as drunkenness; it means a great deal more than the sot staggering helplessly along the pavement; it means all that indulgence in alcoholic drinks "wherein is excess," the immoderate use, and therefore the abuse, of that which is given for our health, cheerfulness, and refreshment of spirit, until it makes a man less qualified to do his work, makes

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him dull, drowsy, idle, irritable, morose. There are many who are "the worse for drink," whose physical and mental strength is weakened, whose home is rendered unhappy, by drink, who never show the ordinary signs of drunkenness. They stop at the boundary where they know that further indulgence would endanger their self-control and expose them to contempt, but they have overstepped the confines of temperance, and though there be no outward evidence, the head is overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. Any abuse of stimulants which unsteadies the hand, clouds the brain, sours the temper, is a form of drunkenness. A man who goes on sipping through the day, and every day, is a worse drunkard than he who at rare intervals takes at once a large quantity of intoxicating drink and is conspicuously drunk. There may be a gradual suicide as fatal as the sudden plunge or stroke. The dram small in quantity but continually repeated may be as deadly as the prussic acid or the pistol shot.

The extremists appear to forget that there are other intoxications besides that of alcohol, and that men can rant and rave on water as wildly as on wine. There is the intoxication of pride, of bigotry, wealth, station, authority, popularity, which boasts that it is "rich and hath need of nothing, and knoweth not that it is poor and blind and naked." It is possible to live in a "fool's paradise," and to despise and insult wise men outside it. Archbishop Magee, when Bishop of Peterborough, went to preach in a Staffordshire church,

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and was informed by the vicar when they went to dine that there was only water on the table, but that he could have a little whiskey in his bedroom "to put his lips to," as Mrs. Gamp expresses it, "when he was so dispoged." The bishop remarked to a friend, who kindly repeated his words to me, "I shall ask my host to be my guest, and I shall say to him, 'There is nothing but whiskey on the table, but if you would like a little water, you can have it upstairs.'" In some cases there is no option—

> Water, water everywhere,
> And never a drop to drink.

The visitor cannot be temperate, because there is nothing on which he can exercise his temperance, and so far from being converted to this hydropathic treatment, he feels much more inclined to forswear thin potations and addict himself to sack.

Persons who are intoxicated by false excitements are sometimes under a delusion that they possess exclusively the sober mind, as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins when he made the declaration, "This meeting is drunk."

Persons who live among habitual drunkards are apt to fancy that all the world is drunk. There is a pathetic story that one of the best of men and most beloved of bishops was seated on a bench in some public grounds, and was talking to a little maiden who came by, some seven years of age. "I must go now," he said, "and you must help me to rise, but I'm afraid you'll find me very heavy."

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"*Oh no*," she replied, "*you're not half so drunk as father often is.*"

I abhor and deplore that sin of drunkenness which stupefies the brain, defiles the mind, petrifies the heart, cripples the body, and disfigures the countenance of the drunkard. Before the invention of the teetotal scheme, and since, I have given thought, time, and money to provide antidotes to drunkenness and substitutes for the public-house. I am an advocate for a reduction in the number of licensed houses, and for the supervision and management of the liquor business, as in Norway and Sweden, by the State. I believe that such an arrangement would prove in this country, as in those which I have mentioned, morally a blessing and financially a boon; but I despise self-righteous faddists, and feel towards them as F.M. the Duke of Cambridge, many years ago, towards a regiment which his Royal Highness reviewed and found to be so incapable that he gave an order (to no one in particular, and obeyed accordingly), "Send pioneers to the front. Let them dig a trench *and bury the lot*."

Let us eliminate the fanatics, with their autocratic arrogance and their impossible programme, and let all Christians who love their religion, and the common sense which is inseparable from it, unite in the endeavour, by their example and by their influence, to overcome evil with good. Above all, let them

> Ask God for temperance, that is the appliance
> Which your disease requires.

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CHAPTER XIII

Clergy and Laity

An humble clergy is a very good one, and an humble laity too, since humility is a virtue which equally adorns every station of life.—SWIFT.

THE dean of a cathedral city and the squire of a country village, with "troops of friends," ecclesiastical and civil, and being moreover an old man, with the long experience of an active life, I am sometimes consulted by my brethren, clerical and lay, concerning those "unhappy divisions" which prevent the hearty co-operation of men who have the chief influence for good. For many years a rural dean, and having visited more than three hundred parishes (from the Land's End to the border) as a preacher—I state this, not to magnify mine office, but to justify my claims as a counsellor—having closely studied the laws of our Church and the rubrics of our service, I have answered questions and given advice without hesitation; and being privileged to know that my suggestions have been in some cases helpful, I venture to repeat them. They refer especially to doubtful disputations between squires and parsons, but they have a general application

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to subjects of severance between the clergy and their congregations.

As a rule, when Christians who deserve the title, when gentlemen gifted with common sense, meet together, they desire to encourage rather than to provoke one another; in matters of minor importance they can even agree to differ. It is their desire to have *in necessarariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.* There are persons so wise in their own conceit that you cannot deal with them. "I am Sir Oracle, and when I speak let no dog bark." In removing a "three-decker" some years ago, the following lines were discovered written in chalk on a panel at the back of the pulpit previously hidden from view:

> A proud parson and a silly squire
> Caused me to make this pulpit higher;

and pride and ignorance, whether they combine or contend, will be condemned even by the village carpenter although they put money in his pocket.

Fifty years ago there was more sympathy than now. The priest and his patron had in many cases been at the same school and university, and a much larger proportion of the clergy belonged to the higher grades of society. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the parsons and the squires, however disgraceful the condition of the churches, however dull were their services and feeble their lays, they were more congenial in their manners and habits, likes and dislikes; there

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were more gentlemen among the clergy in the conventional meaning of the word.

It is still reported among persons hostile to religion in general, and to the Church of England in particular, that the squires and the parsons sixty years ago spent their days in hunting the fox and their nights in drinking port wine. At that time, before I took orders, I hunted a good deal with three or four packs of hounds, and I cannot name half a score of clergymen out of some hundreds who regularly joined in the chase, and only two of these had more than one horse.

At dinner-parties and on festive public occasions men indulged too freely in wine, and I have seen them more merry than wise; but these temptations came at distant intervals. Luncheon consisted of a glass of sherry and a biscuit (dinner being at five or six p.m.), and I do not believe that, on the whole, more alcohol was consumed when taken in large quantities at once, than now, when it is taken in smaller potations at intervals throughout the day.

There was a sad lack of the earnest zeal of the practical Christianity which since those days has evoked our grateful admiration. The spirit of our ancestors which adorned the land with magnificent cathedrals and beautiful churches seemed to be extinct. Few houses were built for worship, and these for the most part were as inadequate for the accommodation of the people as they were unworthy of their sacred dedication.

Nevertheless, and simultaneously, there was much

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sweet, simple, Christian charity. I can remember the constant visits, more than seventy years ago, of the aged and the ailing for meat, soup, wine, tea, and "dripping"; the donations of coal, blankets, and clothes; my mother's little "lending library," which, I am bound to state, included some of the dreariest and most improbable stories; but far better than all the tracts and denunciations that ever were printed, were our expeditions, when I proudly carried the basket, to the cottages of the poor. More than this, though some may hear it with surprise, it is the conviction of my experience—the experience of one who has seen so many die—that there was then as much real faith as now. We feel in ourselves, and we witness in others, many great demonstrations of religion, but the last is the greatest of all.

We are surrounded by manifold proofs of the progress which has been made during the reign of our great Queen Victoria: in the more just distribution of the revenues of the Church by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which has prevented many parishes from losing the benefit of clergy; in the abolition of pluralities and the compulsory residence of incumbents; but the revival has been wrought by the religious instinct, by the spiritual influence, first developed by the "Evangelical clergy" and then marvellously extended

Parva metu primum mox sese attollit ad auras

by the Oxford Movement.

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There are great gains, but there are losses also. The opportunities for worship are much more frequent, the form and accessories of worship are more devout and attractive; but in the rural churches the farm labourers, whom I remember in their blue smock-frocks, are absent, and Sunday is less reverently observed by rich and poor alike.

Our Church music is of a higher class, but when the amateur organist, who can read music not wisely but too well, takes out all the stops, or when difficult Gregorian chants are sung in anything but unison by a few incompetent boys, or when we have a quarter of an hour of vain repetitions in chorus, with a solo by the inharmonious blacksmith, which is called an anthem, the results are not so soothing to the spirit as David's harp to Saul.

There comes at times to us old folks a feeling of regret that our village choirs were not amended instead of being abolished. The violins, clarionets, bassoons, and flutes might have been taught a more excellent way, and might have encouraged that taste for music which not only refines and elevates the musician, but makes him happier in his home and keeps him from temptations elsewhere.

It is the decision of experts that choirs composed of men and boys are the best, and, where they may be had efficiently, I think that it is so; but I remember that when we eliminated women singers from our orchestra we lost some of our sweetest voices, and I must confess that when I heard them resounding from

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the Primitive Methodist chapel I did not recognise so gratefully as I might have done that the blessings were transferred to my brother Christians. They ought to have remained faithful to their Church, but they went under the impression that the Church had not been faithful to them, and certain tender associations took others with them.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice—
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

When there was less reverence during Divine service, and mixed choirs of young people were crowded together in the "singers' pew," there were sometimes inducements to indecorous levity which no longer exist, not only because there is better accommodation and all things are done more decently and in order, but because there is a more anxious ambition to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. At our Sunday evening service in the nave of the cathedral we have a large choir of male and female voices, which is not only most efficient in educing and leading the

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voices of the congregation, but is most exemplary in its devout behaviour.

What, then, are the present causes of estrangement, the excuses for absence from public worship, the obstacles to co-operation between clergymen and laymen, to which I have referred? I will repeat some of the complaints and protests which I have heard from both.

Laymen rightly affirm that no changes, no additions, should be made to the usual services of the Church without a previous explanation as to intention and authority, without proof that they are in accordance with the laws of the Church and with the directions of the Book of Common Prayer. If this information is refused or fails to satisfy, then, to avoid doubtful disputations, let there be an appeal to the bishop. If the general (the bishop) declines to give the word of command, or the captain refuses to act in accordance, the rank and file are no longer under obligation to obey the captain. Both the captains and the soldiers have a right to expect that the general will "give no uncertain sound." When a young vicar expostulated with Bishop Blomfield, and quoted St. Ambrose as differing from his lordship's instructions, this answer was received from Fulham: "Sir, St. Ambrose was not Bishop of London—I am." When Bishop Thorold was told that he was not to say a prayer in the pulpit, he replied, "I am bishop of this diocese, and I shall do what pleases me." Before he left he said, "I hope I did not speak rudely, but it's difficult to teach an old dog new tricks."

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The laity complain that the Holy Scriptures are often read, as it were, by rote, without emphasis or change of tone, as though the subject-matter was always identical and of no vital importance. "It is a very wonderful thing," Swift wrote in the *Tatler* nigh upon two hundred years ago, "that such a learned body as the clergy should not know how to read; for there is no man but must be sensible that the lazy tone and inarticulate sound of our common readers depreciate the most proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language to speak our own wants or His power from Whom we ask relief." Worse than this, the laity complain that the prayers are sometimes gabbled with a rapidity which it is impossible to follow, and which create an impression that the conclusion of the service is the chief object of the reader, and that it is a case of *vox, et præterea nihil.* "I guess," said an American father who had been present during one of these feats of garrulity, "if any son of mine came to ask me a favour, and spoke as that minister spoke to his Father in Heaven —I guess I should give him the stick."

Sometimes, they say, the monotone of a man with a feeble voice and an inaccurate ear for music is dissonant, and evokes ridicule rather than reverence. When a curate commenced the service with a high falsetto note, more canine than human, a young farmer, fond of hunting, whispered to his friend on the seat in front of him, "It's old Ruby—they've found!"

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The squires and others of the laity are very severe in their commentaries on sermons; and the preachers, after listening to the public speeches of the laity, and reading them in the newspapers, seem to think that a dismal experience should have made their critics somewhat more indulgent. I propose to devote a separate chapter to a subject so interesting and important.

As to habits, amusements, appearance, dress, there are some—not many—of the clergy who seem to think that they endear themselves to the laity, announce their large-hearted liberality, their emancipation from the thraldom of conventional customs, by ignoring all distinctions, and copying them as closely as they can. They are under an erroneous impression, so far as those laymen are concerned whose sympathies they should most desire. The latter like to have their clergy as companions in their manly games and social enjoyments; to play with them at cricket, football, and golf; to see them playing with the parochial clubs which they have established, or teaching boys to play. They like to meet them at the Oxford and Cambridge or the Eton and Harrow match, and to talk about the "merrie old times"; but they have no sympathies with the cleric who spends many days in watching the game with a short black pipe between his lips and a whiskey and soda by his side. The laity take more interest than is generally supposed in the outward appearance and habiliments of their ministers. They do not admire the cassock outside of the church; it reminds them of the

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scribes, who love to go about in long clothing; and they dislike the bob-tail yet more than the long-tail coat, because it suggests the steward on a penny boat. They see no just cause why their reverend brothers should be disguised either as monks or waiters.

I have heard strong invectives against the huge moustaches sometimes worn by the parson, and I am not prepared to contradict the statement that it is more becoming to a dragoon in uniform.

The biretta seems to have the same effect upon certain minds which the tarantula is said to have upon certain bodies; it stings to madness, and makes men dance with rage. No defence can be made for certain villagers in a northern county who removed the scarecrow from a cornfield, and erected in its place a long wooden figure, painted black, with extended arms, and crowned with a biretta. The parson represented was a *persona grata*, a hard-working young priest, who had won golden opinions from all sorts of men by his zeal and his love; but this effigy, so far from provoking censure, was manifestly approved by the parishioners, even by those who maintained a respectful silence. Soon afterwards the Roman headgear was superseded by the Anglican college cap, and no one ever regretted the success of the object-lesson.

These minutiæ, "anise, and mint, and cummin," are comparatively of small importance, although they must be dealt with; but I am often consulted, as one who has something to say, though I cannot say it like Cicero, *De Senectute*, from my experience as an old

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ecclesiastic, and *De Amicitiâ*, from my long friendship with influential laymen, concerning the weightier matters of the law. For example, the question is often asked, How can we regard as faithful Christians certain persons who, having publicly declared that they unfeignedly believe all the canonical books of the Holy Scriptures, and having been ordained and admitted as ministers of the Church on this declaration, afterwards express their unbelief in certain portions and contradict their statements? How can we esteem as loyal Churchmen those who, having "set to their seal" that there are three Creeds which ought thoroughly to be received and believed, subsequently denounce one of them and refuse to respect it? How can we respect, as men of honour or gentlemen, those who receive the money of the Church but do not teach her doctrines or walk in her ways? We are told that these innovations are benevolent endeavours to adapt Christianity to the age in which we live, but we retain a conviction that the age in which we live should adapt itself to Christianity, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. As for the "religion of humanity," we have already received it by Divine revelation, and have no desire to listen to those who are teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. They are at liberty to follow their own imaginations outside the church, but having pledged themselves to an obedient service, and feeling that they can no longer discharge conscientiously the duties which they undertook, they are also bounden, if that same conscience is in good working

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order, to give place to those who will do them heartily.

Such are some of the allegations which the laity make against those clergy whom they regard as faddists, rebellious, disloyal, and dishonest. *Audi alteram partem.* The parsons say that in many instances squires and other influential Churchmen induce others by their example to absent themselves from public worship and to disregard the observance of the Lord's Day. It seems to them very strange and sad that any man who would resent it as an insult if he was told that he was not a Christian should refuse to join in the public worship of his God; that all the good gifts which he has received should be devoted to self-indulgence, to the acquisition of wealth and honour, and that there should be no recognition of Him Who giveth all; that life, which might have been so noble and happy in itself and so helpful to others, should be wasted, and death a tragedy. It is a wise warning, "Proportion thine alms to thine estate lest thine estate be proportioned to thine alms"; and it is said as to Saul, "I have taken away thy kingdom and given it to a neighbour of thine who is better than thou." The examples of this restitution and transfer abound throughout the land.

The clergy state that they fail to discover in the Old or New Testament any authority or precedent for the posture of sitting in the act of prayer, and that such an attitude ill becomes a miserable offender asking pardon in the palace and presence of his King;

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that many of those whose visits are few and far between are the first to find fault with the service and to suggest alterations as to time and mode; and that they are patronising and dictatorial to the clergy, as though they were the servants of the State, which neither appoints nor pays them. A layman, rarely seen in his parish church, informed the vicar that he was about to be married, and that he must insist on certain omissions from the Marriage Service. Being informed that such exceptions were illegal, he became exceeding wroth, and denounced any allusion to the causes for which matrimony was ordained as indecent. The vicar replied that "to the pure all things were pure," and that the indecency was in the mind which suggested the thought—*honi soit qui mal y pense.* "May I ask," he added, "whether you have any plan for replenishing the earth more satisfactorily than by 'the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and to the praise of His holy name'?"

The clergy respectfully but firmly decline to be patronised, domineered, or pitied. It is sometimes said by their contemporaries at college, when their sacred work and serious responsibilities have constrained them to decline pleasant invitations, and to be more thoughtful and less exuberant, that "Poor So and So is very much gone off," whereas "poor So and So" is under the impression that he is very much come on, and was never happier in his life. Not long ago, some similar words of compassion were repeated to

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the young friend of whom they were made, and from whom I received an account of the effect which they produced. "I heard this account of my collapse," he said, "with a merry heart, and Sam Weller's words came from my lips, 'If he knowed who was a-coming, he would soon change his note, as the hawk remarked with a cheerful laugh when he heard the robin redbreast a-singing round the corner.' My commentator was a college friend who, having once made a long innings in a country match, had held himself ever since in high admiration as a bat, and whose wicket it had been my frequent privilege to lower, though I failed to subdue his pride. Opportunely for the assertion of my manhood, and to disprove the statement that ordination had an enervating influence upon the body and a depressing power upon the spirit, I had promised to play with an eleven of our parochial club against the cricketers of a village where my friend was squire and of great renown as a mighty hitter. We were some distance apart, and it was evident that my presence was not expected, and that there was a modification in the customary joy of his welcome. 'A moment o'er his face a tablet of unutterable thought was traced,' and I knew that he heartily wished 'poor So and So' had been on a missionary tour. The meeting reminded me, if I may be permitted to associate common folk with heroes, of that delectable record how that on an occasion when the Hon. R. Grimston was making more runs at Lord's than was approved by his

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opponents, the Rev. Mr. Fagge, whose style of bowling was especially obnoxious to the Hon. Robert, was 'put on' with fatal results. The batsman retired to the pavilion, took off his pads, and sat down by the side of his friend Ponsonby as sulky as Achilles. After a period for thoughts which were too deep for words, he relieved his mind by remarking that he wished Fagge was dead, but being severely rebuked by his companion, he came after another interval of gloomy silence to his better self, and sighed, 'I wish they would make Fagge a bishop.' I do not know what my old college friend said in the tent, but I got his middle stump in my first over, and in his second innings he was caught in long field from an enticement specially designed for that consummation."

My convictions are, after sixty years of intercourse with clergy and laity of all degrees and orders, that there are faults on both sides; that there is in too many parishes a Diotrephes who "loveth to have the pre-eminence," be he squire or parson; and that these mutual recriminations are more commonly caused by self-conceit and self-interest than by conscientious scruples. "Sirs, ye are brethren." The laity must not lay all the blame upon the clergy, like the farmer who, when a downpour came soon after the prayer for rain had been said in the church, remarked to his neighbour, "It's just like our parson, he always overdoes everything"; nor must the clergy assume a Papal infallibility. Let them both have a remembrance

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of the mote and the beam. If we would keep in mind the words of Thomas à Kempis—"How canst thou expect that perfection in others which thou canst not attain for thyself?"—if we had more of the charity which "believeth all things, hopeth all things," which cries, "Alas, my brother," and less of the harsh inclinations to think evil and to condemn; if we thought more of the ancient Scriptures and less of modern scribes, more of principles and less of persons; we should see everywhere, as we see now whenever men hold the faith in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace and righteousness of life, how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to take sweet counsel together and to walk to the house of God as friends.

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CHAPTER XIV

Preaching and Speaking

Male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.
HORACE.

We want a greater variety in our Church services, earlier and later, so that we shall not speak of ourselves as "brought to the beginning of this day" when we draw nigh to the meridian, nor pray to be delivered from "the perils of this night" between three and four p.m. We might have special services of praise and thanksgiving, of intercessory and penitential prayer, for sacred music, for sermons. They should be short and simple. We want more opportunities of public worship, such as will be most convenient for all grades, and we want more aids to devotion. If the people when invited decline to attend them, the clergy have a Divine commandment to go out into the streets and lanes and compel them to come in. How can we compel? By making a great united effort, such as that which is made by the Church and the Salvation Armies. We want

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outdoor pulpits, such as that which was recently dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in memory of Bishop Billing, as well as *intra muros*. We want a school of the prophets and an order of preachers. If the poor will not come to the preacher, the preacher must go to the poor; and above all, he must have a steadfast faith in the promise, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which none of your adversaries shall be able to gainsay nor resist."

We want more powerful preaching both in and out of the Church. I heartily sympathise with the laymen who complain of the general debility of our sermons; and while I believe that the preachers are fully persuaded in their own minds of the truths which they teach, I am constrained to acknowledge that many do not make that prayerful, thoughtful, studious preparation which is required to convince and instruct their hearers. It is sometimes said that the clergy in our days are prevented by other work from devoting to this important duty the attention which it deserves. My experience is that all ministerial work, whether it be worship, teaching, relieving want, or visiting the sick, suggests the best material for sermons; and that every preacher should make a point of taking such an amount of time as he finds necessary for the composition of one weekly discourse; more than this he cannot do, to his own satisfaction or that of his hearers.

The laity desire to hear more of practical Christianity

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and less about doubtful disputations, more about the living than the dead, of men and women like themselves, of their temptations and trials, their failure and success, of the power of evil and the power of good, of Christ and Anti-Christ, of helps to happiness.

I knew some years ago a London clergyman who, by his wise, patient, generous energy, achieved a great success in the cause of Christian education. He had opponents, and from one of them there came, at an important public meeting, convened to assist his enterprise, the intimation of a doubt as to the soundness of his theological views. Indignantly resisting this mean attempt to frustrate his endeavour for the commonweal by insinuating motives and associating theories of which no trace was to be found in his scheme, he said in his haste, "Oh, hang theology!" and from that day to the end of his life he was known among men as "Hang-Theology Rogers." To those who understood him the epithet conveyed no opprobrium condemning him as a regicide of the queen of all the sciences, but was accepted, on the contrary, as the protest of an honest man against the "oppositions of science, falsely so called," which would place a pretender on the throne. The laity take little interest in "schools of thought," but they are much impressed by "schools of action." They have neither the time nor the inclination to study the tomes of the theologian, the essays and pamphlets of the professor and the critic, the scribe and the disputer, but they

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will listen to the preacher of righteousness who tells them in the pulpit what to do, and shows them in the parish how to do it.

It must be told earnestly, for it is a matter of life and death. The earnestness of the preacher, as James Russell Lowell writes in *The Biglow Papers*, is a sermon appreciable by dullest intellects and inattentive ears. The chief thing is that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. When Rowland Hill was reprimanded by a friend as being too much excited in preaching, too demonstrative in his manner, too loud in his utterance, he related an incident which occurred in his early life. He was walking on some cliffs overlooking the sea when he saw two persons on the sands of a small bay some distance from him, evidently unaware that they were nearly surrounded by the coming tide in front and on either side of them, and behind them by the precipice, which they could not climb. He shouted to apprise them of their peril, but they did not hear, until almost in despair he made after prayer a final effort, and his voice was heard, as he believed, first in Heaven and then on earth. It was given to him to save two lives from perishing by water, but only after the utmost effort of his power. "And would you have me," he asked, "to show no signs of emotion, to speak in a conversational tone as of some ordinary matter, when I am commanded to lift up my voice like a trumpet to ears dull of hearing and to hearts that are hardened, and to tell

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them before it is too late of the only way by which they can escape death?"

What shall we say, then, when we read the words which Dean Swift wrote nigh upon two hundred years ago?—"Of all the people upon earth there are none that puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet the art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion."

What would the deaf gentleman present for the first time at the delivery of a sermon, knowing nothing about the place or the purport, say now in many a church? "I saw a man with a pleasant countenance, and wearing a white robe, reading to a number of people, who listened to him for some time with respectful attention; but I did not infer from his demeanour or from the countenances of his hearers that his communication was of special interest. There was no change of expression on the faces of the congregation until an exposition of sleep came gradually upon them, and here and there the heads were nodding, like the corks on a net which begins to fill."

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The crisis has come, of which Horace wrote, for smiles or for slumber; but it is no place for mirth, and

> While in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
> Correctly cold, and regularly slow;
> Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
> We must not ridicule, but we may sleep.

Eutychus was severely punished because he fell asleep when an inspired apostle was preaching, and still, however dull the sermon may be, as George Herbert says, "it preacheth patience," I remember a sermon, very dull, tedious, and wearisome, which not only preached, but immediately produced, the virtue it was designed to teach. It was a sermon on thankfulness, and as soon as it was over a profound sense of gratitude pervaded the congregation. We must not forget that though the messenger be stupid, the message is Divine. Accordingly, there is always some feeling of compunction, however bravely we may have resisted the soporific influence, in awaking with a start; and there are records of disastrous results, as when a gentleman who travelled daily by rail mistook the collector of alms for the collector of tickets, and audibly muttered, "Season."

There is a temptation to some preachers, who desire to avoid this dreary and somniferous style, to rely too much upon a loud resonant tone, which sets the echoes flying, and which without modifications soon becomes as irksome and monotonous to their hearers

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as the sermons in a lower key—*vox, et præterea nihil.* Action and emphasis may be alike misplaced. I have seen preachers and speakers working their arms like those of a semaphore, while they raised their voices as though they were scaring crows from the cornfields freshly sown, when the subject of which they spoke was comparatively of small importance.

The laity are quick in discerning whether from the fulness of the heart the preacher speaketh or from his library shelves. If it be the former, his earnestness and his experience will make him eloquent. If it be the latter, his arguments may be many, but his converts will be few. When the natural voice has the spiritual tone, which no human wisdom can teach, it will convince, because it comes from conviction. There is no stereotyped form for preaching the Gospel, although several syndicates seem to claim an exclusive power.

There are diversities of gifts, and if each preacher makes the best of those which have been bestowed upon him, he will not preach in vain. He will have neither the desire nor the need to apply those stimulants which are proposed to us in these latter days as inducements to the people to hear sermons. Stimulants are always signs of weakness, drams for cowards, props for a falling wall; their influence is brief, and when the reaction comes, the last state of their recipient is worse than the first.

Sermons should be made as interesting and as applicable to the hearers as it is possible to make

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them; and in this, as in all things else, the preacher should have before him the Great Example Who spake as never man, "and the common people, the multitude, heard Him gladly." He illustrated His teaching by what we now call object-lessons from the home life and daily occupations of His hearers, from the scenery around Him, the corn and the grass, the trees, the fruits, and the flowers, the houses, the bread, the water, the wine, the sheep, the birds, the money in common use, the light and the darkness. He set His mark on those things which are ever before us, and signed them with the sign of His Cross that we might have Him in remembrance. We are therefore following a Divine guide when we use analogies, parables, histories in our sermons; but we leave Him and follow our own imaginations if we speak lightly and irreverently, if we indulge in "foolish jesting which is not convenient," when and where we are especially warned by the solemnity of the place and the sanctity of our subject, to take heed to our ways that we offend not in our tongue.

All rules have their exceptions, and we are inclined in certain cases to condone remarks on account of their wit and humour, their keen satire, their just reproof, their quaintness, and even their absurdity. For example, Horace Walpole gives us in one of his letters a quotation from a sermon preached in Mayfair Chapel on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, one hundred and fifty years ago: "His virtues were so great that they degenerated

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into vices; he was very generous, but I hear that his generosity has ruined a great many people; and his condescension was such that he kept very bad company."

A clergyman in the North of England, afterwards a dignitary of the Church, told the story following in a sermon to a large congregation, chiefly composed of ladies, with a request that wives would repeat it to those husbands who were not present on that occasion. "There are," he said, "in this parish many gentlemen who seem to be under the impression that if their wives go to church on Sunday, they are thereby released from any obligation as to their own attendance. I had a sort of vision the other day about these nominal Christians, who prefer, after the manner of some foreign countries, to send their women to work while they smoke or slumber in the shade. I thought that one of them was summoned to another world, and not being able on this occasion to procure a delegate, he was constrained to go. He came to the gates of Paradise, and St. Peter, who stood by with the keys, inquired rather roughly, 'And who are you?' 'Oh, St. Peter, I'm Mr. Smith from Newcastle-on-Tyne.' 'I don't know you.' 'Oh, if you please, St. Peter, I'm the husband of Mrs. Smith, who went regularly to church, and taught in the Sunday school, and was kind to the poor.' 'Why did you not do likewise?' 'Oh, St. Peter, I was in business all the week, and very tired on Sunday, and I thought if Mrs. Smith went to church regularly, it would do for both of

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us.' 'Your wife,' said St. Peter, 'was a true, faithful Christian. She came to these gates three years ago, and *she has gone in for both of you.*'"

Many years ago I had the happiness of being entertained by Dean Ramsay in his home at Edinburgh, and he told me marvellous stories of the familiarity of certain ministers in their addresses to the Almighty. At the same time he bade me remember that the speakers were godly men, who loved their Master and were incapable of disrespect, but who were under a false impression that the easy colloquial style was the proof of a more affectionate intercourse and a closer sympathy than were generally bestowed upon their fellow-men, or in some cases, he added, they have so much to say extempore that they became somewhat muddled in thought and somewhat mixed in their utterance. His anecdotes followed each other with such rapidity that I caught only two to keep in memory's cage.

The first was a supplication for fair weather made by a minister in a season of storm and tempest: "Noo, Lard, ye'll nae send us a roaring, tearing wund, but ye'll send us a nice gentle wund, and——" Here there was a terrible gust, which dislodged some tiles from the roof, and were seen through the windows as they fell. The unhappy minister beheld the catastrophe with dismay and bewilderment, and on looking upward, exclaimed reproachfully, "*O Lard, this is parfactly ridiculous!*"

The second was a prayer for Queen Adelaide:

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"O Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady the Queen: grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

The laity make a reasonable protest against the prolixity of preachers, suggesting that when the service is long the sermon should be short; and *vice versâ*, when the sermon has some object of special interest, or is to be preached by an orator. In either case one hour is a sufficient period for service and sermon inclusive, but there appears too often in the pulpit

> One whom the music of his own sweet voice
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony,

and then the boundary is passed. The hearers generally are powerless; but the soldiers have found out a remedy. When a tedious preacher evokes no interest, they are suddenly afflicted by an irritation of the respiratory organs, and "coughing drowns the parson's saw," an appropriate quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*. They have been known to give this intimation of weariness even to an archbishop.

We have too many sermons. The Church says little about them. Children are to be called upon to hear sermons for their instruction, but chiefly to

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learn their *credenda*, *precanda*, and *agenda*, to believe, to pray, and to do their duty. And in the order of Holy Communion we read, "Then shall follow the sermon"; but it is not mentioned as an adjunct to morning or evening prayer, and was never intended to be, as now in the estimation of many minds, the most important part of a service. "Praying is the end of preaching." The servant brings an invitation from the Master to come and worship. The consequence is that this continuous demand for sermons prevents the preacher from devoting the time and thought which he requires if he is to do his best; and it comes to pass, as Bishop Andrewes foretold, that "he who preaches twice prates once." John Wesley said that without rational restrictions he should preach both himself and his hearers into sleep.

We want more simplicity, to speak in a tongue understanded of the people. Molière used to read his comedies to an old woman, who had no advantages of education, that he might judge by the manner in which she was affected how his wit and humour would be received by the public; and I could name some poor old folks whose opinion I would rather have about a sermon than that of men in high estate. "Tell me the story simply, as to a little child," cries the heart which yearns for truth; but some preachers take pleasure in grandiloquence, mysteries, metaphysics. A famous classical scholar, preaching to a small congregation of rustics in the Lake District, reminded

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them, "In this beautiful country, my brethren, you have an apotheosis of nature and an apodeikneusis of theopratic omnipotence." And I remember a discourse from a learned canon which I utterly failed to understand. I was comforted to find that others of the audience were as much bewildered as myself, and I asked in vain, "Can you tell what it was about?" until I met with a friend, who promptly replied, "Of course I can tell you; it was about an hour and a quarter, and that is all I know."

After all that has been said of defects and difficulties, want of training, elocution, preparation, and zeal, laymen of my age, remembering the sermons of sixty years ago, and comparing Then and Now, will recognise a general improvement—more originality, animation, and effort—the dawn, let us hope, of a brighter morning, although the mist is dense and the light is grey.

Should sermons be read from manuscript or preached without? I have never met with a preacher who had tried both of these methods and did not believe that he had gained a new power in speaking without book. There is no record from the days of the Baptist until now of the conversion of the heathen by the process of reading sermons. The missioner must speak to them face to face. The Scriptures must be read, the sermons preached. Some years ago, in one of our cathedrals, a mistake had been made as to the appointment of preachers, and when the time came for the sermon no one entered the pulpit, although four

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canons and other priests were present. A satirical person quoted Isaiah lvi. 10, "They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark," and the congregation dispersed.

"The good example of the preacher," we are told by one who is commonly regarded as the greatest of our bishops since the Reformation (Jeremy Taylor), "is always the most prevailing homily; his life is his best sermon." A country squire who had the presentation to a valuable living received applications from many candidates, of whom he selected three. He went to the three parishes in which the applicants were at work, and spent a week in each. In the first he found a clergyman who was an eloquent preacher, but the church was sparsely occupied by a fashionable congregation, who paid for their pews, more accurately described as "sittings." With the exception of a few old women on benches in the aisle, there was an elimination of the poor. The church was closed from Sunday to Sunday.

In the second parish he found a handsome church, with open seats and hearty services, good music, good congregations or the upper and middle classes with their servants, large Sunday schools, two weekday services; and notices of meetings for the maintenance of religion and virtue, the instruction of ignorance and the relief of distress, bore ample testimony to the good works which were in progress. Of the sermons it might be said that their excellence was that they had no fault, and their fault that they had no excellence.

In the third parish an ugly church of the Georgian

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era had been made the best of. The sleeping cars and the three-deckers were gone, and Zeba and Salmanna had given up their possession and occupied the same oak benches as the poor. There was daily service, and the doors were open until the sun went down. Now and then there were services very early in the morning before the men went to their work, and late in the evening when they had returned. The sermons were short and plain, but there was a quiet earnestness which impressed the hearers, just as there was a reality, a presence, in the church, a voice which seemed to say, "The place where thou standest is holy ground."

"For a time I felt a difficulty," the patron said to me, "in deciding between Nos. 2 and 3. I felt a great responsibility; I made diligent inquiry, and I obtained the information which I sought. I found that in No. 1 the intercourse of the clergyman and his people was restricted to social amenities with the wealthy members; that in No. 2 the district visitors were most constant in their sympathy and generous help to the needy and the sick and in their report to the parish priest of such cases as seemed to suggest his personal aid; and that in No. 3 the visiting was done chiefly by the vicar himself. In No. 1 parish I never met the pastor outside the church; in No. 2 I saw him three or four times in the week; No. 3 daily, going in and coming out among his people, his church, and his school—sometimes attended by a suite of children, the first lord in waiting attached to his long coat as

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to a train. Finally, I followed one of these processions to his home—a small, gloomy house in a narrow street —and told him, to his surprise, that I had come on important business, and wished to see his wife. I shall never forget that interview. I told the husband that, after much anxious deliberation, I had decided to offer him the vacant rectory, that it was situated in a pleasant country village, with a comfortable home and a pretty garden, and that the income was £500 a year. The wife looked at me for a few seconds in silence, burst into tears, and rushed out of the room to her children. The clergyman was bewildered for a while and speechless. Then he took my hand and spoke to me, 'I don't know what to do or to say; I don't know whether to go down on my knees, or dance the sailor's hornpipe'; and then, after a pause, he looked upward with a face which made me think of Stephen, and he prayed, '*God help me to do my best.*'"

When we turn our attention from preaching to speaking, from the pulpit to the platform, to the meetings and the dinners at which "men most do congregate," the layman who has been most severe in his criticism of sermons will sometimes be found as

> The desolator desolate, the victor overthrown,
> The arbiter of others' fate a suppliant for his own.

As the parson listens to the hesitations, platitudes, and repetitions of the squire, he will, being human, agree with Rochefoucauld, that "there is something in the

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misfortunes of others which does not altogether displease us."

The Americans excel, for the simple reason that they take for their rule in things small or great, grave or gay, *quod facio valde facio*, "Whatsoever thy hand or thy head findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is not only their brilliant humorists and orators, such as Mark Twain and Horace Depew, but the ordinary American, "alike to fortune and to fame unknown," who succeeds, because he has paid his audience the compliment of thinking what he will say, and offers them the best which he has to give.

In matters of grave importance, in our parliaments, in our public assemblies for the discussion of subjects political, social, educational, commercial, affecting our national interests or our local interests, we can hold our own in common-sense and clear expression with any other nation; but at the social assemblies and the public banquets our American brother takes precedence, provides light, wholesome, palatable food for the mind as well as for the body, exhilarates the spirits, and aids digestion.

Mark Twain is called upon to respond to the toast of "Literature." He rises with a sorrowful countenance and he speaks in a doleful tone. He says that it makes him "sad at heart to think of the great authors who have gone and can never be replaced —the philosophers, the poets, the orators, the dramatists, the historians of Greece and Rome; the illustrious writers who have followed them through

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the centuries, of whom there is no time to speak. Shakespeare has left us, Milton is no more ; and "—here he places his hand a short distance below his breast—"I'm not feeling very well myself."

Not only, as I have said, with the officers high in command, major-generally speaking, as Artemus Ward puts it, but with the rank and file, we find this keen sense of humour. A friend of mine in Cornwall took an American guest to a village festival, which concluded with a supper, after which, among other toasts, came "The Health of the Visitor." He rose in apparent perplexity : he was highly gratified, but what could he say—an ignorant stranger, with every inclination but with no power to speak to them on subjects which they cared for most ? They must kindly accept his excuse that he did not feel equal to the occasion. "Ah," he exclaimed, when, he was about to sit down, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Those words—"not equal to the occasion"—recalled an incident which might amuse them. In the town from which he came on the other side of the Atlantic, there was a most irritable, wrathful, abusive individual, who was employed as a carter. The boys delighted in baiting this bear, and his growls made music to their ears. He was leading his horse uphill, having a load of potatoes, when these lads adroitly succeeded in removing the board from the end of the cart. In strict accordance with the laws of gravitation, as the vehicle rose, the vegetables fell. The noise of the

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wheels prevented the driver from hearing the sounds of their descent, and he went on in the bliss of ignorance until he reached the summit and turned to see that his cart was empty. The conspirators, who gave free and full details of the occurrence until it became the talk of the town, disagreed in only one particular, the colour of the carter's complexion when he first surveyed the scene, whether it was crimson, purple, green, or white; but they were unanimous in their affirmation that when he saw them grinning over the fence he turned deadly pale, that he glanced at them with his mouth and eyes wide open like a madman, and then he seemed to collapse and to surrender himself to despair, and, learned as he was as a profane linguist, he only said, "*Gentlemen, I am not equal to the occasion.*"

"Permit me," the American remarked in conclusion, "not humiliated by the malice of enemies, but overcome by the kindness of those who have welcomed me as friends, to repeat the words, 'Gentlemen, I am not equal to the occasion.'"

Eloquence is innate in Irishmen. It is a natural spring which widens into a copious stream, broad and narrow, deep and shallow (but never dry), sparkling and gloomy, swift and stagnant, sometimes overflowing its banks to the discomfort of riparian proprietors, and even flooding the House of Commons and swelling up to the Speaker's Chair.

No orator had more power to impress the House

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of Lords than the late Archbishop of York, Magee; no preacher has attracted so many large congregations as Canon Knox Little.

I had a charming Irish friend at Oxford who had a gift of marvellous loquacity. He would speak the most sarcastic words to his hearers, but with such an affectionate smile on his face and such sweet music in his voice that they were received as compliments. He spoke, indeed, with such rapidity on such a variety of promiscuous subjects that there was no time to dispute or discriminate.

It was his supreme delight when, wearied by our arduous studies, we occasionally drove or rode into the country and took dinner in some of the neighbouring towns—Abingdon, Bicester, Witney, Henley—to intimate to the waiters and others that in the evening one of the most distinguished members of the University would deliver an address. Sometimes he would pose as a ferocious anarchist threatening fire and sword against all authority, using the most inflammatory and revolutionary language, uttering the wildest nonsense, with such a dramatic intensity of feeling and action that only his friends knew (and it was a most trying process to conceal our knowledge) that he was amusing himself at the expense of his hearers. I still remember some of the sentences and scenes. He began an address to the small miscellaneous company outside the inn with, "Redheaded monsters, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow?" And then he would stretch out his

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arms as though longing to embrace the whole company and would say, "My brothers, my oppressed, my odorous, my beloved and illiterate friends, I am here to tell you that the morning star of freedom, of ablution, and industry is about to shine after the long dark night in which you have suffered so bravely from the cruel results of inebriation, the incessant attacks of animalculæ gorged with the life blood of the poor, and from that incessant cutaneous irritation which only men like yourselves can bear. I come to tell you, at the special request of the Dean of Christ Church, the Lord Mayor of London, the Queen of Sheba and the equinoctial gales, that the teeth of your tyrants, the nobility and gentry who are now occupying the land and houses which belong to the people of England, are decaying in their gums in consequence of the expensive dainties which are paid for by the perspiration of your noble brows. They are drinking champagne at a guinea a bottle, they are smoking cigars at three-and-sixpence apiece, resting their gouty limbs on soft feather beds and velvet sofas, while you, the lords of creation, are feeding on red herrings, crusts, and offal, and quench your thirst at the trough and the pump, and sleep among the rats and the beetles. Are you to be kicked and cuffed and cursed in order that the miscreants may go about the country with their packs of hounds, and their four-in-hands, a-tallyho-ing with their foxes, and a-tootling with their horns? Are you to be always on the wing

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and gathering honey all the day from every opening flower that these drones, clothed in purple and fine linen, may sit in your hives and eat it?" I did not see my friend for six years after we parted at Oxford, and then I found him the vicar of a large parish, devoted to his work, and the most popular preacher in his diocese.

Whatever our gifts may be, we must make the best of them. The minister must practise, the actor must rehearse, the speaker must think before he speaks. Let the beginner write what he means to say, and when he takes his walk, let him repeat it to the birds of the air. Let him put a few notes in his pocket when he goes to the meeting, but only use them if memory fails. Let him be satisfied at first with short speeches, and not daunted if he seems to fail. He will succeed if he really tries, and will not be too anxious or nervous when he has made up his mind as to what he ought to say, as to his *modus loquendi*; if the food is wholesome, the garnish will be excused. I was told by an illustrious personage, who, having spent a long life in the discharge of most important duties, from early manhood in high command, and for many years with an authority almost supreme, and who had made more addresses and speeches which required knowledge and tact than any other man out of Parliament, that there was a time when the thought of these allocutions was a constant worry, and absorbed far too much of his time. "I determined," he said, "only to devote such a fixed period as I could

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conveniently spare to the consideration of the subject, to put down a few notes, and think no more of the matter until the hour came for speech. My plan succeeded, greatly to my own satisfaction, and, I believe, to that of my hearers." He might have added that he was always heard with the most attentive and affectionate respect.

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CHAPTER XV

Locomotion

Surrounding objects rendered invisible by extreme velocity.
WELLER.

I CAN think of no greater contrast in matters of public interest between Now and Then than that which has been gradually produced during my lifetime in our methods of locomotion. I have watched Pickford's waggon with eight horses dragging its slow length along, so slowly that, seen from a distance, it would not have suggested to the spectator Galileo's famous words, "It moves." I have gazed with admiration, almost with awe, at the guard of his Majesty's mail, clothed in royal scarlet, seated in solitary state on his throne, or dickey, behind, horn in hand, and a blunderbuss by his side; for the highwayman was still supposed by imaginations of extra power to be lurking in his lair, and there were gloomy glades in which the timid female shrank for protection to the brave heart of the male, as though the brigand, like Quilp's dog on the wharf, was "waiting for a spring." Centuries ago a law had

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been made that all trees and shrubs were to be removed for a distance of two hundred feet on either side of the road to prevent the concealment of robbers, but it had been long in abeyance, and everywhere the traveller passed through dismal alleys under the shade of melancholy boughs, which left nothing to be wished as coverts and ambuscades for felons, assassins, and villains of all denominations. A mile from my home there was an umbrageous curve in the road which was known as the "Dark Turn," and there dwelt, as we children believed, a mixed company of ogres, demons, bandits, snakes, and hyænas, prowling in the darkness to devour their prey. Whenever in our walks with the nurses we came in sight of the Dark Turn, we were seized with a sudden weariness, a yearning for home, a presentiment of drenching rains.

During my boyhood the stage coaches were doing a brisk business in great numbers, and in all parts of the country, especially at Christmastide, when they who lived in the cities exchanged visits or amenities of an edible nature with those who lived among the fields, and the public vehicles were crowded with passengers, with small barrels of new white wood containing the "best natives" of untainted reputation purveyed by Mr. Pym or Mr. Lynn, of Fleet Street, at five shillings per hundred, and piled upon the roof. Sometimes Mr. Vintner sent boxes of onions imported with his wines from Portugal, huge in size but mild in flavour; or of delicious prunes, always appropriated to us of the rising generation. The rural districts

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responded gratefully with hampers of game and poultry.

Not much more than one hundred years before I was born the journey from London to York occupied a week, from London to Oxford or to Salisbury two days. The chief cause of this delay was the disgraceful condition of the roads. When the wonderful structures which the Romans made in our island for the transport of themselves and their belongings fell, after an endurance of fifteen centuries, into decay, the people of this country were the most indolent and the most ignorant of all the civilised nations with regard to the making of roads, and they maintained this pre-eminence until at the beginning of the last century the genius of Macadam was appreciated and employed throughout the length and breadth of the land. The concave form, by which the water was retained in the middle of the road, had previously been preferred in many instances to the convex, by which it was dismissed at the sides. Soft gravel was used, and the ruts, universally followed, became daily deeper. In many places, as in the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byways. They alighted and made their way through the fields, while the vehicles, lightened of their load, were dragged through the slough; but in times of much rain and of floods even this arrangement was impossible, and the company returned, until the waters abated, to the place from whence they came.

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I have never forgotten a striking incident which occurred in a long and heavy fall of snow, when, the Scotch mail being unable to proceed, the coachman and the guard put saddles on two of the horses, and rode on with the bags. The horse ridden by the coachman was exhausted, stumbled, and fell, and being lame when he rose, was with great difficulty led back to the inn. His rider before leaving his companion besought him to give up the hopeless endeavour to proceed, but the guard replied that he must do his best to reach a post office, which was only three miles away. He never came, and when a search was made the bags were found suspended on the branch of a tree which grew over the road, his last effort in the work committed to his charge. He may have had a presentiment that the end was near, and not many yards from the tree he fell with his horse down a steep bank into a great drift of snow, and there they lay dead together. He died—and "how can a man die better?"—*on duty*.

As to private carriages, I think that my father's collection was an average sample of the vehicles in vogue among country gentlemen. There was the great yellow—canary yellow—chariot, beautifully adorned with armorial bearings, and covered on the roof when we went on journeys with a huge "imperial," which held our luggage. It was drawn by horses sixteen hands and over, a striking contrast to the smaller quadrupeds, cobs comparatively and ponies

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of extra size, which now occupy their place. I allow that in several instances our magnificent steeds had been drafted from the hunters to the harness department, that Boreas, who was so admirable to the eye, was disagreeable at times, when excited by the chase, to the ears of polite society, and I am aware, that Æolus protested somewhat too audibly when he came to rising ground. I know that the lighter modern carriage does not require the same power of traction; but I mourn, nevertheless, whenever I go to London, the absence of those splendid animals which were so common some fifty years ago in its Park and streets.

There was for summer use the open carriage—barouche, landau, or britzka, I cannot remember which—the mail phaeton, and the gig. The chariot and the gig have been superseded by the brougham and the dogcart, and to these has been added an instrument of torture called the waggonette, in which the occupants, travelling sideways, like Mr. Winkle's horse, are enabled from time to time to irritate and dislocate each other by inviting their *vis-à-vis* to the contemplation of objects which are situated behind his back. The cabriolet was a vehicle which we young men in the 'forties delighted to drive in the Park and elsewhere. It was a large form of gig with a hood, and behind it, on a footboard, holding on by leathern straps, stood in buckskins and top-boots the neatest, cleanest, cutest, most conceited of all the boys in London, called a "tiger," but more like a tomtit.

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We were not possessed of the income or the influence which suggested a "season in London," but we made an annual expedition to the seaside, and our favourite resort was "The Queen of Watering Places," Scarborough. The journey was accomplished in three days; on the first we drove to Doncaster, on the second to York, and on the third we arrived at Scarborough. I recall it, soon after the bridge was built, when there were no houses on the South Cliff, no Esplanade, no Spa, only where the present Spa now stands in its beautiful grounds a small hut, in which was kept the rocket apparatus for use in time of storm and wreck. The Scarborough of to-day was not in existence, and in the houses of St. Nicholas Cliff, in the streets adjoining, and in the Royal Hotel the visitors were lodged. On several occasions we took a house which stood on the site now occupied by the Grand Hotel, with a pleasant garden in front, and a large rookery between the garden and the sea.

We bathed in the early morn, we had delicious herrings for breakfast, we read books from Theakston's Library, not quite so fresh as the herrings, we went a-fishing and were sorry that we went, and in the afternoon we had solemn processions of the family tubs on the sand. No Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was then in existence.

At Scarborough in later days, and in my intercourse with John Leech, I had special enjoyments of the happiest friendship of my life. Here, as it is known

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to all men, he found subjects in abundance for his keen sense of humour and his exquisite art, simultaneously replenishing his sketch-book and refreshing his spirits. I was walking with him on the sands, when below the young lady on the plank half-way between the boat and the shore we saw the huge legs of the fisherman, which seemed, the rest of him being hidden by her dress, to belong to the maiden whom he was escorting; and on many other occasions he directed my attention to incongruities and comic tableaux, which never escaped his observation.

During one of our marine excursions I wrote the verses herewith reprinted, which he illustrated with one of the most charming sketches he ever drew, and which we sent for publication to our friend "Sam Lucas," the editor of *Once a Week*,* and the author of some of the cleverest articles, chiefly reviews of books, which have appeared in the *Times*. Two of the figures have a strong resemblance to himself and his wife.

Scarborough, 1859.

I have been here a little child, with a nankeen frock and spade,
The darling and the despot of a pretty little maid;
"She niver know'd," I heard her say, as we came up the rocks,
"Sich a nawfil boy as Master John for dirtying of his socks."

And here (ah, merry days!), a boy, I learn'd to dive and swim,
And that dear old sailor taught me his little craft to trim,
Or, when the sail flapp'd idly, to "feather" and to scull,
To catch the whiting and to shoot the heavy, harmless gull.

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Again, I came from Oxford with the newest thing in ties,
The hat, the coat, the whole "get-up," a marvel and surprise;
And I meant to read for honours, as in letters home 'twas said,
But took to flirting on the Spa and playing pool instead.

And here, a man, I lost my heart, and woo'd on wave and strand,
My counterpart, my queen, until I won that soft small hand;
And for ever shall I bless that hour, in the grotto by the sea,
When we talk'd of all our mutual love and sighed in ecstasy.

For now once more with her I come, and though the children say
That they find hairs in my whiskers of a most decided grey,
And though my Kate, the "counterpart," must weigh nigh thirteen stone,
We're happier now than ever—say, are we not, my own?

A child runs to us o'er the sand, and his curls are dank with brine;
My childhood lives again in his, for that little boy is mine;
And yonder on the Spa I see a mirthful, handsome swell,
Our eldest born, our Frank, the slave of every winsome belle.

God bless them, child and boy, and may He grant to them, my Kate,
When manhood comes to these our sons their father's happy fate—
Such a wife, my own true darling, as thou hast been to me,
According to thy promise in the grotto by the sea.

The science of locomotion by means of carriages and horses seemed to have attained perfection: the roads were in excellent order, the rate of progress was ten miles an hour, the drivers were skilful, and the accidents were rare, when a bolt fell from the blue, there was thunder in the time of harvest. A single word

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proclaimed a revolution, and that word was *Steam*. I was ten years old before a railway for passengers was opened in England, and now the country is barred like a gridiron, and the inhabitants hurry to and fro, like the ants disturbed in their hill or like shoals of fish in a stream. Railways everywhere—up, down, and through Alpine mountains, over and under great rivers; over the Tyne at Newcastle, over the Tweed at Berwick, over the Straits of Mexico, over the St. Lawrence at Montreal—these only the first pioneers of a great army of right royal engineers who have marched in triumph through the civilised world. And who were the first to organise and to lead this glorious expedition, to leave surmise for certainty, theory for practice, failure for success? Two men who began life, "alike to fortune and to fame unknown," in toil and poverty, as firemen in a northern colliery, and who by their genius and energy achieved that new and wonderful method of transport and locomotion by steam power which not only won for them riches and honours, but the gratitude and admiration of the world. No two men have accomplished such extensive and important results by their endeavours as George and Robert Stephenson, father and son.

Ambitious boys will be encouraged to read that George Stephenson received twopence a day for what we call in the Midlands "tenting be-asts"—keeping cows within the boundaries of their pasture—and that subsequently he doubled his income, receiving fourpence a day for hoeing turnips, before he became a fireman.

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There have been many instances in which servants have become masters in places where they have served, in which sweepers and porters have become members of the firm; but none more notable than that of George Stephenson carrying coals as third footman to his royal highness the steam engine, and in a very short time obtaining a complete command over his master, making him come and go at his pleasure, and sending him out on errands to all parts of the world. He employed him first of all in the conveyance of trucks on tramways, then on the Stockton and Darlington Railway for the transport of minerals, and then, as a reward of good behaviour, he promoted him to carry men!

I can distinctly remember the consternation in our home on a September morning more than seventy years ago when my father told us that at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, Mr. Huskisson, the eminent statesman, Secretary of State for the Colonies, had been struck down by an engine as he was crossing the line, after conversing with the Duke of Wellington, and died a few hours afterwards.

The enterprise itself, chiefly owing to Stephenson's construction of the new locomotive engine, was a complete success, despite the bitter opposition and foolish ridicule which would not be convinced. The comic singer was severely sarcastic on the subject of steam.

> When I was young and I was little
> The only steam came from the kettle;
> But the next thing they have, I verily believe, sir,
> Will be a cast-iron parson to preach by steam, sir.

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Young gentlemen, who were occasionally permitted to drive the coaches on payment of five shillings, to the imminent peril of human life, were also loud in their chorus.

> Let the steam pot hiss till it's hot,
> Give me the speed of the Tantivy trot.

We were assured again and again that "there was nothing to compare with the four spanking tits," and there were undoubtedly distinct advantages in travelling by coach. You breathed a pure air, and there was no stench from inferior coal; you had time to admire the scenery of the most beautiful country in the world; you had no fear of losing your luggage; and for young persons in high spirits—"turning to mirth all things of earth," climbing with agility and with such proportions as did not encroach on their fellow-passengers—this process of locomotion was in fine weather healthful and exhilarating; but when

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old;

when the drip from your neighbour's umbrella was "flowing," as in the case of Miss Miggs, "aperiently down your back"; when you travelled over the Derbyshire moors in a snowstorm, or with fifteen degrees of frost; when the cramp held your leg in its grip; when a sudden blast took your hat over the bridge into the river; when a stout and stertorous farmer, who had been dining at the market ordinary,

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persisted in resting his head upon your shoulder ; when the "spanking tits" had quite left off spanking, there was a sense of incompleteness in the enjoyment of travelling by coach.

All who remember those tedious journeys on the road, and contrast them with the rapidity and the comforts of the rail, must rejoice that they are departed never to return ; and in the nights of winter, when the cold north winds blow, in a deluge of rain, when the telegram comes, "Make haste or you will be too late," they revere the memory and bless the work of George and Robert Stephenson.

In no *Lives of the Engineers*—which every boy should read—in no *Universal Biography*, are there records more admirable, more pathetic, than those of the Stephensons. Theirs is a history not only of extraordinary talent, indomitable courage, and triumphant victory, but of the most tender mutual affection.

"When Robert was a little boy" (these are his father's words), "I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed ? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

With all his heart and to the end of his days

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that son appreciated the self-denial of his father's love. "When I went to college," he said, "I knew the difficulty my father had in collecting funds to send me there; and therefore, before I went to Edinburgh, I learned shorthand, and while there I took down verbatim every lecture, and in the evening, before I went to bed, I transcribed them word for word in order that my father might receive the same advantage from their instruction." Afterwards he wrote: "It was my father's thorough training, his example, and his character which made me the man I am; and it is my great pride to remember that, whatever may have been my own connection with railway development, all I know, all I have done, is primarily due to the parent whose memory I cherish and revere."

It is my privilege as a friend, and something more than a friend, of the occupant, to visit the house in which George Stephenson spent the latter years of his life. It is pleasant to think of him resting, after his hard and anxious life, in the garden which he loved, and enjoying the fruits, not only of his wonderful success as an engineer, but of his vines, pineapples, and peaches, as an expert in their culture; and to this day no better grapes are grown in England than those in the houses which he built at Tapton.

The four-in-hand, if the horses are good and the driver knows his business, is a charming conveyance for a holiday tour—although in my opinion there is no form of locomotion to compare with an open

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carriage with four horses and postillions—and if it no longer excites the man in the street as it trumpets its way through Piccadilly, it is still a pretty and harmless plaything for the unemployed, and a delightful perch for peacocks at the Eton and Harrow match.

Toll-bars, although they had been long established, were ever regarded as a nuisance by those who travelled by road. When an Englishman goes forth on some special errand, he is impatient of delay. The vegetarian will tell us that too much animal food, and the teetotaller will tell us that too much alcohol, makes him inflammatory, irritable, sudden and quick in quarrel; but I prefer to believe that his determination to get on with his work or his pleasure evokes his resent of hindrance, especially when it is connected with the outlay of money. With reins in one hand and a whip in the other it was an annoyance to search for small coins and to receive numerous coppers, unbuttoning and rebuttoning outer garments, especially when it rained and the wind was never weary. In the days of my youth there was much more "dining out" than now, when the wiser plan prevails or providing beds for your guests instead of turning them out into the cold; and it was an ordeal on our return to find the gates locked, and to hear the monster who tolled and barred our way snoring loudly in his room overhead.

Nevertheless, these causes of provocation did not justify the intense hatred of the institution. We

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knew that the roads must be kept in order, and that those who used them were the right persons to pay for their use; we knew that until the law was altered there could be no evasion of payment; but we persisted, instead of attempting the reform, which was accomplished by wiser folks, in a continuous howl and lamentation which barked itself to sleep. The grievance in some cases became almost a monomania. My father was a man of generous disposition, and was rarely perturbed in spirit, but a toll-bar was too much for him. He seemed to be under the impression that toll-bars had been designed by the powers of evil to vex and embitter his existence. Time, which softens all asperities and teaches what a noble thing it is to suffer and be strong, had enabled him to contemplate with silent scorn the toll-bars which surrounded him on every side of his home; but when, like Gilpin, he "did ride abroad" with carriage and horses, his indignation at the continual appearance of his enemy could only find relief in words. It was a repetition of toll-bars when we were travelling in Wales which caused him to utter, to my astonishment and awe, for the first and only time in my hearing, a monosyllable which is only used in polite society with reference to the mothers of horses or to an obstruction made for the purpose of turning a wheel in the vicinity of a water-mill. Great was his joy when shortly afterwards the tidings came, in the year 1843, that the Welshmen had banded themselves together and pulled down many of these obstructions in the night.

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These demolitions, sometimes made by companies amounting to five hundred men, were only suppressed by military force, and resulted in a very considerable reduction. The leaders were dressed as women and called themselves Rebecca-ites, quoting in application to their enterprise the words from the Scriptures, "And they called Rebecca unto them and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? and she said unto them, I will go. And they blessed Rebecca, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of them which hate them."

I do not know how far this dislike was hereditary, but there was a surly, uncivil toll-taker not far from Oxford whom we thought it our duty to chasten by leaving the road in the immediate neighbourhood of his establishment and, after negotiating a few fences, by attracting his attention with the waving of handkerchiefs and derisive cheers, which he returned with imprecations and a clenched fist, until we expressed our regret that we were called away by urgent business from his charming conversation, and begged him on no account to wait for us at dinner. He was a bald man, and the request of the young Irish orator to whom I have referred in the preceding chapter for a lock of his hair to be placed in the Ashmolean Museum seemed almost more than he could bear. His misconduct, his want of respect, his disinclination to behave himself lowly and reverently to all his

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betters, was a painful indication of the democratic spirit which was at that time beginning to show itself among the lower orders, who were under a strong hallucination that the Maker of all men was no respecter of persons, that bees who made sweetness and light (honey and wax-candles) were very superior to drones who made nothing, and that the amalgamation of gold plate with pewter principles would produce canker.

Toll-bars suggested further evidence of this sad tendency to insubordination. It was well known in the University that when this same man, whom we were conscientiously constrained to rebuke, was informed by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, "Man, I have left my purse in Oxford, but I am the Master of Balliol" (this with as much majestic dignity as a small man on a small pony could assume), "and I shall give orders that you are paid," he had the effrontery to reply, "If you be'ant master of tuppence, you don't go through this gate to-day."

Clergymen on their way to take services in church were exempt from toll, but this privilege did not include friends who accompanied them. A friend of mine was driving with his sister on Sunday to a neighbouring village, and was surprised to see the collector of taxes standing by the closed gate with his hand stretched out for the toll. "Please to open the gate," said the parson. "I am on duty." "Three-halfpence" was the only reply. "I tell you that I am going to the next village to officiate, and am

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free from charge." "That is so," said the collector, "but does the lady preach? Three-halfpence; I'll trouble you for three-halfpence." It was paid, but on the following Sunday the lady alighted a short distance before she reached the turnpike and smiling upon the occupant as she passed through the side gate, rejoined her brother.

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CHAPTER XVI

Cycling

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum Collegisse juvat.

HORACE.

In an old scrapbook which delighted my boyhood there were pictorial representations of the dandies, bucks, or mashers of some hundred years ago, in tall hats, with curled brims, widening towards the top, high collared, short-waisted, long-tailed coats, tight pantaloons, and shoes, or hessian boots, enjoying their diversions—man-fighting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, masked balls, etc. In one of these delineations, "Corinthian Tom and Jerry," typical leaders of this delectable society, were mounted on the velocipede or dandy-horse, a beam of wood with a saddle in the centre, and wheels at either end. The rider propelled the machine by striking the ground with the right and left foot alternately until he had obtained sufficient impetus to convey him a short distance without further effort, and when this was exhausted he renewed his pedal performance. It was too much like walking, as the Irishman remarked, according to the ancient legend,

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when they put him in the sedan from which the bottom had been removed, and incurred such an amount of ridicule that many years elapsed before there were any attempts at improvement, before discoveries were made by which the feet acted on the wheels through the action of the pedals or stirrups, and by which the rider could guide the machine. Gradually the cycles attained an excellence which has added to the health, wealth, and happiness of our people. They enable men and women who live where the atmosphere is polluted and the light is obscured to go forth into the sunshine and to inhale the pure air which God designed for us all, untainted by chemicals, grit, and smoke. Eyes which have seen nothing but bricks and mortar without, and the drab, dingy walls of the office or the workshop within, may gaze with admiration on woods and streams, orchards in blossom or in fruit, the green pastures, or the valleys which stand so thick with corn that they seem to laugh and sing. Ears accustomed to the throb of the engine, the clank of machinery, "the car rattling o'er the stony street," may listen to the nightingale or the mellow ouzel fluting in the elm. Noses which have suffered from the odours of decay and dirt, wood pavements, kitchens, mews, may enjoy the fragrance of the primrose and the cowslip, the honeysuckle and aromatic herb.

A babe is born in a lonely home, two miles from the vicarage; a messenger comes to say that they know not whether it will live or die, and in a few

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minutes the vicar has arrived on his cycle and stands surpliced and with his miniature font of alabaster to baptize the child; or "Poor old Farmer Smith is fine and bad this night, and wants to see parson," and away goes the priest on his wheel. The doctor has come home with a tired horse—the only one he can afford to keep—but he mounts his bicycle as soon as he hears that Mrs. Jones is anxious to enrich creation, and his weary steed has rest.

It gladdens the heart to see these vehicles, with the tiny saddles a-top, by the walls of offices and other establishments, knowing that they have brought riders from without the city who would otherwise have been immured within it, and who, when the day's work is over, would return to more healthful homes.

To the tradesman in the distribution of his goods —meat, groceries, draperies, all lighter wares—the cycle is a profitable friend.

It promotes social intercourse, garden-parties, holiday tours. Experience, tragical in many instances, has taught caution, and the "scorcher" and the "coaster" have learned wisdom. The bell and the lamp have almost expelled the dangers of collision, and the clever invention which induced so much ridicule, vituperation, and menace is now regarded by all sane persons as a very precious addition to the manifold blessings of this highly favoured land.

Not only in times of peace, for recreation and business, but in times of war also the cycle will be a

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powerful auxiliary force. In the commencement of the South African war there were officers who condemned it as a useless encumbrance, and I know that in one instance a corps of cyclists met with more contempt than encouragement; but soldiers of enterprise and sagacity quickly recognised the use and advantage of a conveyance by which a man can travel long distances day after day with great rapidity, acting as scouts, making observations, carrying dispatches, having a motive power which requires no rest, no beans, oats, hay, or water.

It has been said that the bicycle interferes with the due observance of the Lord's Day, but the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. There is ample time for public worship, early and late, with other opportunties by the way; and serious thought and holy aspirations may come more often and impressively to the cyclist, as he moves quietly and silently through the fair scenes of the country, by solemn temples and by peaceful homes, than amid the noise and temptations of the streets or in the drowsiness of the armchair. We have had the nave of our cathedral at Rochester filled with cyclists, and the clergy should, I think, have short special services in places where they "most do congregate."

Of "the last new thing" in locomotion, the motor car, what shall I say of a production which simultaneously excites my anger and my sympathy, hopes and fears? It is an ugly abomination—it offends the

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eye, the nose, and the ear. I saw it arriving at a meet of the hunt, and I wondered whether or no some of our old masters who had never heard of its existence would have survived the sight; but I am convinced, notwithstanding, that it has not only come to stay, but to be a dominant factor for the welfare of the people. I anticipate that when the experience of clever men has made further improvements, and the temerity of foolish men has been severely punished, the motor car will facilitate to an extent unforeseen at present the traffic and transport in our land. It has been suggested that when it was necessary the roads should be made more available for its progress, the valleys exalted and the hills brought low, the crooked made straight and the rough places plain, and that from all parts of the country it should be possible for the traveller to pass without interruption to the end of his journey. Any disfigurements of the landscape which may be caused by these arrangements will be compensated by their profitable accommodation; and as future generations will know nothing of the loss which they have sustained, their ignorance will add to their bliss; but I am glad that I shall not be there, and a prevision of motor cars rushing and crawling as thick and as black as beetles on a kitchen floor all over the land is one of the minor considerations which make it easier to contemplate my departure to another world.

Locomotion by water has been almost as much

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improved as locomotion by land. Few comparisons are more striking than those which can be made by us octogenarians between the clumsy malodorous tubs in which, "cabined, cribbed, confined," crowded and cramped, inhaling grit and smoke, we were paddled over the seas, and such magnificent vessels as those which take us in eight days from Liverpool to New York and all over the navigable world with the comforts of our own home. The sufferings which I endured in early life between Holyhead and Dublin, Dover and Calais, impressed me with a solemn apprehension that the torture, if prolonged for two or three days would be fatal, and by this fear I was deterred for many years from those long voyages which, begun in trepidation, continued and ended in enjoyment. Fifty years ago there were few more nauseous odours than those of a steamer when you went on board. The spirit was depressed by an awful presentiment of doom, and a stern voice whispered Dante, with additions, "Whoso enters here leaves all hope—that he won't be ill—behind."

Many years ago I stood with Sir Richard Owen by the railway at Richmond, and as the trains passed to and fro he said to me: "All this will soon be obsolete, superseded by a mightier power—*electricity*. Seven years after the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and more than ten years before George Stephenson died, the world had been astonished by a marvellous demonstration. About

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the year 1837 electric telegraphs were established in three different countries—Steinheil's system at Munich, Morse's in America, and Wheatstone and Cooke's in England. The first telegraphs ever constructed for commercial purposes were laid down by Wheatstone and Cooke on the London and Birmingham and Great Western Railways. The wires, which were five in number, were buried in the earth, each acting on a separate needle; but this plan was too expensive, and was abandoned for the single and double needle by the same inventors. Science published its explanations, but not one man in a hundred tried to understand them. Every one confessed, "Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me; I cannot attain unto it." The ignorance which prevailed was enlivening. An old woman came from Lincoln to Newark, and not finding her umbrella, which had fallen under the seat of the carriage, concluded that she had left it at the station from which she came, and deplored her loss to the porter. Looking in, he saw the missing article on the floor, and his sense of humour suggested a little amusement at the expense of the owner. He advised her to lose no time in telegraphing, and as soon as she was out of sight he reared a ladder against one of the telegraph posts and placed the umbrella on the wires. The announcement of its arrival immediately following the dispatch of the telegram gave much pleasure to the old lady, but very little surprise. "In course," she said, "if they can convey me, as weighs thirteen stone, sixteen miles in forty minutes,

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they can't want more than a few seconds to pass on a thing like that."

Another matron kindly favours us with a similar entertainment. Receiving a telegram from a messenger who had only just left the office from which it was sent, she exclaimed as she opened it, "Well, I never! If here isn't a letter from my son William Henry, which is two hundred miles away, and the envelope has not had time to dry since the dear lad licked it with his tongue."

Electricity! Who can even conjecture the sources from which it will be stored, the methods and results of adaptation? Already it conveys our messages and news throughout the world, lights our dwellings, and is to light our streets. It is gradually becoming a chief locomotive power, although we are sadly behind our American friends with our electric railways and tramways. Six years ago they were using the electric elevator, a great improvement on the hydraulic lift.

We are told that shortly we are to cook our food, cultivate our land, print our publications, play our pianos, destroy our enemies and murderers, by electricity.

What will to-morrow be, who can tell? But of this I am sure, that whatever forms of locomotion there may be in the future, on land or water or in the firmament of heaven, there will be none so enjoyable as when a man who can ride is mounted on a well-bred, well-made, high-mettled, good-tempered

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horse. The elasticity, the spring of the living animal,

> Scarcely touching the ground, he's so proud and elate,

the variety of action, the docility, the reciprocity, are not to be had from wood or metal, electricity or steam; and it is to me a sadness that the number of those to whom this pleasure is given, with the exception of those who can afford to hunt or are mounted as soldiers, is rapidly decreasing. When the proclamations of the accession of King William the First were made, there were public processions of functionaries and others of influence on horseback in our cities and towns. When the accession of King Edward the Seventh was read to the people, men in authority rode in carriages or walked, because the majority—including chief magistrates, aldermen, and councillors—had never learned to ride. Had they been constrained to mount, there would have been a revelation of impotence. There would have been involuntary imitations of the American jockey, with his chin between the ears of his horse. There would have been glimpse of scenery between the rider and the saddle, visible through an arch of flesh, steeds curveting, unconsciously pricked by the spur, bridles in complication, stirrup-leathers too long and too short, hats (cocked and otherwise) trodden underfoot, satirical commentaries, derisive cheers, from the crowd.

Will there ever be a procession in London of royal

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motor cars? "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Queen Elizabeth came from Greenwich on a pillion behind her Lord High Chancellor, but no one would wish to see our beloved and beautiful Queen Alexandra riding thus in Piccadilly, with Lord Halsbury as Master of the Horse.

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CHAPTER XVII

Books Old and New*

'I have never pretended to be a learned man or a scholar, but God has given me a great love of books.—SIR DAVID DUNDAS.

HAPPY is the man who retains possession of the books which it has been his chief delight to read from childhood to old age. In the twilight,

> When in the crimson clouds of even
> The lingering light decays,
> And Hesper on the front of Heaven
> His glittering gem displays;

or in the firelight, ere the lamps are lit, it gladdens and it saddens his heart to muse upon the memories which they bring, like a panorama passing by in sunshine and in shade, with music merry and mournful like bells which chime and toll—now the wail of the pibroch and then the march of the silver trumpets and the glorious roll of drums. The homes and the haunts, the voices and the faces, the sights and the sounds, the

* I have made in this chapter some extracts from an article, "Among my Books," which I wrote for *Literature* having the kind consent of the editor.

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hopes and the fears of childhood and boyhood, of youth and manhood, come back to eye and ear. The toys and the posies, the cowslip balls and daisy chains, the games and the sports, the romantic mystery and glamour of love's young dream; and then the great ordeals of life, the contests for honour, authority, and wealth; the sacred and supreme ambition to overcome evil with good—all these are suggested by the books which excited our imaginations, exercised our thoughts, brought knowledge to our minds and to our souls.

There is the Book which was read to me by "a voice that is still" and the grotesque illustrations hallowed to me for ever by "the touch of a vanished hand." And there is the first story which was told to me before I could read—*The Talisman*. Seventy-five years have passed, but I have a distinct remembrance of the exact spot in our day-nursery on which I stood with tears in my eyes, and a gasp in my throat, and a painful pity in my heart, and heard how Sir Kenneth, lured to dishonour, returned to find that the standard of England was gone, and that Roswal, his faithful hound, whom he had left to guard it, was wounded, as it seemed, unto death, just raising his head in recognition and to kiss his master's hand. All my sympathies were with the Knight of the Leopard, although I knew that he was wrong in sacrificing his duty to his affection, because I was at that time *æt. meâ* vii., solemnly engaged to a lady *æt. suâ* vi., and therefore could thoroughly appreciate the overwhelming power of his temptation.

Stowed away on an upper shelf are many of the

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books which charmed me in the days of my childhood, and haunted me in the visions of the night. There were giants on the earth in those days, and apes and ghouls, as well as the lovely beneficent fairies and the munificent Santa Claus who came to our bedside on the eve of Christmas and filled the long paternal stocking, placed by our bedside in hopeful anticipation, with a selection of things pleasant to the eye and good for food, which made us dance with joy. As I gaze on those three stout volumes of *The Arabian Nights* I see the Genii come forth from the dark volume of smoke, Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, Ali Baba and his forty thieves. *Evenings at Home* recall a time when, having read *The Transmigrations of Indur*, we put our small heads under the bedclothes in the cold winter's night, and imagined that we were the dormice in their warm, snug habitations underground, with ample stores of nuts and other dainties. Or *Robinson Crusoe* suggested a braver enterprise, a more sensational drama on the same stage, when we personated the shipwrecked mariner in his first severe destitution, ejecting all the coverings of our couch, that, cruel only to be kind, we might gradually replace them, bringing them back one by one after pretended visits to the wreck ("making believe," as the marchioness said of her lemonade), first the sheets, then the blankets, then, to crown all, the counterpane, emerging from the frigid to the torrid zone, and magnifying our enjoyment of the glow by its contrast with our shivers in the cold.

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And then what happy memories are associated with that beloved *Boys' Own Book*, the dictionary and encyclopædia of our first games and pastimes, from cats' cradle to cricket! From the pages of this miniature quarto I received those early lessons in zoology which speedily took a practical form in the construction of fragrant menageries for rabbits, guinea-pigs, squirrels, white mice, magpies, jackdaws, and jays. Again I see the quadrilateral tenement for the conies, designed and erected by an under-gardener, and mainly consisting of superannuated doors, palings, and boards, surrounding private apartments made from barrels and boxes, with a huge tea-chest which served as a lying-in hospital, and was much in vogue with the conies.

On the shelves adjoining are Miss Edgeworth's stories, with *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *Sandford and Merton*, *Harry and Lucy*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *The Castle of Otranto*, *Baron Munchausen*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Fables of Æsop*, and *Tales of a Traveller*. I read the latter (first edition, John Murray, 1827) stretched full length upon the hearthrug with an intense satisfaction and that implicit belief in ghosts, hobgoblins, and other improbabilities which seems to be innate in us all—that precious relish for the horrible which is so liberally fed by parents and guardians as a primary and important adjunct to Christian education. This appetite had its seasons of terrible indigestion in the form of nightmare and in an awful dread when I awoke in the moonlight

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or when the last flame was flickering in the grate lest I should see, as "my uncle" saw, the white lady sitting on her chair, or should feel the chill which he felt from her shadow when she moved to go, which froze the marrow of his bones and made his blood run cold. I never could attain "my aunt's" contempt for spectres. "Ghosts!" she said. "Ghosts! Leave them to me; I'll singe their whiskers for them!" Sixty years after I read this book I visited the home of the author on the banks of the beautiful Hudson River, still covered by the ivy which was sent by Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, and not far from the spot where Major André was shot as a spy. And that last word reminds me of another American author in whose books my small mind largely rejoiced—*The Spy*, *The Pioneer*, *The Pilot*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*; and that again my joy was revived when I entered the home of Fenimore Cooper, visited the scenes which he describes so vividly, and was introduced at Albany to his children's children.

I pass to other shelves and epochs—for in our libraries are the records of our lives, and our biographies are in our books—to the period of sentiment and sport. Six dainty little volumes of Lord Byron's works remind me how it stirred my soul with pity to read of the tears falling from Gulnare upon the chains of Conrad, while poor Medora was dying from despair, and of beautiful Zuleika,

> Soft as the memory of buried love,
> Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts to heaven.

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I learned *The Dream* by heart, and have been on the hill where Mary Chaworth stood, "looking afar if yet her lover's steed kept pace with her expectancy and flew." The lover was John Musters, and the hill and the fair home at Annesley belong to his descendants. I could quote *Childe Harold* profusely, including, of course, the verses which describe the ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo; but my admiration of this poem was checked for a time when in my later schooldays I was ordered to translate a selection of the verses into Greek iambics. It was a cruelty, moreover, to Byron and the Greek language.

I am sorry that I read *Don Juan* in the hayloft, because it was an act of disobedience, and I agree for once with the fast young lady who said that "it was not quite the book which you would give to the dear rector's daughters"; but I am not aware that it did me harm, and I believe that in this case, as in many others, if there were no denunciations, not many young folks would care to read it. Be this as it may, we do not go to Byron for instruction in righteousness; but we learn from other books and teachers to admire that which is beautiful and true, and to reject that which is distorted and false.

A fine copy of the second edition of *Lalla Rookh* (Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, 1817), with a river of noble type flowing through broad white regions of paper, also belongs to the sentimental period. Some years ago an old lady who had heard the

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author sing his *Melodies* told me that, although his voice was weak and of small compass, it had such a pathetic power that

> The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
> The water from their eyes they would have stopped.

But there is something for this sentimental period, something about love's young dream, in all the poets, and I have a goodly collection, with the king of them all in six glorious tomes, "bound in russia and lettered in gold." The old favourites still hold precedence: Scott and Goldsmith and Gray—*The Lady of the Lake*, *The Deserted Village*, *The Elegy*.

The sporting proclivities which not only possess "the beardless boy who delights in the horse and the hound," but the man who has begun to shave, are recorded by encyclopædias of rural sports, sporting magazines, books by "Nimrod" and "The Druid," and by one who far excelled all others in his description of the chase, Whyte Melville. To me most precious are the works of Surtees, because the hand which illustrated them has written in each volume, "With John Leech's kindest regards."

His name and his works remind me of others whose books are placed in proximity to those which I have just named, and who taught me to enjoy one of the most precious gifts which is bestowed on man by his Maker, and which is commonly known as "the sense of humour." To the triumvirate who were my chief benefactors, and whom it was my

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privilege to know and love as my friends—Dickens, Thackeray, and Leech—I have done homage on happy occasions; and I have a pleasant recollection of the smile and the sympathy of the author of *Pickwick* when I told him, in proof of my profound admiration, how in my school-boy days from an income of six-pence per week I had reserved half for the purchase of that famous book, then in course of monthly publication, and had the complete work still in my possession bound by a country bookseller in the most primitive form of the art. The smile expanded as I proceeded to describe my wrestlings with temptation—the agony of conflict between body and mind when an itinerant confectioner appeared with his tray, and around I cast my greedy eyes upon the tartlets and the pies; or when the syren sang in the voice of the oyster-man, who stood at the door of our school-yard and lured us on our voyage of virtuous economy to the fatal rocks of self-indulgent greed, not only by the cravings of appetite, but by the fascinations of gambling. His mode of business was to receive a halfpenny from his customer, who cried "head" or "tail" (the tail was represented by a figure of Britannia in full uniform, with helmet and shield) as the vendor threw it upwards. The speculator lost his coin if his conjecture was wrong; but if right, he received an excellent oyster with a copious supply of peppered vinegar from a huge stone bottle which had a slit in the cork.

By "a sense of humour" I mean not only the prompt

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perception and keen enjoyment of the grotesque and ludicrous, absurdities of behaviour, exhibitions of ignorance, incongruous combinations, but a mirthful delight in the exposure of shams, the discomfiture of humbugs, the kicking of bullies, the handcuffing of thieves, the bumps and the bruises of fallen pride. I mean not only the sense, but the use, of humour in its noblest and most powerful form, when without gall or bitterness it makes a laughing stock of vice, playfully abstracts the peacock's plumes from the dismal feathers of the daw, perforates as though by the accidental contact of a pin's point the wind-bags of self-conceit (*rem acu tetigisti*), and imitates with all good-humour, but with the precision of a photograph and the accuracy of an echo, the comicalities of swagger and the silly affectations of "side." If the mirror is so placed by author, artist, or actor before foolish persons that they can see themselves as other see them, some may be saved by ridicule whom reason was powerless to persuade.

There are men (so called) who so far from distrusting, concealing, or trying to extenuate their infinite selfishness or even their gross sensuality, exult in their cleverness to defraud and deceive, to speak all words that may do hurt, to corrupt their companions, to pollute the pure, to mingle strong drink, to make a mock at sin. Their glory is their shame, and they exult when they hear themselves described as the most accomplished rogues of their era, up to every move, and more successful in "bringing off good

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things"—by which is meant the transfer by deceit and fraud of their neighbours' property to themselves —more than the boldest burglar, who has just got away with his "swag." Nevertheless, if these creatures can be made the objects of a righteous scorn, made to feel that they are despised as knaves and braggarts by men in every way their superiors, they will begin to cringe and to squirm, and either to improve their status in decent society or to wriggle out of it.

No three contemporaries had ever such a special power to achieve this happy consummation as the trio to whom I have referred—to ring out the false and ring in the true, to detect the wigs and the dyes, the paints and the paddings, of the *roué* and the hag, to dethrone pretenders, to mount the fictitious sportsman on a horse which he cannot ride, to exhibit the sham philanthropist, the devoted friend of any young orphan who happens to have three or four hundred pounds, in his drunken imbecility, to detect "rogues in grain, veneered with sanctimonious theories," and to douse St. Stiggins in the trough, to take the base coin and bend it or drop it on the pavement with a thud. Who can read Thackeray—his derisive scorn of prigs and parasites, loafers and sneaks, of egotism, nepotism, toadyism, red-tapism, of the worship of titles, the idolatry of income, the cult of the stomach, of snobs among all sorts and conditions of men, in town and country, patrician, plebeian, rich and poor, clerical and lay—without something more than a brief delight in his insight and descriptive power; without a new disdain of

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arrogance, of idleness, duplicity, ignorance, and lust; without a new admiration of "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure?"

We ask, with the author, what is it to be a gentleman? and he shows us in Colonel Newcome. We ask, what makes men mean and miserable? and he tells us vice. We ask, what makes life bright and brave and hopeful? and he tells us religion and virtue. I believe that this satirical humour in all times and ages, applied to the condemnation of that which is evil and the exaltation of that which is good, has had splendid influence, and never more since the time of Juvenal than now. I affirm from an experience long and large that in proportion to the increase of our population there has been a manifest decrease in the number of our fops, cockscombs and other examples of imbecility and ostentation

Education and a larger intercourse with our fellowmen through the new facilities of locomotion have contributed to this felicitous eviction, letting light into dark places, dispersing monopolies, and dismissing small autocrats, who, "dressed with a little brief authority," reigned as kings and queens in our villages and towns, but I am convinced that the caustic criticism of the author, the artist, and the actor, of the pen, the pencil, and the stage (and where shall we find them in such a combination of talent as in the writings, the drawings, the drama of *Punch*?), have been and are, the most successful agents in

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effecting a secession of humbugs and an expurgation of fools.

The works of Dickens and Thackeray are in all our public and in most of our private libraries. They are circulated throughout the civilised world. The works of John Leech are treasured in countless homes, although they have no longer that universal appreciation which they had when they first portrayed the manners and customs of their day; but when the two great authors and the great artist were with us, I am inclined to think that in its gentle application of rebuke and protest the pencil had more power than the pen. The Horatian precept

> Segnius irritant animos dimissa per aures
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus

was verified by every sketch which he drew. The authors whom I have named attained consummate excellence in representing to their readers the characters, the manners and conversation, of those persons with whom they were familiar, but this experience had its restrictions. Dickens knew little or nothing of the Upper Ten Thousand and Thackeray went no lower than the powdered "Jeames," but Leech had no such limits to his range. Whatever he saw, and wherever he saw it, if he thought it would point a moral or evoke innocent mirth, he could reproduce it. Except in his political cartoons he made no portraits, but in all his delineations of persons there was an unmistakable suggestion of the order to

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which they belonged, from bishops to burglars, dukes to dustmen. None could doubt for an instant the nationality of his Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans. He threw his searchlight on the ambuscade of the knave,

> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office,

on the extravagance of the rich and on the sufferings of the poor. He despised the coarse malignant caricatures—the bloated peers and parsons, the red-faced women who were all waist and the ridiculous dandies who had no waists at all—of Rowlandson, Gillray, Woodward, and Bunbury. He and his contemporaries—John Tenniel, Richard Doyle, Du Maurier, and Keene—had too much respect for themselves, their admirers, and their art, to make a jest of subjects which were lascivious or profane.

I have not the time, nor is this the opportunity, to speak of my books theological, ecclesiastical, historical, but I desire, before we leave the library, to refer briefly to a particular department of modern literature.

And what would "the Preacher," the son of David, who wrote nigh upon three thousand years ago that "of making of books there was no end"—what would he say could he see the long rows of daily publications at one of our great railway stations, read the advertisements of new and forthcoming books in one of our London newspapers or quarterly magazines, or watch

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the steam printing press as it produced in an hour as much matter as would occupy a penman for his life?

On all subjects this making of many books is infinite; this current of literature, like the immortal brook, "goes on for ever." Be they good, bad, or indifferent—as Martial said of his works, *sunt bona, sunt mala, sunt mediocria*—the demand seems equal to the supply. Not at Athens when St. Paul was there was the desire greater to tell or to hear than now in England to read or to write some new thing. And *the* new thing which attracts the most is well named *the novel.* The child is father to the man, and "Tell me a story" is the cry of old and young I find accordingly, from information which has been kindly given to my inquiries from public librarians, that in some cases the demand for works of fiction has exceeded that for all other books put together; in some it was half, in some a third. There was a remarkable difference in places not far from each other. For example, in Manchester the figures sent to me (in the year 1896) were: total circulation, 152,767; fiction, 55,132; and at Liverpool: total circulation, 613,924; fiction, 478,462. The large proportion of those who read works of fiction is made up of persons who in capacity and character are altogether opposed to each other; chiefly of indolent folk, *ignavum pecus*, who have no energy, no regular employment, no ambition beyond their own amusement. Only those books evoke their sympathies which appeal to their senses; but there are many

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others, and I claim to be one, who find in the higher class of these novels a great refreshment and delight. Weary at times with work and duty and the perusal of more serious books, they rejoice, like horses set free from harness and turned into pleasant pastures, in these clever descriptive stories, in their knowledge and insight, their humour and pathos, their exciting incidents, their shrewd reflections. It is indeed a restful felicity, on a garden chair, *sub tegmine fagi*, on a deck chair when winds are still, in an armchair by the fire, to sit with a paper-knife in one hand and a new book in the other by one of those authors whom we admire the most. Happily, they are not only able, but abundant—an *embarras des richesses* for those who have the desire, but not the leisure, to read them.

There are three kinds of objectionable novels—the impossible, the sensual, the profane. A few of our modern writers produce these ingredients in combination.

The first are comparatively harmless. They are often disappointments, because the authors in many cases are accomplished scribes, and because when the reader is prepared to believe almost anything, he is distressed to lose his power of credulity. He can no longer identify himself with the hero of such preposterous romance. He ceases to enjoy great beads of agony breaking forth from the bewildered brow; it affords him no gratification to hear the bay of the ferocious bloodhound growing more and more distinct; to put spurs to his gallant steed, flecked with foam

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and panting for breath. He has no zest for concealing himself in caves and bogs and subterraneous passages, and is just as happy and comfortable in the dark dungeon with loathsome things crawling around, and the water dripping from the roof, as though he were strolling in the sunshine at home. He is not in the least excited when he finds himself dangling over the sea at the end of a rope, by which he has just escaped from the castle of his enemy, and which is gradually fraying itself against a projection in the rock. It gives him neither surprise nor pain to be struck down from behind just when he was finishing off the last of five furious adversaries. And he is incapable of emotion when after a few weeks, in which all was a blank, he awakens in a dwelling of small dimensions, but scrupulously clean, and sees the object of his affections gazing fondly upon him, but with her finger on her lips, either to intimate that he is too weak for conversation or that the sound of his voice may be heard by his rival, who is lurking in the neighbourhood and thirsting for his blood. He is, of course, aware that his life will be carefully preserved until the end of the third volume, and that in all probability he will live happy ever afterwards; but the strain of being knocked about, like the constable in *Punch*, chapter after chapter, is too great for him, and now, after a short series of hemorrhage, abductions, shipwrecks, and explosions, he can no longer identify himself with the hero—and lays the book aside.

Seriously and sadly we turn from these extravaganzas

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to books which are immoral and profane—to the novel which Sheridan described as "an everlasting tree of diabolical writing," and of which it may be said, "Thou shalt not bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be an accursed thing like it." There are authors, as well as talkers, who seem to think that they cannot be witty unless they are indecent, that all men are as sensual and as sceptical as themselves, and that incontinence and irreverence are of all themes the most popular. Without spiritual instincts or sacred aspirations they would degrade their readers to their own low level, and would persuade them that all men who were not fools would be knaves did they not fear detection, and that women are virtuous because they are not tempted; that their modesty is caused by timidity or a slow circulation, and that "cold Dian" alone is "chaste." They would have us believe that there are no such things as happy homes, hearts of each other sure, and that marriage has abundance of peace so long as the moon, the honeymoon, endureth; but not much afterwards. They write for those who think as they think, that our being's end and aim is to live in houses ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, to be clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, and doing that which is right in our own eyes. They recognise no obligations of duty or obedience except from their inferiors, as they call them—their tradespeople and servants. Work is for the lower classes. The poor are sufficiently relieved by the rates and the guardians, and

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the sick should be sent to the hospital. Drunkards, prostitutes, and prisoners must be managed by the police and must not come between the wind and their nobility. Nevertheless, they make heroes of libertines and heroines of those who have lost the shame which is a glory and a grace.

Vice, as represented by these professors of immoral philosophy to their disciples, is so lovely, so jubilant, so perpetually crowned with roses, so absolutely exempt "from all the ills which flesh is heir to," from jealousies and disappointments, ennui and headache, that poor virtue in this dazzling splendour pales its ineffectual fire, and, as Martha Penny remarked of the Protestant religion, after she had witnessed the gorgeous ceremonials of Rome, "it do look mean and pokey." The heroes and heroines of obscene romance come to no misfortune like other folks, but are always lusty and strong. The transcendent beauty of the women, the perfect form so liberally displayed; the athletic achievements of the men, who witch the world with noble horsemanship, almost equal to that of a circus; the exquisite surroundings—gold and silver and ivory in abundance, as when the navies of Hiram brought them from Tarshish, and still associated with apes and peacocks—these fascinations charm the imagination, perplex the reason, and persuade the weak. Not a word is said of the sure results, of retribution and remorse, of dishonour and disgrace, of disease and of want, of mortgaged estates and desolate houses, of broken hearts, of the valley of the shadow of death.

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These writers, of all bookmakers the most unscrupulous, ignore religion, or only refer to it as a fond thing vainly invented, a myth and superstition. None but persons of weak intellect are supposed to attend public worship or to take any notice of the Lord's Day. Divine service is mere formalism, reverence is ostentation; and they who would help others or restrain themselves are denounced as "goody-goodies" and almost as unfit as poor relations for genteel society. "They are excellent people, and their antimacassars and their cheap blankets, and their performance on the harmonium and their soup for the poor, are beyond all praise; but you know, dear, they would be quite miserable, and would make everybody else quite miserable, if we were to ask them to dine."

Christianity is declared by those who know about as much of it as a monkey knows of mathematics to be "played out." The Old Testament is not more reliable than the false decretals; the New Testament is a venerable legend, a "sweet Galilean story"; the clergy are Papists, Calvinists, hyprocrites. They are also bracketed as "old women," as though men who had won honours in the schools, on the river, and the cricket and the football fields were suddenly emasculated at their ordination, and transformed into muffs and duffers. They hinder progress (quite so—the rake's progress), their sermons are twaddle, and their conversation is cant. "Papa told me," it is written in one of these novels, "to be good, and

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not to mind what priests or clergymen said to me. He had been a clergyman himself, and knew all about it."

We hear much of evolution, of the religion of humanity, and of the Church of the future; but they who blow these bubbles, from dirty pipes and foam, do nothing for the Church of the present; they enter not themselves, and they that were entering in they hinder. They laden other men with burdens grievous to be borne, they have an exact knowledge of every other man's duty, but they themselves render no assistance, not even with one of their fingers. They try to convince themselves and others that a religion which reproaches and thwarts, which is constantly obtruding itself, like Elijah to Ahab, when its presence is inopportune, is obsolete and impossible. They avoid and ignore it; they make a desert and they call it peace.

No one would suppose from reading these books that all over the civilised world prayer was ascending from millions of hearts, from secret chambers and oratories, from Christian households, from devout congregations, to the Great Intercessor; that through faith and grace, through the comfort of the Scriptures and the power of the Sacraments, a multitude which no man can number were following in the steps of their Divine Master, caring for His poor, nursing the sick, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, instructing the ignorant, raising the fallen, not willing that any should perish. There might be

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no missionaries, no martyrs, no Christian men and women working in the slums and preaching righteousness, not only with their lips, but with their lives.

It has been said that these books are so offensive to conscience, reason, and experience that they carry with them their own refutation. Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone. But what of those who are weak in faith, who are unstable as water, who are young and foolish? It is shown from the statistics of our public libraries that these novels are largely read by young persons from fourteen to twenty years of age.

Here is an epitome of one of these productions, which, though it can hardly be surpassed as a specimen of immoral rubbish, went through fifteen editions:— Herminia, the daughter of a dean, and educated at Girton, despises parents and preceptors, and feels it to be her special mission to abolish marriage. She regards that estate as "an ignominious thraldom, buttressed with horrors." She is "pure and pellucid," and she is attired in a sort of sleeveless sack, which sets off to the utmost the lissom grace of her rounded figure, elsewhere described as "opulent." On meeting the hero, Alan, "just home from the Perugenesque solidarities of the Umbrian Apennines," her heart gives a delicious palpitation, and his heart makes a simultaneous jump. They "thrill and heave," but when marriage is suggested Herminia regards it as an insult. So there follows that which the author of the book describes as an irregular contract—an arrangement which greatly

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shocks poor strait-laced, kind-hearted Miss Waters, and disgusts Alan's father, a physician who had been made a baronet for his successful ministrations to a royal duke who had suffered from self-indulgence. Alan dies, and Herminia meditates suicide; but the contemplation of her baby's rosy feet induces her to defer the process, until the daughter, grown to womanhood, announced that she was going to be married. This base degeneracy of the child, to whom she had boasted "Your dear father was no relation whatever to me," this mean assent to revelation and to law, broke the sad mother's heart, and she removed herself from a world in which, "a martyr to humanity, she struck a righteous blow in the interests of woman," and with a promise from her biographer that inestimable benefits would hereafter spring from her grave at a date which will be definitely fixed, and in a form of which full details will be given on a future occasion.

The most odious, because it is the most attractive, form of that literature which attacks the sanctity of marriage and imperils the happiness of domestic life is the literature of the drama, because it presents its allurements, not only to the imagination, but to the eye and ear. It is a confederacy of immodest words with immodest beauty, gesture, and dress. It is a wicked song sung by lying lips, but it fascinates like the song of Vivien—

> When Merlin look'd and half believed her true,
> So tender was her voice, so fair her face.

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It would persuade men that, because

> We sin, and all the world goes round,
> As if no evil deed were done,

we are afraid where there is no cause for fear; and it is most persuasive when a woman sings. Sad, indeed, it is when she who might have so much influence for good, of whom it has been said that "she who rocks the cradle rules the world," suggests by her pen impurity to the pure, ridicules virtue, and condones vice; but she who personates evil has the greater sin, because she has the greater power. The first Lord Burleigh is reported to have said to his son, "Thou shalt find nothing in life so irksome as a female fool"; and he might have added, "Thou shalt find nothing in life so fatal to its happiness as a female libertine, for it is written 'More bitter than death is the woman whose heart is snares and nets.'"

We must remember, while we condemn these degradations, that they are few and exceptional, that they exist only when "the people love to have it so," that the supply would cease with the demand, and that they who live to please must please to live. If they who call themselves Christian gentlemen would only patronise those performances to which they could take their wives and daughters without fear of disgust, there would be a large exodus of nymphs in the nude, to return clothed and in their right mind, and it would be found possible to entertain an audience without lascivious innuendo or immoral double entendre. Appeals to man as a mere

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animal are easily accepted by those who devote themselves to eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; but the effect, like love which has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived and apt to have ague fits. There are theatres now by the score in which the appeal is addressed by actors and actresses—irreproachable, refined, accomplished—not to the sensual, but to the religious, moral, and intellectual instincts. There is no excuse for those who turn away from wholesome food and generous wine to prey on garbage and to drink bad beer; and it is the same with our books as with our plays. Publishers, booksellers, library committees, as a rule, will have nothing to do with those writers who would disparage honour and veneer deceit; and to the gentlemen who have the chief control of the circulation of books at our railway stations we owe a debt of gratitude, the extent of which is known only to those who have purposely inspected, as I have, some of the books which they have placed on their list of Rejected Addresses.

We may number with a righteous pride the authors who might repeat the words which the most famous of modern novelists, Charles Dickens, prefixed to his most famous work: "I trust that throughout this book no incident or expression occurs which would call a blush into the most delicate cheek, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive person"; and the authoresses are many of whom may be spoken the praise which Macaulay wrote of Miss Burney, that "although she had a keen appreciation of humour, her

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language was never inconsistent with morality, nor even with virgin delicacy." The books are few, very few, which communicate to gentlemen who read them a strong desire to kick the author and to ladies a sense of insult.

With regard to the literature which is the most important of all, which has the most extensive circulation and the most powerful influence—I mean the literature of the "Fourth Estate," of the newspaper press—every Englishman and Scotchman must feel a righteous pride in the progress which has been made in the quantity and quality of its daily and weekly publications. "The last forty years have seen journalism extending as a profession from a casual, attenuated, and precarious calling into a wide and prosperous pursuit, attracting and supporting perhaps twenty or thirty men where only one found a footing before."* I was a contributor to my county newspaper, the *Nottingham Journal*, sixty-seven years ago, and having been always a reader and sometimes a writer, having had much personal intercourse with editors, journalists, and reporters on both sides of the Atlantic, I can testify to the improvement which has been made both in the matter and the men. I recall a time when the quill (how near the god drew to the similitude of a goose!) was dipped in the gall of bitterness, and the composition was as weak as the animosity was

* From a most interesting address on "The Press Militant," given at a meeting of the Ripon Diocesan Conference by Mr. H. J. Palmer.

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strong. The sole ambition of the Tory editor was "to dash the Whigs" and to consume them in the flames of his wrath, while the Whig editor turned on Niagaras of cold water to extinguish the fire and to drown the incendiary—*arcades ambo et cantare pares et respondere parati.* Dickens did not exaggerate the vituperative talents of these disputants when he quoted the mutual denunciations of the *Eatanswill Independent* and the *Eatanswill Gazette*, in which they referred to each other as "our worthless contemporary," "that disgraceful and dastardly journal," "that false and scurrilous print," "that vile and slanderous calumniator." The epithets are not deficient in vigour, but they cannot compare with an unsavoury quotation, which I only venture to make in proof of my assertion, from a leading article which I read in my youth, and in a newspaper which was entitled the *Age*, and which commenced with the words, "In that ball of horse-dung called the *Globe*." *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—the present chief and his staff, writing as educated gentlemen, and sometimes when the war of words is over, smoking together, as members of the same club, the fragrant pipe of peace.

It is to these men, to their independence and impartiality, that I desire to offer my tribute of admiration and respect. They may be advocates for a political party, they may support the men who are in office or they may desire to substitute others, they may say satirical and severe things; but they are unanimous in

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maintaining the great fundamental principles of truth and charity. They may desire to make alterations in the law, but, until such changes are made, they insist on obedience to the powers that be. They translate *Pro rege, lege, grege*, "For the King, the law, and the people," and not as some (so Lord Brougham said), "For 'King,' read 'people.'" They may differ as to creeds and communities, but they believe in Christ; they do not preach sermons or indulge in theories or rigid definitions; they do not excommunicate or sentence to penal servitude for life; they do not undertake to teach men their business; but they put *facts* before them, and leave them to judge for themselves. They act upon the injunction, *audi alteram partem*, and their columns are always open to any rational protest. They do not gloat on atrocities or pile up the agony, or invite their readers to dine in a charnel house or sup in a chamber of horrors.

Our kinsmen in America transcend us in many things—in their appliance of electricity, in their inventive genius, in secular education, and in hard work; but with a few exceptions, in New York and other great cities, the newspapers of Jonathan are but as tinsel, shoddy, and squibs compared with the newspapers of John. Jonathan has raised a new variety of the peach and has named it "Stump the World," but this title would be more worthily bestowed upon the newspaper of John.

It has been truly said that "for a hundred years in

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England, the most fruitful century which the world has seen, the newspaper has been something more than a chronicle of news. It has been an organ of opinion, an instrument of reform, a bulwark of public rights, and an interpreter of public sentiments. After the manner of our national system it has been allied with contending parties and schools of thought, but in that sense only has it been divided in its allegiance. Throughout every vicissitude of popular conflict it has been steadily true to the principle that public interests must dominate over private objects."

Not only on Olympus, where a Jupiter Tonans makes his thunder heard through the world, not only in London, but "wherever men most do congregate" (and we of the northern and midland districts are in this matter specially favoured), men of first-rate ability, honesty, and common sense promote this noble work and win respect, if not full sympathy, from all.

Many of the happiest hours of my life have been spent with these ready writers, bright, brotherly, full of wise saws and modern instances, when they pass from labour to refreshment, like those boys at school who work with all their head and play with all their heart. More than forty years ago, in the homes of Thackeray, Millais, and Leech, at the Garrick Club, and elsewhere, it was my privilege to meet many of the most distinguished writers who were on the staff of the *Times* when John Delane was king and Mowbray Morris his prime minister. I was sitting

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at dinner by Shirley Brooks when he invited the company to solve an enigma, subsequently published in *Punch*, of which he was then the editor. Lord Palmerston was Premier, and Lady Palmerston gave many receptions, which were frequently attended by the editor of the *Times*. "Why," said *Punch*, "does Lady Palmerston's residence resemble the establishment of Messrs. Swan and Edgar?" and when grim silence held her solitary reign, he told us: "Because it is *the best house in London for muzzling Delane* (*mousseline de laine*)." Everybody knew that any such repression was not within the range of practical politics, and we all enjoyed without disrespect or hesitation the delicious *jeu d'esprit*.

Many stories were told of this illustrious president of the press. In his later years he lamented the diminution of his hair, and resented any allusion to his loss. Desiring to send a wedding present to one of his friends for whom he had a great regard, he consulted another, in whose taste he had confidence, as to the selection of his gift. He wanted "something different to the conventional clocks, inkstands, gongs, and letter-boxes—something which was precious from its rarity and could not be replaced." The referee made answer: "If you wish to give him something which is really becoming very scarce indeed, why not send him a lock of your hair?"

There is a good story of another famous editor, which, being in my anecdotage, I presume to repeat—of Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, whose

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writing was illegible, except the signature. He wrote a dismissal to one of his employés who had committed a serious offence, denouncing his misconduct and demolishing his character with unsparing severity; but the recipient, having the sagacity to foresee that no one would attempt the perusal of a manuscript of which he himself, although it was familiar to his sight, and its intention clearly understood, could only read here and there a word, boldly used it as "a commendatory letter from his dear old friend Horace Greeley" in his application to elective committees, until the usual retribution came. He had obtained an appointment for which he was in every way unfit, when Horace Greeley, by an extraordinary effort, wrote a letter which could be read, and there was a dissolving view of the elect.

In addition to our daily newspapers, we have an abundance of weekly, monthly, quarterly publications, which instruct and entertain us with their clever essays, reviews, stories, and illustrations. I can only remember in the days of my youth the *Edinburgh Review*, which was the first to

Spread its bright wings of saffron and of blue;

the *Quarterly*, which John Murray started as an antidote; *Blackwood's Magazine* (I tried hard to understand *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, but the wit was too strong for my boyish brain, and I betook myself to *The Diary of a Late Physician*, as one who cannot drink champagne consoles himself with ginger-beer); *Fraser's*

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Magazine; *Bentley's Miscellany*, of which Charles Dickens was the first editor, and in which was first published his marvellous story of *Oliver Twist*; *Chambers's Journal*, and the *Penny Magazine*. Now there is an *embarras des richesses*, and he who goes to make choice at a bookstall is like a boy who goes into a kitchen garden when the cherries and the raspberries, the gooseberries and the currants—red, black, and white—are all ripe together. Every one who has a hobby—the scientific, the sentimental, the scholar, the sportsman, the naturalist, the artist, the financier, and the cyclist—has a choice of publications on the subject which interests him the most.

The last to join the great mixed multitude of the scribes is the interviewer, male and female. Of these writers I have had a large and pleasant experience, having been visited by two hundred in the United States and by a considerable number on this side of the Atlantic. I have always welcomed as a compliment an intimation from the editor of a popular publication that his readers would be willing to make my further acquaintance, and I have generally derived from the intelligent experts of his staff more interesting information than I was able to impart. There have been a few embarrassments, as when I found five journalists awaiting my arrival at midnight in the hotel of a large American city; when I received an invitation through the key-hole of my bedroom door to commence a conversation with a gentleman outside, who "bid me discourse" just when I had carefully prepared myself to be

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invested—or, rather, divested—as a companion of the bath; and some of the inquiries were complicated and required more consideration than the opportunity seemed to suggest, as when the same interrogator asked me in rapid sequence what I thought of New York City, Oliver Cromwell, and the Intermediate State.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Parties.—I. Political

The Blues lost no opportunity in opposing the Buffs and the Buffs lost no opportunity in opposing the Blues, and the consequence was that whenever the Buffs and the Blues met together at public meeting, town hall, fair, or market, dispute and high words rose between them.—*The Pickwick Papers.*

Some forty years ago I was a guest at a christening party, invited by my friend Mr. Shirley Brooks, who was then the editor of *Punch*, and at the déjeuner which took place after the ceremony I sat next to Mr. Charles Knight, the historian. We were speaking of the more reverent administration of the Sacrament publicly at the font in our churches, with sponsors who felt their responsibilities, instead of the private performance at one time almost universal with the slop-basin; and he told me that when he was a small child one of his godfathers put a silver coin on the table and said, "Now, my boy, that half-crown is for you when you have said, 'Damn Billy Pitt.'" Let us hope that he who proposed this vile contract really believed that the honour and welfare of his country could only be maintained by the relegation of Mr.

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Pitt to the region suggested by his name. These blasphemous condemnations were common, and even now are not entirely unknown, and were rather the expressions of prejudice and personal feeling than of patriotism in a righteous cause. Mr. Knight was many years my senior, but I recalled in response a similar occurrence. A boy of six addressed a gentleman of high position in his county, but of Liberal principles, soon after a great reform riot, in which Nottingham Castle was burnt, with this solemn warning: "If you go about throwing stones, breaking windows, and burning houses, you will go to a bad place."

It is difficult to realise in these days the intensity of political bias; we children would hear in our distant nurseries the strife of tongues after dinner-parties, and we had horrible dreams that the rioters had arrived with torches and surrounded the house.

Among the extremists the Tory regarded the Radical as a Guy Fawkes who was ever making secret preparations to blow up the British Constitution, as a sort of fellow who would rob a church, and was afflicted by a chronic hydrophobia, a dread of cold water, whether for outward or internal use. The Radical, on the other hand, was fully convinced that the Tories were in a state of rapid decomposition, mental and physical, with their vassals dancing like monkeys to a barrel organ, forsaken by all but their fleas.

A lord lieutenant declined to make a magistrate of a gentleman because he was professedly associated

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with commerce, but really because he belonged to the Whig party. He did not sympathise with the commendation of the New Testament, bestowed upon one who had gained by trading. He regarded trade as a degradation, and would have all work restricted to the lower orders. Lord John Russell, to whom an appeal was made, seems to have had more respectful sympathies with the commercial classes, and made another appointment. Modifications ensued, but these inflammable symptoms still continued. They came to a head and were relieved by copious hemorrhage at the time of an election. It would be unbecoming to an aged dignitary to speak in praise of rude words and rough actions, but I am constrained to say, with regard to the elections, that the mirth of the land is gone, and that there were certain beneficial results, as when the lancet of the surgeon lets out bad humours, or when two boys who have been jeering and sneering at each other take off their jackets and go in. To a fighting nation like ours the election fifty years ago was a crisis which evoked all the strategies and energies of an offensive and defensive war. While potent landlords, clever lawyers, active agents, fluent speakers, and humorous satirists were coaxing and intimidating, the Blues met the Reds by torchlight, and lost no time in tearing each other's flags into ribbons and in punching each other's heads. The big drum of the Tories was first perforated by the trombone of the Radicals, and subsequently smashed by their ophicleide, and the drummer, after

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belabouring his enemies with the two sticks, retired a sadder and a lighter man.

The mothers, wives, and daughters of the intelligent electors were occupied at midnight and in the early morning, like the armourers on the eve of Agincourt, with busy hammers, or rather with diachylon, closing up wounds and applying sponges and poultices, and bandages and slabs of raw beef, to the swollen faces of their warriors, who appeared next morning wearing on their countenances a combination of the colours of either party, purple and red, and manifesting a strong reluctance to renew the battle without pecuniary and alcoholic inducements. As to bribery, there was neither secrecy nor sense of shame; the electors knew the market value of their votes, and where they could obtain it. Sometimes, when the contest was very severe, a few astute economists would abstain from voting until a few minutes from the close of the poll, when they could name their price as masters of the situation.

I remember an occasion when, under these circumstances, a coterie of a dozen of these free and independent electors, having been paid an extravagant sum for their votes, were assembled waiting for their conveyance to the poll. A carriage and four arrived, the horses and postillions being profusely decorated with the colours of their party. There was ample time for the brief journey, but the horses seemed to be under excitement, and at the crack of the whip they broke from a trot to a canter, and from a

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canter to a hand gallop, and, instead of taking the turn which led to the polling booth, went past full speed, the coachman replying to the remonstrances of the voters, "Can't hold 'em; keep still, as you value your lives; they will stop at Highmore Hill." But Highmore Hill was three miles away, and they did not stop till they had reached the top opposite the Red Lion Hotel; and then the electors, having been paid their money before they started, and knowing it was too late to record their votes, refreshed themselves until the shades of evening fell, and they could escape on their return the derision of their opponents, by whom they had been so successfully duped. The coachman received a ten-pound note, which he well deserved, for he literally won the election in a canter.

The strife of tongues and of pens was as persistent as that of strategy, pugilism, and bribery. The arguments of the editor, the appeals of the orator, the poet, the satirist, the punster, and caricaturist encountered each other. The political squibs hissed and fizzed with a villainous smell of saltpetre; it was a time of terrible retribution to those more prominent electors who had committed some indiscretion in their youth and appeared in public view upon the hustings. However exalted their position, they were rudely addressed by their Christian names, and not only their conduct as citizens and officials, but their commercial transactions, their personal character and private family affairs, were freely criticised; acts of dishonesty, intemperance, meanness, however distant

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the date of commission, were freshly remembered. For example, to one who had been convicted of using short weights, the inquiry was made, "Well, Tommy, my lad, how are you getting on with them new scales, and how many ounces to the pound?" "Hollo, Sam, you've got a new hat; you must have skinned a sight of flints, Sammy, before you bought that hat." The newspaper announcements were cruelly severe: "It is commonly reported that should the present Government remain in office, our vicar will be raised to the episcopate; he has special qualifications for the office, having had for half a century the supervision of four important livings, and being connected with members of the aristocracy. It is announced that a baronetcy will be offered to one of our esteemed fellow-townsmen. In addition to his established reputation as a manufacturer of artificial manure, he belongs to a family for which the bloody hand will be especially appropriate, as his father was engaged in the same occupation as the father of the great Cardinal Wolsey."

The blank walls of the town were adorned principally with drawings in chalk of those leading politicians who were remarkable for some excess or defect in their form, features, or dress, for noses Roman or *retroussé*, length of ear, width of mouth, absence or superabundance of hair, obesity or emaciation. A bow-legged alderman was represented as attempting to stop a pig in a gate with the legend below, "The blue boar makes a vain attempt to bolt." A ballet girl was represented in costume, with the words underneath, "Vote for Lord Dash, patron

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of the drama and the fine arts." Finally, these outrages and enormities became intolerable, and a suggestion was made for the ballot. It was received with uproar and execrations. It was sneaking, cowardly, un-English, an innovation and an insult. A meeting was held at which it was denounced with great vigour, when a working man in the body of the hall asked to be allowed to make an inquiry. Having obtained permission to speak, he addressed himself to the gentleman who had just sat down. "I think, sir, you are a member of two or three clubs in London and elsewhere, political and social. May I ask by what process you were elected?" The reply was, "By the usual course. I was proposed, seconded, and elected by a majority of votes." "Permit me further to ask," said the inquirer, "by what process were these votes recorded?" After some hesitation the answer was made: "By the ballot." "With what object?" "To prevent feelings of resentment on the part of those who were not elected against those who opposed their election." "Then may I ask, sir, why this secret method, which was wisely adopted by you noblemen and gentlemen in London to prevent ill-feeling, is forbidden to us working men, on whom it brings so much bitter persecution, and even the possibility of the loss of our daily maintenance. Why is the ballot box regarded in London as an ancient and honourable institution and denounced in the country as little better than the burglar's box of tools?" There was no satisfactory reply, and the working man moved an amendment approving of the

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ballot as likely to promote freedom from temptation to bribery, from intimidation and injustice. This amendment was rejected by such a small majority that the victory was virtually a defeat, and the Bill shortly afterwards became the law of the land.

The electors who only regarded their vote as a marketable article were both depressed and elated: some spoke of it as a pecuniary deprivation, and some said, "I like this new system; I can get a bit of help from both sides and then vote as I please." The new process, I must confess, although most beneficent, is comparatively dull and tame. I go to the National schoolroom and I find three clerks sitting at a table, representing, I suppose, the Conservative, Unionist, and Radical parties. The two first smile at my arrival, the third appears unconscious of my presence. I receive my ticket, and, taken to another compartment, as though I was about to enjoy a shower bath or to ascend by a lift, I put a cross to the name of the candidate whom I support, and I return without a groan or a cheer, without any allusion to my appearance or shortcomings. Nevertheless, I rejoice in the results; they help to allay the malicious, vindictive retaliations, and make it easier for us to agree to differ. The Tories have discovered that a man may be a Radical without being a regicide, and the Radicals are conscious that certain Tories and Unionists believe that some of our venerable institutions are capable of improvement and adaptation to their present surroundings. On one subject these two parties have been, and always

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will be, at variance without hope of agreement—namely, which of the two should be in office.

This emulation provokes and perpetuates a vigorous competition and organised system of attack and defence between those who occupy the seats of the mighty and those who desire to oust them; and there is always, in addition to this established rivalry, a number of bigots, fanatics, and faddists, who seem to regard it as their special mission to thwart their superiors and to oppose every scheme of improvement which does not exactly agree with their desires and dogmas. The political horizon is thus continally darkened by these clouds without rain, driven about by winds; but hope descries in the orient the dawn of a brighter day. It is heralded by the unanimity upon subjects of supreme importance, such as the honour of the empire and the happiness of the people, among those who think earnestly, speak temperately, and listen patiently, who may be convinced by argument even to make concessions, and to accept defeat without the constraint of the closure. The longing to "Damn Billy Pitt," or in words more appropriate to our own day, to annihilate the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, is now restricted to a few impotent folk, whose religion, although they profess Christianity, resembles more closely that of the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man; who, pledged to loyalty, act as though they were aliens to the commonwealth of Israel, and by their indecent behaviour and coarse conversation, remind us more of a drunken

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lot of miners assembled at a dog-fight than of Christian statesmen met in council for the punishment of wickedness and vice and the maintenance of true religion and virtue. The most devoted admirers of Sir Robert Peel would not venture to assert that in his wonderful prescience he foresaw a time when the mutual courtesies which always prevail among gentlemen would be ignored in the House of Commons, but they certainly may say of him that he provided the remedy, the only remedy, for this disgraceful rowdyism when he instituted the new police.

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CHAPTER XIX

Parties.—II. Social

Alas! 'tis far from russet frieze,
To silk and satin gowns;
But I doubt if God made like decrees
In courtly hearts and clowns.
HOOD.

IN our social as well as in our political intercourse great changes present themselves to the experience, and for the most part to the admiration, of the octogenarian. Some seventy years ago the higher and middle classes were separated, as it were, by a great river so broad and deep and running over, so rough on its surface, so rapid in its currents, and so steep in its banks that very few pass to and fro. It has been bridged over. The man with the pedigree and the man with the purse have met and shaken hands. Aristocracy and commerce have kissed each other. Noble lords of high degree have taken a lively interest in shares and companies, markets and manufactories, imports and exports, even in the improvements of hansom cabs and in the combinations of malt and hops.

Lord Agincourt is known to be an extensive

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shareholder in the brewery of Messrs. Potts, and even ladies of quality have been financially and practically associated with the millinery art. This mutual accommodation and intercourse has expelled disparities and created assimilations; there have been alliances of a closer and more enduring sentiment; announcements have frequently appeared in the local newspapers that "a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Hon. Kempton Park, second son of Lord Sandown, and Stephanotis Alexandrina, the youngest daughter of our respected Mayor and Mayoress, Sir Jeremiah and Lady Martha Brown." The disparities to which I have referred were manifest. The sons of the nobility and landed gentry had from childhood the surroundings of refinement, the splendid education of our public schools and universities, which prove the Latin precept,

> Ingenuas puero didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros,

and these, with their opportunities of travel and of acquiring information and accomplishments, together with their love of manly sports, made them, as a rule, good masters, good landlords, good magistrates, and, as they remain to this day, such a body of brave and honourable gentlemen as no other nation can show.

There were disagreeable exceptions; there were, as with vicious horses, certain cases which defied the efforts of the trainer. Here and there, in different parts of the country, examples were to be seen of pride and

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prejudice which assumed in their small dominion an almost regal importance. There were men "who sat upon thrones of purple sublimity" and expected universal homage. They relished that sort of drop-down-deadness which a certain Bishop of London, according to Sydney Smith, was pleased to contemplate in his clergy. "Humpty Dumpty sat on his wall;" and it was plainly intimated to all passers-by not to come too close between the wind and his nobility, but to make their bows and curtseys. They expected and relished humility in others because none knew so well as they did, how well it became the inferior orders, and was a just tribute to their own deserts. Sometimes, when these magnates met their dependents, conversation was permitted in the royal presence, but was conducted *sotto voce*, and any ebullition of merriment was repressed by the reproachful surprise of the audience, who evidently regarded the interruption to be quite indecorous, as though some one was whistling in a mausoleum. To the philosophic mind the whole performance was irresistibly comic, for there is nothing so ludicrous as "side." The clown at the circus has never his rural audience in such uproarious sympathy, nor the accomplished comedian in a London theatre a better opportunity of manifesting his power, than when he "holds a mirror up to nature" and exposes to ridicule the silly imbecilities of ostentatious pride; but these cease to be comic when they become insolent, and they were insolent at the time of which I speak.

I remember an occasion when one of these parochial

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bashaws received an invited guest with a nod of such cold indifference as must have suggested to the recipient that he had accidentally entered an ice-house. There were times when they extended a single finger, the first of the right hand, in gracious condescension to those who were permitted to approach them; and I recall a joyful incident, when an undergraduate, the scion of a family far more noble and distinguished than that of the oligarch to whom he was presented, expressed his resentment of the indignity and gratified his keen sense of humour by inspecting the protrusive digit through his eyeglass closely and calmly as though it were the forepaw of a dog silently appealing for relief from pain, and then passing on with the remark, "Sorry I can't see the thorn." Some of the spectators went through a painful ordeal in their attempts to repress any outward manifestation of their inward rapturous joy; and the prince was more abstemious than before in the use of this sign-manual. If you came from another county to the precincts of one of these autocrats, you were expected to bring an introduction, or at least to claim acquaintanceship with other grandees of an equal magnitude. Did you know the Katts of Chester, the Knottes of Stafford, the Tykes of Yorkshire, the Lambs of Notts, the Dales of Derbyshire, the Lanes of Devon, the Hills of Surrey, the Downes of Sussex, the Fennes of Lincoln, the Perrys of Hereford, the Pippins of Worcester, the Foxes of Leicester, the Lacys of Bucks, the Bloaters of Norfolk, the Hoppers of Kent, the Forrests of Hampshire, the Cottons of Lancashire,

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the Lakes of Westmoreland, the Wells of Somerset, the Bacons of Berkshire?

On public occasions, when the people of the town and the county met together, there were broad lines of demarcation. At the county balls, for example, the nobles and squires filled their houses with selected guests, and took them to the assembly to devote themselves to their coteries, not to dance or converse with others. They made merry, as they went home in the huge omnibus, at the expense of the gaucheries, hairdressing, and costume of the inferior orders; but their mirth might have been modified had they heard the indignant protests and severe criticisms of those who went home in their flies, having been left out in the cold—their reference to ancient traditions which detracted from those claims to superiority which they had recently witnessed, stories of *mésalliances*, gaps in pedigrees, vulgar relations, incarcerations for debt, and other disagreeable topics. Even where these claims of long descent were clear and honourable, it was found that in a great many instances the wealth of the claimants had been inherited from those who had acquired it in commercial pursuits, from City merchants, grocers, drapers, goldsmiths, silversmiths, vintners, dealers in hard and every other ware, by the honest industry of those who lived over their shops in London and elsewhere.

Even the servants showed an offensive discrimination. They were beautiful beings in their coats of many colours, who inspired my childhood with

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awe, and in one particular instance with adoration—a form arrayed in amber-coloured satin, glistening like gold, which I associated with a celestial world, and should not have been surprised if at any moment his epaulets had expanded into wings. But they were distinctly human; in the case of Mr. Brown they filled the miserable vessel out of which champagne was drunk with froth at long intervals, whereas his titled neighbour was carefully and frequently supplied with the wine without effervescence; and the difference of tone with which they announced "Squire Wilson's carriage" and "Mr. Watson's conveyance" was sufficient to make Mr. Watson wish that he had walked to the banquet. They gave themselves such airs that I was pleased to hear from a young farmer on the hunting field that he had met a covey of "them cockatoos," as he called them, the evening before at the village inn, and they had made themselves so objectionable to the rest of the company that he had been compelled to state that if any one of them would step into the middle of the room or into the stable-yard outside he would knock all the powder out of his head in the brief space of ten seconds. Since then there has been a great transformation, since Dickens wrote of our friend Blazes and Thackeray of Jeames FitzPlush; and there is no class of men more orderly in their behaviour or attentive to their duties than the servants of the upper classes.

And as regards their masters, there is manifestly a wider and wiser inclination in their fellow-men to make,

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and in themselves to accept, that truer valuation which weighs the man without his money-bags and measures him without his high-heeled shoes. The boast of heraldry is so frequently little more than a boast, as when Sheridan, the son of an actor, announced himself at a great dinner of the Theatrical Fund in London to be sprung from the loins of kings, and one of the audience whispered to his neighbour, "This statement is perfectly true; the last time I saw his father he was King of Denmark, and I had previously met him when he was King Lear and Richard III."

Brains and virtue cannot be entailed, and when Canova was asked by an old lady whether he intended to continue his father's business, he replied that he could not say that it exactly suited him, and Sir Tatton Sykes, when a visitor small in stature but large in self-importance severely criticised some of his thoroughbred horses, replied, "Well, sir, perhaps you are right; we can't get everything just as we want. If we could, sir, perhaps your father would like you to have been a little longer in the leg, but we must not expect to have all things just as we please." Good breeding justifies great expectations, but it is not certified until the speed of the horse and the honesty of the rider have won the race. When the clerk at the bank is counting the sovereigns he takes no notice of the superscription.

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gow'd for a' that.

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And so it has come to pass that the questions, Where's his place? What's his income and his club? are not so frequent as, What sort of fellow is he? What is he doing? What has he done? Wise men learn from what they read, and from what they experience, and from what they see, that "the true meaning of good society is the company of good men"; that the most enjoyable is that of experts—men with brains and energy who have achieved greatness, sailors and soldiers who have seen service (the khaki coat of the man from South Africa "is worth a hundred coats of arms"), thoughtful travellers, clever diplomatists, and great engineers, the sportsmen among big game, men of letters, famous lawyers, philanthropists, artists, of all men in their several vocations that have made their mark. But these are luxuries too rich and rare, like Terapin and canvas-backed ducks, for "human nature's daily food," and that we shall find in its most healthful and happiest form at home and with our neighbours. This felicity, as with our other greatest blessings, is for us all. Any man by uprightness and kindness may enlist troops of friends, and happiest he who has the most of them, for there can scarcely be a truer pleasure than when he goes abroad to have the kindly smile and genial words of welcome from all sorts and conditions of men.

The greatest improvement which I have witnessed in our social intercourse, and which at no period was more evident than now, is the earnest desire and practical effort of the wealthier classes to discover

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and alleviate the sufferings and the sorrows of the poor; it is seen everywhere and always in the numerous benevolent societies which they have established and individual good works—clergymen and laymen, brotherhoods and sisterhoods, nurses and district visitors, young men of our public schools and universities in the East End slums of London, and young women devoting themselves to hospital and educational work. This sympathy has been largely encouraged by the example of Queen Victoria herself, following in her long and beautiful life the Highest Example of all, and has inspired, not only in her own family, but among all classes, the noblest of all ambitions, to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

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CHAPTER XX

Parties.—III. Religious

> Love is like the ocean—
> Ever fresh and strong,
> Which the world surrounding,
> Keeps it green and young.
>
> ISAAC WILLIAMS.

As in politics and society, so in the matter of supreme importance, religion, there is less intolerance and more charity. We still deplore our unhappy divisions righteously, because they have been chiefly caused by our own neglect and self-conceit, and we still see miserable signs of that most odious of all hatreds, the *odium theologicum*. But there is evidence of our great desire for reconciliation, and we begin to care less for professions and more for practical Christianity, less for creeds and communities, more for the faith which worketh by love. We are more and more convinced that, although we cannot have unanimity as to doctrine or uniformity as to worship, we may hold that faith in the unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. We perceive more and more clearly that there are differences of gifts from the

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same Giver, and differences of administrations from the same Sovereign Lord of all; that the separations which seem so wide to us may be of small significance in the eyes of our Heavenly Father, "Who knows all and loves us better than He knows."

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind;
But we make His love too narrow
  With false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
  With a zeal He will not own.

We are becoming less anxious to learn our Christianity from the scribe and the disputer, from the novelist who sets before us from his or her own imaginations the Christian and the Master Christian, and desire to be taught by the life and love of the Master Himself from the New Testament and the Gospel; to be followers of those of whom it is simply said: "The vicar sat up with John for two nights and is coming again to-morrow. My lady brought those beautiful grapes and put them on that table with her own hands," and to whom it will be said hereafter, "I was sick and ye visited me; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." There is much less bitterness, wrath, strife, and envy among us than there was when the Wesleyan Methodists were severed from the Church of England, and were regarded with a resentful disdain. The examples of intolerance were infinite, but none more

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remarkable than this: A member of a family distinguished for intellectual culture and benevolent works, influenced by a zeal which was not according to knowledge, believing dissent was schism and that all schism was sin, was invited by a friend to dinner with the earnest request that he would not introduce any controversial subject with regard to religion, as he expected the company of another friend for whom he had a great regard, and who was a Nonconformist. The party assembled; by an unhappy arrangement the two men whose views were opposed to each other sat side by side. Before much time had elapsed it was evident that they were engaged in a discussion which became more loud and furious, until at last the Nonconformist, white with emotion and with quivering lips, was heard to exclaim, "Then, sir, I suppose, according to your views, no Nonconformist can be saved." "On the contrary, sir," the answer came, like a bolt from the blue, "I read in the seventh verse of the thirty-sixth Psalm that the Lord can save both man and beast."

This virulence could not sate itself with mere verbiage, but in many deplorable instances took the form of action, in notices to quit sent to tenants, in the refusal of applications for vacant tenancies, in the transfer of orders and employment, and even in the cessation of social intercourse; it was the addition of insult to injury, the evil spirit which prompts *odisse quem leæseris*, of the *injusta noverca*, who first starves her child, then beats him because he goes begging for food. It was not so much that the people left the

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Church, as that the Church deserted the people. If loving shepherds had tended and fed, the sheep would not have been scattered on the mountains. When I first took Holy Orders and returned home, not only as the squire, but as the new curate, I went to call upon a very old man who was the head of the Wesleyan body in our village. I have never forgotten the interview, and remember his words.

"They told me," he said, "that your reverence would never come to see old Jos Green, the dissenter, but I have known you from the time that you were a baby in arms and went birdsnesting with your grandfather, and I knew that you would come. I am anxious to say a few plain words to you before I die, and I hope that they will make you think kindly of me and of our society when I go hence. For a number of years there have been in this place and elsewhere many of us who could not find in the Church the instruction, the guidance, and encouragement for which we craved; our vicar was never seen among us within the memory of man; the curates lived at a distance, and only came once a week for a single service; there was no heart in the worship and very little Gospel in the sermon. We wanted to hear a little less about the Church and more about Christ, less about the prayer-book and more about the New Testament, less about the Thirty-Nine Articles and more about the two great commandments of the law. We heard a great deal about our privileges as Churchmen, but we could not see the fruit; no one had a greater share

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of those privileges than the parish clerk, but he was such a drunkard that the village folk would not come back with him from market in the carrier's cart. We sought in vain for the encouragement, instruction, and brotherly love which we so earnestly desired.

"One of our brother Wesleyans went some years ago, before he joined our society, to ask counsel and sympathy from the curate. After a brief conversation the clergyman said he thought there was something wrong in his system and gave him an out-patient's ticket! There was indeed something wrong in his system—a sinful and sorrowful heart which no earthly doctor could cure, but he sought and found health from the Great Physician, and one night he stood up in our little chapel and said quietly, 'I thank God I am a converted man,' and as such he lived and died.

"We heard a great deal that was true and right about the grace of baptism, but we were not told that that grace was continued only to those who kept their baptismal vows and brought forth the fruits of the spirit. Little or nothing was said to us about the need of conversion. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.' We wanted the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that we were still the children of God. We wanted to feel the comfort and joy of His presence, Who had promised that we should dwell with Him and He with us. We wanted to feel our hearts glow within us like the two disciples with whom He went to Emmaus on the Resurrection Day, and spake to them

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of the things belonging to their peace. We have found that which we sought and we know that which we prayed that we might know. I have been twice to the church since you came as our minister, and was thankful to see the old church made clean and bright, those young Samuels in their linen ephods, and more of the congregation taking part in the service. I hope you will allow me to say that I liked your sermon, though I did not understand much about the Anglo Catholos. Farmer Brown said as it meant the Romans, but I couldn't bring that in. You'll forgive an old man for telling you that he hopes that before long you'll leave that purple velvet case at home and speak from your own heart and spiritual experience to your hearers. First commune with your own heart, search the Scriptures, visit the sick, comfort the sorrowful, preach more from your own life and less from your library. I do not deny, and none knows better than yourself, that there are and have been many excellent members of the Church, but I do not think that they have derived the advantage which they might have had from the Church itself."

I believe that the results of that interview and of many others have been beneficial to both. I became more anxious to repair the wrongs which had been done and to acknowledge my desire that we had more of that earnestness and faith in our congregations, and my companion expressed his belief that if the spirit of the Evangelical and Oxford Movement had breathed over the dry bones in John Wesley's

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time, neither he nor his disciples would have gone outside of the Church.

The Wesleyan Methodists have outlived persecution, and have become one of the most successful of our missionary bodies at home and abroad, but there were some who never overcame their prejudice and antipathy. There was another old man whom I used to visit who also claimed to be a converted Christian, and who could show good proof of his conversion. He had been for many years afflicted with an epidemic which attacks all classes—an obstinate aversion to continuous work. Tommy Gibbs was idle and therefore mischievous, easily dissuaded from doing right and easily persuaded to do wrong. He had some good instincts, could work well when he pleased, was kind-hearted and helpful to others, but would accept no regular employment, "his chief delight on a shiny night in the season of the year," and the chief source of his daily subsistence, being the art of a poacher. He was so fond of relating the great change in his life, and told it so often to me, that I can repeat it almost verbatim.

"It was the squire," he said, "as first made a new man of me when he guv me that hare. I was loungin' about one day a-studyin' natural history, more particularly the habits of the trout, the pheasant, and the partridge, when I came suddenly on the squire out a-shootin'. I touched my hat, and to my great surprise he turns to Mr. Dawson, the keeper, and says to him, 'Give Tommy Gibbs a hare.' Mr. Dawson comes lookin' as though they'd

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given him a pint of vinegar, and growlin' and snarlin' like a beast in Wombwell's menagerie, and gives me the hare. I must say I felt queer and uncomfortable, for I deserved anything but kindness from the squire. And there was worse to come, for no long time after, when I went my rounds, I heard one pussy squealing in a snare and found another struggling hard by. Well, you'll hardly believe it, but I give you my word of honour I let both of them hares go.

"Of course I went back to the old way, but I got somehow set more and more against it, and I was fined and fined, and prisoned and prisoned, till at last I went straight from the gaol to the squire and I ses to him, 'Squire, if you'll give me a bit of honest work, I'll kiss the Book and never poach no more.' Next day Mr. Dawson comes and ses, 'Tommy, you're to go into the woods and to do any jobs as you may be called upon to do,' and from that day I never poached fur or feather on the squire's ground. I felt it my duty to fetch in a few coveys as had been hatched by our birds outside the boundaries, and if you look in the game-book at the hall you'll find that there was more game killed during the first two years in which I served under Mr. Dawson than in any other seasons before or since. There's always a lot of people interfering with other folks' business, and some of them went and made a complaint to the squire. He sent for me, and 'Gibbs,' he ses —I knowed it were something serious when he called me 'Gibbs'—'I'll have no skulkin' actions on my property, and if I hear of you nettin' any more partridges, away

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you go.' Never again did I meddle with net or wire, and no one knows better than you do (for no one has helped me so much as you have) that I have tried from that time to go straight.

"Not long ago one of the Wesleyans ses to me, 'Tommy, my lad, we all know as you're a changed man and you seem to be seeking salvation. I think it would do you good if you were to come now and then to our chapel on a Sunday evening.' 'I thank you kindly,' I said, 'but the old church is good enough for me, and I mean to stick to it, and moreover,' I ses, 'to tell you the plain truth, I don't like some of your ways. You seem to me to be a-trespassin' and a-poachin'' (this was pretty good for a past master), 'and if I were the Archbishop of Canterbury or the chairman of quarter sessions, or whoever's got the job, I'd fine you all round, for shootin' without a certificate.'"

Then came the scare with regard to the Catholic Emancipation Bill, or rather the pretence of a scare, for there was no more reality in it than in *Punch's* famous cartoon of Lord John Russell chalking "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door and then running away. Everbody knew, except a few fanatics, Orangemen, and hysterical females, that it was an act of justice. Newman is credibly reported to have said that the English people regarded Roman Catholics with mixed feelings of hate and fear. It was one of his hard sayings after he left the Church of his baptism, and in strange contrast with the gentleness and humility

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which made him so beloved at Oxford. The English people hate whatsoever things are false, arrogant, cruel, or sensual, but they admire whatsoever things are true and just and lovely and pure in the Roman Catholic religion or in any other. No one knew better than John Henry Newman—and he acknowledged it more than once—their toleration and sympathy, and as for fear, no one knew better than he that they had no apprehension as to any Papal interference. They know more of Runnymede than the cabman who announced to his fare through the orifice at the top of his vehicle, "That's Runnymede, sir—where John the Baptist signed the Order of the Garter," and what they know is this, that as the barons of England, with Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, at their head, resisted King John and the Pope, represented by his legate, so now any similar encroachment would be rejected by this "Church and Realm."

It would be far better for the happiness of us all if, instead of wasting time in vain anticipations and in aggravating our disagreements, we would remember that all Christian communities, all soldiers enlisted under the banner of the Cross, are solemnly pledged, using their own arms and led by their own officers, to take part with Michael and his angels against the Devil and his angels in that battle between truth and falsehood, good and evil, which in this world will never cease.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right.

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CHAPTER XXI

Our Homes

That haunt of ancient peace,
An English home.
TENNYSON.

ALTHOUGH our domestic happiness is not derived from the adornments and comforts of our homes, but mainly, as Keble tells us, from the mutual love "in hearts of each other sure," these adjuncts, beautiful and useful, have a great power to increase and maintain it, even as the beautiful wife appears to her devoted husband yet more charming in her most becoming dress. When young love dreams of happiness in a cottage it is understood to refer to a cottage *ornée*: it is not to the cottage, but to the homes of those who have the refined taste and the income wherewith to enjoy its demonstrations that these modern improvements are so abundantly offered.

There is a remarkable contrast between the homes of the upper and middle classes as they were sixty years ago and as we see them now. The square masses of brickwork and the long lines of narrow windows, the scanty dark and ponderous

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furniture of our ancestral homes—which made them externally about as picturesque as the front of a doll's house and as cheerful within as the committee-room of a hospital or the anteroom of a dentist—are exchanged for the varied outlines and graceful structures of the modern architect; for an ample admission of light, unknown in those dark ages, when glass was an expensive luxury; for the superior skill of the furnisher and decorator, with his rich store of carpets and papers; and above all, for the artistic arrangements of the inmates themselves.

Where shall we find a prettier scene than in the morning- or drawing-rooms of those who have the higher appreciations and accomplishments for which this country is largely indebted to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and which since his day have been so extensively promoted and so cleverly educated by our schools of art. On the piano is May's newest fantasia and Cecily's favourite song; close by is Bessie's violin and stand; here on an easel is Violet's latest sketch; and elsewhere on its frame a piece of beautiful embroidery, with other indications of useful as well as ornamental work. There are sofas, lounges, and ottomans which would have evoked the contempt of our grandmothers, who sat bolt upright on straight-backed chairs till luxury corrupted the human heart by suggesting that those chairs might be made "easy." There are little tables adjacent whereon are new books, magazines appealing to us by the long white paper-knife upon them "bid

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me discourse, I will enchant thine ear," writing-tables with full cases of paper and envelopes fresh from the stores, with new quills on the unsullied blotter constraining us to sit down and begin, "I have been longing, dearest, for many weeks to write to you, but this is my first opportunity," etc., etc., etc. Here is a case of butterflies and there of foreign birds exquisitely set up by Ward; a cabinet with its shelves of rare china, Oriental, Sèvres, and Spode; a table for silver and curios, including some of those lovely miniatures which cause us to regret that we have not more largely inherited the beauty of our great-grandmothers or the taste of our great-grandfathers in dress; plants and flowers everywhere—on the stand, in the bay window, in jardinières, bowls, and vases; on the hearthrug the big Chow dog, John Chinaman, with his lustrous eyes, his empurpled tongue as though he had fed on mulberries, his tawny leonine coat and the white feathery aigrette of his tail; near him a gay little fox-terrier, Merry, white with red spots, longing and listening for some kind pedestrian to take her to the bracken where the coneys dwell. With a few choice pictures and engravings on the wall, what can mortal wish for more? There is something to interest and to occupy those who work and those who play, or, wisest of all, those intelligent beings who do both in combination, who cannot be quite happy even in their rest and relaxation without some work in hand or contemplation.

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The family and social gatherings of those who enjoy these advantages and accomplishments are far more bright and edifying than those of the olden time. With regard to our dinner-parties, I must say that, so far as the dinner itself was concerned, it was more highly appreciated. We had better appetites—we had no meal before breakfast, no elaborate luncheon, and dined at an earlier hour. We wanted no *hors d'œuvres* or menus about as long as Leporello's list of Don Juan's favourites, savouries, and tit-bits. We had excellent food—fish, flesh, and fowl—set upon the table, and deftly carved by the host and the gentleman who took in the lady of the house, before the art of carving was lost. The four corner dishes, with their vessels for hot water underneath, were handed round in sequence; and thereby hangs a tale, for when I see them as they now reappear at the daily breakfasts, I am reminded of an incident which John Leech was wont to describe, to the great amusement of his friends, albeit to his own disgust. He was staying at a ducal home in which he was delighted with everything except a small but obese specimen of the King Charles spaniel, which fed from his master's plate, and when a footman removed one of the corner dishes aforesaid, crawled across the table to warm himself on the vacant space, and continued his pilgrimage until all the dishes were gone. Leech was fond of animals, but he never referred to that particular episode without a shudder. As to our wines, the champagne was decidedly inferior to the gooseberry

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and ginger vintage prepared by the farmers' wives; our claret resembled a second-class burgundy, and was frequently brought up in the black bottle, that it might not lose its refreshing chill. But our hocks, sherries, madeiras, and ports were excellent.

In the drawing-room we were rather dull. The apartment was high and spacious, the foreign woods and marbles were beautifully carved, there were huge mirrors and bright damask silks; the chandeliers, with their glittering pendants, gave us from an abundance of wax candles the most cheerful of all artificial light; but there was, nevertheless, a pomp and circumstance which seemed to repress hilarity. The dignity of the landed interest and the quarter sessions had to be maintained in a mixed company. There was a secret sense of superiority and inferiority on the subject of acreage. One of the guests was sometimes suspected of unsound views about reform; another was known to be more attached to the pheasant than the fox (his coverts had been drawn blank that very day), and he was therefore regarded as an abandoned character, capable of any crime. Sometimes an irritable dame fumed in a corner, and declined to enter into conversation with the other guests because, when they were sent in to dinner, her claims for precedence had not been duly considered, and she had been associated with a companion whom she subsequently described as "an obscure person." One of the daughters of the house gave us an elaborate performance by Thalberg on the piano, by Collard &

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Collard, admirably played, but needlessly and tediously prolonged by the persistent efforts of a gay cavalier in attendance, who thought that he could read music, to turn over the leaves in the wrong places. Another young lady sang to us the pathetic history of "Roland the brave, the brave Roland," and, encouraged by our applause, took us into her confidence and gave us a thrilling account of her meeting her lover at a large party—how he came, and she was unable to breathe because his eye was upon her. Assured of our sympathy, she favoured us with a further revelation, and finally informed us that all her anguish was brought upon her by her mother, the old lady sitting quietly by, blandly smiling on her child and evidently quite incapable of unkind treatment; whereupon we betook ourselves to loo, quadrille, and whist, and then, but not till then, to our cigars.

Society has many fascinations and excitements to lure us from its more simple and pure enjoyments; but when the time of contrast and reflection comes—as it comes to all—and old men ask themselves, "When, where, and with whom did I spend my happiest hours," then the conviction comes also that they were given to us in the affectionate intercourse of those nearest and dearest to us—not in the fickle attachments of smart people, generally bestowed with a view to admiration or influence, but to the sincerity of the friend who loveth at all times and the brother born for adversity. It is then that we have in sweet and grateful remembrance the sonata of Beethoven, not the song of the

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music-hall; the play from Shakespeare, and not from the French; the cricket at Lord's, and not the pigeons at Hurlingham; the earnest conversations which we had with the dear old father or the dear young son in the garden on the evening of a summer's day or by the cosy fireside in winter, with the schoolmate, the comrade in arms, the shipmate, or the old college friend, not the idle persiflage or the insipid reiterations of the *salon* and the stairs.

Passing through the hall as we leave these homes, we see the implements of the sports and games, old and new, of which I have written in detail—whips, long and short, for driving and riding; Alpine stocks for the mountains and walking-sticks for the plains; the bats, stumps, balls and pads, gloves and nets, belonging to the grandest game of all; the footballs and bowls, the nets and racquets of lawn tennis, the clubs for golf, the bows and the targets, the hoops and mallets for croquet—all bearing witness that mental and physical culture, *mens sana in corpore sano*, should be kept in close alliance with each other.

There was a time when a mistaken idea prevailed that there was no grace of congruity between intellectual and muscular strength. I remember when the sporting undergraduate, "the beardless youth who rejoices in horses and dogs," regarded the scholar as a smug and a duffer; he heard him with admiration and astonishment construing a chorus in the lecture-room from the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, and knowing that

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he was equally at home with Aristotle on the *Ethics* and Longinus on the *Sublime*,

> still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew,

he nevertheless despised him, with reference to manly exercises, as a hopeless imbecile. The scholar saw "young Harry leap on his steed" at the end of Brasenose Lane "like winged Mercury, to witch the world with noble horsemanship," and turning to the Schools hard by, long before the new were built in the High Street, consoled himself with the thought how that gallant knight would hereafter be rolled in the dust after a tilt with the examiners, and what a doleful sight he would be when he left them after those wise but cruel ravens had amused themselves by plucking out the gaudy feathers from his wing.

Indications began to multiply that this antagonism was a mistake. A reading man had been seen with a gun, and another on horseback, with the Old Berkshire Hounds; boating men took first and second classes in the schools. Sports and games were acknowledged as classical—"the goddess Diana called aloud for the chase," and it was discovered that Pegasus could jump, and that there were woodcocks in the groves of Parnassus. Apollo bent his bow on Olympus, and not only undergraduates, but fellows and tutors, ecclesiastics and learned men, won prizes for archery in the gardens of St. John's College at Meriden, with the woodmen of Arden, and with the Toxophilites in Regent's

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Park; "Old Blues" appeared on the bench of bishops and wore the ermine of the judge; the Lords and Commons contended with each other at cricket and in the cross-country race from "point-to-point"; a Prime Minister won the Derby; a statesman of high renown and great expectations was the champion in the tennis-court; the Home Secretary excelled in golf; the Secretary for the Colonies was a king among gardeners, and wore an orchid in his coat; and authors and men of science rode to hounds. It was seen more and more evidently that "the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong," but that something more than a turn of speed or a biceps muscle was required for victory; it must be won "with Brains, sir."

The hall itself suggests a contrast between Then and Now. Rarely used in former days, except as a repository for outer garments and for the articles which I have described, it is now used in many instances after easy adaptations and additions as a pleasant place for conversation, writing, and reading. Cooler in summer from its space and shade, and more cheery in winter from the yule logs glowing on its spacious hearth, it is a charming rendezvous for the guests in which to recount the adventures of the day; and when the light fails in the gloaming before the dressing-bell rings, it suggests those stories of mysteries and apparitions about which we all profess to be sceptics, but know and believe more than we quite like to tell. The antlers and the heads above, and the skins below, suggest adventures by flood and field, and "the walls hung around with pikes and guns,

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and bows and swords, and good old bucklers that have stood some good old blows," bring to us sad, tender, and solemn thoughts, for they not only speak to us of the brave days of old, of Agincourt and Waterloo—"how are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!" —but of gallant men who in our own time have gone forth to fight for England. They remind us especially when those halls are used, as now so often, for the worship of Christian households, of the hope which is given to mourners for all who have died on duty:

> Their bones are dust,
> Their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These changes and improvements in our dwellings suggest other considerations which may add to the enjoyment of them. They are for those who dwell with us as well as for ourselves, and should be made happy for both. I have known mansions in which the arrangements were magnificent for those who had rule, but for those who served they were mean and miserable; attics wherein it was impossible to stand upright, and corners and cupboards which in their dimensions and furniture were more like prisoners' cells. It would be wiser in many cases, and would add to the comfort of all the inmates, if, instead of the new conservatory or billiard-room, a kitchen were to be built in which the cook would not be almost as completely broiled as the

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meat, and which would not diffuse its odours throughout a large portion of the residence; and there should be in every establishment, where it can be had, a cheerful servants' hall.

I do not believe in the railing accusations which we hear so frequently against the servants of the present day. On the contrary, I am assured by experience that where they meet with consideration and sympathy they will remain doing willing service, and it would probably add to its length and quality if masters and mistresses were a little more consistent as well as kind. Servants have their powers of observation, and can criticise in turn. They are not impressed by lectures as to the obligation of saving candle-ends and of receiving with gratitude inferior and inadequate food from those who fare sumptuously on expensive dainties every day of their lives. It appears to them that there is a certain amount of debility in those homilies which set before them the immorality of wearing a pretty bonnet on Sundays, while the preacher is at the same time arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. They are not satisfied with orations on indolence by persons of no occupation who spend a large portion of their time in bed. The mandate, "No followers allowed," appears to them somewhat severe, and they fail to grasp the horror expressed by their mistress who has seen a soldier in uniform emerging from the back door, remembering the daily visits of handsome young gentlemen, and that one of the young ladies of the house is engaged to an officer in the Guards

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Charity begins at home, but it does not stay there; it takes outdoor exercise and roams far and wide, never returning in a more joyful mood than when it has made some other home more happy than before. This enjoyment is offered to us all, from the generous gifts of the wealthy to the kind words and helpful actions of the poor. "Wherever there is a will there is a way." Those who have ample means and hearts to share them may obtain plain directions from the curate and the district visitor where to go, and the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the draper, and the purveyor of coals will give them ready and ample instructions *en route* how to make their journey a success. As for the poor, all who know them well can testify how much they do for each other in times of sickness, sorrow, and need.

We may not be able to render important aid in the present great anxiety as to the housing of the working classes; but we may unite in electing to Parliament and to our county and municipal councils those candidates who are not merely politicians, but philanthropists and patriots, who will do their best for the welfare of the working men, not only from motives of benevolence, but because they know that upon their industry the wealth and commercial prosperity of this country are mainly dependent, and never more than now; making every effort to diminish their temptations and to maintain their strength, to provide them with decent homes in a pure atmosphere,

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education for their children, and provisions for their old age, with adequate remuneration for those who try to earn it.

One thought more about houses—the House, *Il Duomo*, *Domus Domorum*, *Domus Domini*, the House of God. It is only possible for those who saw our churches sixty years ago in their disgraceful and almost universal condition of decay and dirt to realise the marvellous transformation which has taken place throughout the land. There were differences of opinion as to structure and symbolism, as to high altars and side altars, re-tables, rood screens, open seats and pews, but all were agreed in this, that for such a sacred purpose there should be the best material and the best work which could be had. We Churchmen rejoice with a righteous pride in the results which have been effected by a persevering self-denial, and by an expenditure of millions of money, to which all classes contributed, and I feel sure that most of our brethren in other Christian communities will rejoice with us in this splendid achievement of the faith which we hold in common. At the same time we must never forget that we who inherit this blessing are under a solemn obligation to promote the purpose for which it has been bestowed—a more frequent and reverent worship—and we shall give the best proof of our gratitude, those of us especially who are pastors, parents, and teachers, by pressing this invitation upon others, "Come, for all things are now ready," "Come into these gates

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with thanksgiving and enter into these courts with praise," and by our constant and devout attendance and our consistent lives, shall induce others to seek and find the comfort and joy of that Presence which is promised to all those who worship in spirit and in truth.

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CHAPTER XXII

Our Horticulture

He wins all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
POPE.

WHEN I met a friend in whose wisdom and affection I have great confidence, and to whom I often appeal, although his remarkable candour and sincerity make him somewhat more curt than courteous, and told him that, having written so much about horticulture, I did not propose to revert to it in the book which I was preparing for the press, he promptly replied that this omission would be a fraud, and would render me liable to an action for obtaining money under false pretences. "Your readers," he said, "have given you ample proof that they believe in you as a gardener, and if, when collecting the experiences of your life, you take no notice of that which interests them the most, instead of giving them the latest intelligence, which they have a right to expect, they will justly resent your ingratitude, and put you and your books on their *Index Expurgatorius*."

I was convinced, and I proceed to communicate as

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concisely as I can (humbly referring those who may wish for more minute details to my *Book about Roses* and *Our Gardens*) such results and convictions, such essential principles and imperative rules, as occur to me after my long and happy life in my garden, and may be helpful to my younger brethren. I offer them to those only who have the enthusiastic zeal, the ardent ambition, the devout admiration, the inflexible determination which are inseparable from the true gardener and from the full enjoyment of a garden.

I have met with persons who seem to think that if they possessed a piece of ground and called it a garden, and kept a servant whom they called a gardener, they had done all which they could be expected to do. They might have been under the impression that the seeds of all things pleasant to the eye and good for food were hovering in the air, like the down from the thistle, waiting to descend on any beds which they might be pleased to prepare for their reception. They are not disappointed by the result—conventional mediocrity and "decent debility"—because they have no definite expectations or ideas of beauty, and because their friends and neighbours, who are as short-sighted and colour-blind as themselves, appear to be perfectly satisfied. There is no criticism, for there is nothing to criticise, there is nothing to attract or offend the ordinary spectator. All the arrangements are made in precise and punctual routine—the grass is mown, the walks are rolled, the weeds are uprooted, the

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same shrubs become green and yellow and brown, the same flowers bloom and die. The man who loves a garden passes by with a calm disdain; he has visions of an excellence of which there is here no glimpse; he is in search of information of which there is here no sign.

It does not follow, because a man has a library of books, regularly dusted by the housemaid, that he should acquire literary tastes, much less be regarded as a man of letters; and he may have a stable of good horses and a clever stud-groom without any real enjoyment of the chase or appearing in the same field with the hounds.

There is another form of imbecility, another class of incapable persons, who not only make vain pretence and false excuse for themselves, but endeavour to dissuade and discourage others. They profess to idolise flowers, and would give worlds (of unknown locality) for a pretty garden, but for them it can never be. Their climate is detestable—drenching rains and bitter frosts, unknown elsewhere—their atmosphere is polluted by smoke and effluvia from mines and factories twenty miles away; their grounds are exposed to every wind that blows, or they are overshadowed by hills, houses, or trees; their soil is mere gravel, only a few inches from the chalk, or it is cold, heavy clay, or as peaty as an Irish bog. Horticulture is much too expensive for their limited means, and they do hope that the young gardener will not attempt the impossible and invite a bitter disappointment. But the

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young gardener quickly discovers that these pretenders have never made the honest endeavours which have been successful with their neighbours, who, in the same surroundings, have done their best; and they note with regard to pecuniary outlay that these professors of economy have always money to spend upon objects and pursuits which are more congenial to their tastes and capacities. The gardener who is in earnest is not deceived by such palpable delusions, which must be overcome by all who are determined to conquer; and I would refer now to three special resolutions which will be uppermost in his thoughts, guides to his actions, and from which he will not swerve. It is his desire and purpose to know what to grow, where and how to grow it, and he proposes accordingly:

(i) To select and possess the most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers which are suitable to his soil, situation, and income;

(ii) To arrange this selection in the most graceful form which suggests itself after constant studies of the natural landscape and a personal visit to those gardens which chiefly attract his admiration; and

(iii) To bestow upon this collection the thoughtful, watchful care and culture of a reverent and untiring love.

How and where shall we find the material from which he is to make his choice? As bees find honey—by going in search of it. Let him go with his note-book in his pocket to gardens of renown, public and private, including, of course, the magnificent and

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exhaustive collection in the Royal Gardens at Kew, let him attend floral exhibitions, and let him read some of our many and reliable horticultural publications which expatiate on the excellence of older acquisitions and announce to us introductions of new and sterling merit. He will find an *embarras de richesse*, for there never was a country and never a time in which there was such an abundance and diversity of loveliness for the garden.

The gardener who is in earnest will meet with kindly receptions in those gardens which he most desires to see, because the masters or managers, gardeners by vocation or gardeners by choice, have the same earnestness, and his enthusiasm will evoke their own. There is no brotherhood more brotherly, no class of men more willing to distribute, apt to communicate, not only hints, but helps, duplicates, cuttings, buds, and seeds. I can speak from a double experience both as a pupil and as a teacher, as a subaltern and as an officer in command. I rejoice to offer unto others the kind sympathies which I have so often enjoyed. Since I passed from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, from agnosticism to worship, I have been in the constant receipt of letters from all parts of the world in which roses are grown—from America, India, Australia, Canada, as well as from my own countrymen—asking for information or recording success. I reply whenever I can spare the time from more important correspondence, believing it to be a duty, and knowing it to

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be a delight, to share our happiness with others. I take a parental interest in my ubiquitous family—"sons he had and daughters fair"—and it is no exaggeration to state that I felt like a father writing to a sick child when I recently answered a letter which I received from a dear little girl in Ireland, who wrote to tell me that she was a cripple and could not leave her room, but she had there some roses in pots which she greatly admired and dearly loved, and that hearing I was also very fond of her favourite flower, she thought that she would like to write to me. There are cases, nevertheless, which, with every inclination, I am powerless to help. I receive a frail cardboard box, which appears to have been dropped and trodden upon by the postman, and which contains a rose in the last stage of decomposition, the petals loose, crushed, and discoloured, and I am requested to communicate the name of the deceased, although it is quite impossible to identify the remains. Or I am favoured with the débris of another rose in the same condition, and I am informed that it is a seedling "raised by our gardener at home," and would I mind passing it on to the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society for a first-class certificate, and could I kindly undertake negotiations for the purchase and propagation of the parent plant with some extensive nurseryman? The proprietor trusts that I shall be able to carry out this transaction on advantageous terms, as she proposes to devote the proceeds to the restoration of the parish church.

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When the energetic gardener, to whom I have previously referred and whom I am specially anxious to assist, has made his selection of plants, he will go to some of our famous nurseries, annex them, and bring them home. I do not advise him in making his purchases to be over-anxious in securing the largest specimens. Though they may have been, as is usually the case, frequently transplanted, there will be more peril than with those which have not attained such a hold upon the ground. Then will follow a consideration of supreme importance—the arrangement. And I am here constrained, looking back from Now to Then, to express a conviction which I know will be received with rebuke, and even with ridicule, but which I affirm boldly and without hesitation, because I know I have the best of our landscape gardeners, past and present, and of our most able writers and accomplished workers, on my side—I mean that the gardens of our forefathers sixty years ago were more pleasingly and gracefully, because more naturally, laid out and occupied than are our gardens now. When I remember the long walks which curved around and within the shrubberies, filled with grand specimens of flowering shrubs, the almond and the Judas-tree, the cherry, the pyrus, and the crab, the lilacs and laburnum, and bordered with perennial flowers; the lawns, the alleys, the slopes and the glades, the nooks and corners, the sun-trap, which caught and kept the first warmth of spring, the bowers and the arbours, and the great weeping-trees which screened us from the summer heat—the infinite

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variety of outline and colour, of light and shade—and when I am taken into a parallelogram with four straight walks around, glowing with brilliant colours, which dazzle and delight for about three minutes, and then, like some handsome woman, gaudily dressed, but without mind or expression, lose all their power to please; why, then, if my body could go with my thoughts, I should leave those pelargoniums without a sigh, and rejoice to find myself among the old summer flowers, which never cease to charm with their fresh, fragrant, luxuriant growth of blossom and of leaf, not packed and pinched, but wandering where they will, and producing those exquisite combinations and contrasts which art delights to copy, but only nature can create.

Our fathers rejoiced to watch the sequence of beauty, ever changing, which came to them throughout the year, from the snowdrop to the Christmas rose, from the primal verdure of the spring to the last golden leaves of autumn. Their children have changed the form and features of these gardens, have in many instances levelled their undulations and cut down their groves, that they might substitute a simultaneous display of those more brilliant flowers which bloom only in the summer time.

Is this horticulture? It is told of a famous master of a famous college at Cambridge that when he saw the members of a ladies' college in the vicinity, the "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair" roving through his grounds, personally conducted by his own disciples, he felt that it was his duty in the interests of education

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to intimate to their lady superior that his gardens were for horticulture, not for husbandry. It seems to me that a large number of gardens elsewhere are neither for one nor the other, neither for science nor for sentiment. Not for horticulture: the youngest apprentice in the bothy can strike cuttings in boxes by the mile, protect them from frost, pot them, and plant them to order There is neither horticulture nor "husbandry." The modern garden does not suggest the initiations or encourage the declarations of the tender passion; the whole of the flat open expanse is in full view from the windows of the house. There is no arbour for Celia; no place in which Lorenzo would invite Jessica to sit and admire the "floor of heaven"; no fruit-tree or any other tree-tops tipped with silver such as Romeo saw.

I am not referring to the outskirts of towns or to suburban villas, where the space available for a garden is so very small that these summer flowers, after the bulbs have bloomed, may be most suitable, convenient, and economical, and they may be also the most eligible for those public parks and promenades where we cannot have the privacy of an ideal garden; but where there is ample space for the most beautiful shrubs and flowers in cultivation to be tastefully disposed and to be grown permanently, not annually wheeled in and out, I indignantly protest against the misappropriation of this goodly ground to the feeble and formal system which is commonly described as "bedding out."

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He who really loves a garden has no such limitations; his admirations are infinite and can no more be satisfied by one particular phase of floral beauty than a painter would be satisfied by one colour, however exquisite, or a musician by the sound of a single instrument or the constant repetition of a tune.

We have accompanied the gardener in his acquisition of material; let us attend him now as he proceeds to arrange it. Let us go with him first to Divine examples —to those gardens of Creation, those fair landscapes of forests and fields, hills and valleys, which we call the scenery of nature. Let us admire them together, and then compare them with the two gardens which we have just described—the one arranged on the *English or natural* the other on the *Italian or formal* system. After what I have said of the true gardener it is superfluous to add that there can be no hesitation in his choice.

I have seen elaborate designs, drawn and coloured in the autumn in order to secure the preparation of the plants required to bloom when summer came. How far more worthily would thought and time be disposed on selections from our abundant and beautiful hardy plants to be placed in groups with broad surroundings of grass in our gardens! The combinations and contrasts—*e.g.*, Prunus Pisardi with the double-flowering cherry—would be inexhaustible; the taller trees in the centre with the climbing roses and clematis of all colours, the gold and silver hollies, the junipers, euonymus, Japanese maples, reeds and grasses,

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surrounded by shrubs of lower growth and lovely perennials, bordered by dwarf and creeping plants, ivies and Alpines nestling among small fragments of grey stone, so that no bare ground should be seen. Some prevision of the effect might be had from the collections which we see at our floral exhibitions of "plants staged for effect," but *al fresco* groups, when experience has corrected mistakes, would be infinitely more real and attractive. There would be something to be specially admired in every season of the year, and a few of these beds on a large scale, irregularly placed at intervals, so as "to surprise, to vary, and conceal the bounds," would by themselves make a beautiful garden. Other beds restricted to particular varieties, with here and there a single specimen of some rare tree, with a pergola leading to a rosary or a rock-garden, might be added in accordance with the ambitions of the owner and with his balance at the bank.

We come now to the third rule and obligation, which is of such supreme importance that unless it receives a willing obedience all else has been done in vain. The garden must have the personal, practical, perpetual supervision of the gardener to whom it belongs.

The difference between the man who only professes and the man who performs, between the man who fancies that he should like to be, and the man who has made up his mind to be, a gardener, is this: the one walks about with his hands in his pockets, the other

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takes off his coat. I heard a veteran say of a recruit, "I think young So and So will make a gardener; I met him the other day coming out of his garden, and I do not remember to have seen an individual with more dirt upon his hands and boots. His limp shirt collar and wristbands were also full of promise." The commentator seemed to think that a gardener's motto should be *Dum perspiro spero.*

It was my privilege to visit not long ago in one of our eastern counties the most charming private collection of rare and beautiful trees which I have ever seen—deciduous, evergreen, coniferous, of every size and form, and from almost every clime. How was this perfection accomplished? By that appreciation of the beautiful, personal investigation, and diligent inquiry which enabled the purchaser to make a selection of the best, and by that earnest admiration which for fifty years after they were planted ensured for them all the advantage of his skilful culture and care.

On the other hand, the waste and desolation which result from apathy and neglect may be seen throughout the land, in dwarfage, deformity, and death, where for want of room and attention trees and shrubs have disfigured and destroyed each other. I have seen the leader of a beautiful conifer emerging from a thicket in a shrubbery, and have found on examination beneath a mere skeleton of dry bones—*desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.* What a massacre of young growth there has been simultaneously among the flowering plants, burnt to death by drought

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when they might have been saved by a few cans of water, or starved to death by frost when they might have been preserved by a barrow load of mulching or by a couple of mats!

You cannot attain success by deputy, you cannot buy it with gold; and so it comes to pass that you may leave the grand mansion of the *nouveau riche*, with its acres of garden and glass, without seeing anything which tempts you to covet and desire other men's goods, and may find at the vicarage hard by a treasury of gems—something of everything, old and new, and that something always good. Here are precious possessions which "were never heard of," or "would not grow" in the gardens from which you have come, from the tall Eremurus to the tiniest plant on the rockery, the Kæmpferi iris, the new lilies, narcissus, carnations, roses. Ask the priest how he has achieved so much in so small a space and with so little help, and he will tell you: "I sang *Cor Paratum*, and set to work."

And thus I became a rosarian. There was a time when, although I had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, if I had gone for an examination into a school of botany and had been requested to write a description of the distinctive features of the peony, the dahlia, and the rose, the most lenient examiner must inevitably have torn my paper into shreds; and yet as soon as I became overpowered by the conviction that the rose was the loveliest of all the flowers and had steadfastly resolved to devote myself to its culture—

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"When first I saw thy face I resolved to honour and renown thee"—from that time every effort which I made to acquire and apply information inspired me with a stronger determination and with a more confident hope. I read every book I could find on the rose, and every catalogue, making choice of addenda. If I heard of a garden in which roses were grown, I went to see—they were few and far between in those days, but I had youth and horses on my side, and I rode and drove any distance. Indeed, these visits were only preliminary to the longer expeditions which I made soon after to the great rose nurseries and to our famous rosarians.

I gradually increased my store from a dozen to five hundred, and for every one of these I selected a place and planted with my own hands. The latter performance was a solemn function. There was a procession; first came in a wheelbarrow the new arrival of roses in their round basket, denuded of their matting and sticks; then came the gardener with another barrow containing the prepared soil—loam, leaf-mould, Reigate sand, etc.—and on that a "skep" (small basket) which held a mixture of which it was only revealed to me that it was "a bit o' fine." There was evidently some mysterious secret which was not to be divulged; it was handled with such veneration by my dear old Yorkshire gardener that it might have been a souvenir of affection from some departed friend. He dealt it out so sparingly that it seemed to be as precious as fine gold. I never presumed to ask any questions,

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and all that I could discover from personal observation was a pungent odour not suggestive of the attar of the rose.

We began the ceremony. I held the rose-tree over the aperture prepared to receive it, the roots were carefully spread, the "bit o' fine" was thinly but deferentially applied for the encouragement of early growth in spring, the rest of the soil was filled in and compressed, the stake, if necessary, was attached, and we felt and assumed an importance which could hardly have been exceeded if we had just launched a ship or taken a child for the first time to school. I superintended the enrichment of the soil from the farmyard in December; I pruned in March; and when I became an exhibitor, I cut every rose, arranged every collection, travelled with my boxes five miles by road to the station and thence in all directions, often through the night, to the place of the show. I have more than once arrived at the Crystal Palace, one hundred and twenty miles from my home, in the early morning before the doors were opened. I was not only an exhibitor, but a judge in the supreme court, that is—in the nursery-men's classes. I won many prizes and cups. I suggested and organised the first National Rose Show, the first show of roses only. I have been for many years, since its institution, the President of the National Rose Society, and in that capacity I had the honour to be in attendance on two Queens when, in July last (1901), at the exhibition of the Society in the

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Temple Gardens, the Queen of England came to visit the Queen of Flowers. I owe my progress as a rosarian to my observance of the rule which I made at its commencement, and which I earnestly commend to all young gardeners—to rely on my own exertions and always to do my best.

I will only add to my remarks on horticulture the invitation of Tennyson's famous song, "Come into the garden"—the invitation which the boy gives to his little sister as he stands with the miniature spade in his hand, which the lover gives to his sweetheart, the husband to his wife, the father to his daughter. "Come into the garden" for healthful exercise, for the most delightful of all work, because the labour we delight in physics pain, and because there is all round us the fair promise of reward. "Come into the garden" for the peaceful rest of the body and for the pure refreshment of the spirit, for meditation, for praise and hope. Let us laud and honour those generous men who, believing in this gracious influence, have purchased and prepared pleasant places for resort and rest adjoining our cities and towns, and have presented them as a free gift to the public, giving this same invitation, "Come into the garden," to all; and let us heartily sympathise with those landowners and others in authority who are endeavouring, by the improvement of cottage gardens and the increase of allotments, and by teaching in elementary schools, to encourage horticulture.

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CONCLUSION

"THE old order changeth, yielding place to new," and "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Discussions and comparisons as to the advantages and disadvantages of Old and New, of Then and Now, the superior merits of this or that generation, are but vain disputations—presumptuous, if not profane. I have heard some vigorous debates on this subject, but I have not noticed any change of conviction, any modification of prejudice, or signs of mutual concession. No good can come from extravagant praise or disparagement, from sarcasm or self-assertion; but of this I am sure, that when young men hear old men speak happily and thankfully of the past, they will think more bravely and hopefully of the future, and will be more willing to hear us when we tell them that they must attribute their failures and disappointments, not to their surroundings, but to themselves; that the lot is fallen unto them in a fair ground, but that they may make it a wilderness; that the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal, but that they may resist and quench it; that they will have their opportunities, to use or to neglect, their temptations, with a way to escape. Above all, we may hope from our

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experience to strengthen their faith in that Infinite Love which is present always to guide and to comfort, to pity, to pardon, and to save.

I have heard and read many excellent sermons, but very few have impressed me so much as that which was preached by an old Scotch shepherd to some tourists of the baser sort, who, when they had vexed his righteous soul by their maledictions of the weather which was gone, inquired of him what he thought of the weather which was going to be. He replied that it was going to be the weather which should please them most; and when they asked derisively how he knew, "Because," he said, "it is going to be such weather as it shall please God to send, *and that which He sends is best.*"

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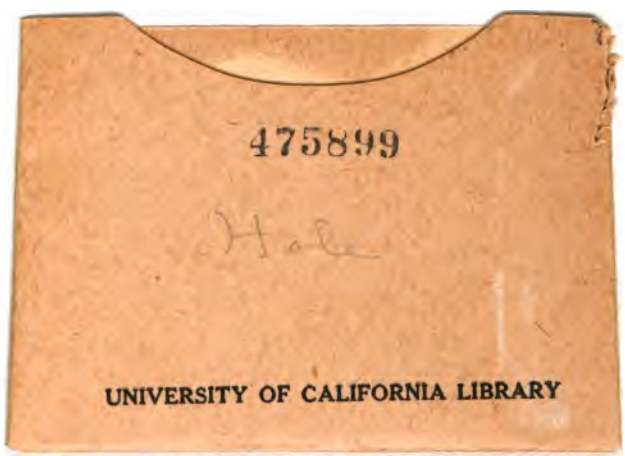

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